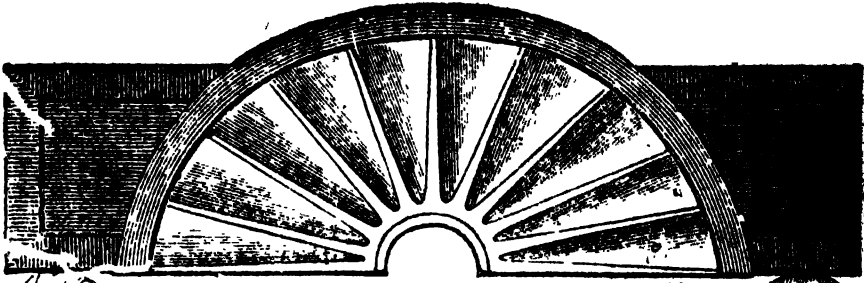




BY HIS GRACIOUS MAJESTY, THE KING
OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1789.



LA
BELLE ASSEMBLÉE

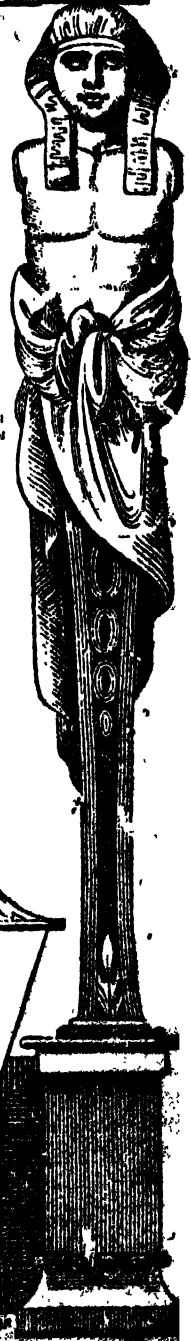
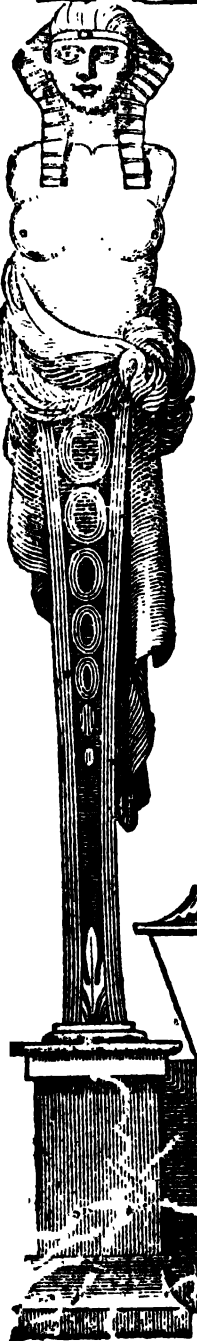
BELLE
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
Magazine,

ADDRESSED PARTICULARLY TO
THE LADIES.

VOL. I.—PART I.
FROM AUGUST 1, TO DECEMBER 31, 1866.

LONDON:
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1866.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR AUGUST, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable Portrait of PRINCESS MARY, finely engraved after the Original Picture, by Sir WILLIAM BEECHY.
2. Two Portrait Prints of the Vauxhall Fashions for the Month.
3. Two Portrait Prints of the French Summer Dresses.
4. An Original Song, set to Music expressly and exclusively for this Work, by Dr. BUSBY, adapted for the Piano-forte, Violin, and Flute.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOUROZADE, or, *Avarice Conquered by Love*, is rejected.

The Essay on Good-Nature, and an account of the Early Welsh Poets, are likewise inadmissible.

We have received the favours of our Friend at Woolverhampton; we need not express the satisfaction we shall always feel in making use of whatever he is disposed to send us. We are grateful for his past kindness, and solicit a continuance of it.

We have received a Tale which has no title; we shall distinguish it, therefore, by the commencing line, "The last rays of the setting sun now gild the western sky."—This will discover it sufficiently to the author, and acquaint him that we have rejected it.

A. J. of Stockport, who has very kindly sent us a packet, purporting to be a series of Letters containing the History of a Young Widow, written by herself, is solicited to send for her copy as speedily as possible, lest it should be mislaid.

We have not as yet determined the fate of an essay, entitled Necessity a Stimulation to Exertion, but we beg the writer not to indulge any very strong hopes.

The poetical favours of J. B. of Licerpool, are received, and one of them shall appear in our next.

The tale of Henry the Seducer, is under consideration.—The lines on the memory of the Duchess of Devonshire are rejected, and likewise the Elegy of our Wishbach Friend.

For the credit of the University, we are sorry to have received two most miserable Epigrams, under the signature of Oxoniensis.

The Essay on Measured Prose is infinitely below the standard.

The sketches of Characters, Superbus, Lothario, Heliogabalus, and Altamont, are under consideration.

The tale of the Sisters, once for all, is rejected.

The continuation of the Golden Mirror shall appear in our next.

We earnestly solicit our Correspondent, Musiphilus, for a continuance of his favours. We expected to have heard from him long since.

The Essay on Dancing; the second letter, entitled Conversazione; and the continuation of the tale upon the Effects of Early Marriages, were unfortunately mislaid, and not discovered till the month was too far advanced for their insertion in our present Number. They shall appear in our next.

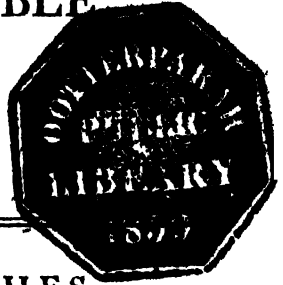
We have to regret, upon our own account, as well as upon that of our readers, that the favour of our early friend and patron, L. C. was received so late in the month that it was impossible to insert it. We waited two days beyond our convenient time in the expectation of receiving it for our usual arrangement, but his letter did not reach us till the 20th. It shall most certainly appear in our next.

We feel particularly gratified by the attention of our much esteemed friend at Woblich; the article received giving a curious authentic account of a Suttce which took place last year at Barod, shall appear in our next.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For AUGUST, 1806.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Seventh Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY is the fourth daughter of our gracious Sovereigns—she was born April 25th, 1776.—In the biographical sketch of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth, which appeared in our last Number, we had occasion to congratulate the artists of Great Britain upon the countenance and patronage which they derived from the present Royal Family; a patronage which, as we observed, must from its nature have the real honour and advantage of the arts in view, which could not be employed as a cloak for a mere political purpose, or dissembled for any other than a munificent and generous motive.

The encouragement of the fine arts has not unfrequently been one of the devices of arbitrary princes and ministers, to corrupt the manners and rivet the chains of a people; and Machiavel, in his 'Treatise upon Republican Government, considers the arts, so unfavourable to liberty, that he ventures to stipulate for the solid and permanent freedom of his own visionary state, only upon a condition that music, painting, and sculpture should be discountenanced and driven from it.—“Wherever these arts prevail,” says he,

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“there is a corruption and effeminacy of manners, which entirely relaxes and destroys those stronger sinews of Character which are necessary to enjoy or create freedom.—The parents of liberty are sobriety of morals, firmness, parsimony, and prudence, and whatever, among the creations of the human fancy, is hostile to these qualities, will be found to flow from the Arts.—When did the arts flourish in Greece? Under the most decided tyrant of his age, Alexander; the first who overturned the liberties of those glorious states which nourished them, and put shackles upon every thing that was generous and free within his reach. The commencement of the Roman slavery was the importation of the works of art into that country from the plunder of Greece.—MUMMIUS was a true patriot, and knew not the pernicious freightage of his ship; for, could he have foreseen its consequences, he would sooner have left the bones of his whole legion and of himself upon the plains of Corinth, than have carried over with him a destruction to the liberties of his country, and the sure vengeance of a conquered people upon their conquerors.”

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feet above the roofs of its houses, which were by no means lofty. What had not any of its ill-fated inhabitants a relation or friend in the neighbouring towns that possessed the courage to search for and to rescue some of the unhappy victims from the sepulchre in which they were entombed alive? They would most undoubtedly have succeeded. And why did not the government of that day employ its powerful means in this noble operation? Alas! it in the Alps and other mountains forgotten by nature, unfortunate wretches buried with their cottages forty feet beneath the snow, were disengaged and discovered alive after more than a month, can it be doubted that numerous victims long retained life and hope beneath the ashes of Vesuvius? With what horror must they at length have relinquished both the one and the other? Let due praise be bestowed on the governments of antiquity, but let it not be denied that this circumstance, and many others, prove an indifference towards the interests and disregard of the lives of men, which no longer exist, at least in Europe. In case of such a catastrophe the worst of modern governments would employ all its efforts, all its resources, and with the chances which were in favour of Pompeii, would rescue many victims from death, and from the utmost fury of still raging volcanoes.

The great road which leads to Pompeii, appears to be almost on a level with its soil. As you approach, you perceive to the left a hill of moderate height, and this is Pompeii, the buried Pompeii, for a very small portion of the town has yet been recovered. You soon reach it, for you have occasion to descend no more than a few feet before you are in the city of the Romans. The first sentiment that is felt on entering this scene of devastation may be conceived but not described. The stranger traverses these solitary streets, where he arrives after Vesuvius; his greedy eyes examine every thing, he wishes that he could see the whole at once. These are the houses of the Romans, these their streets, these their manners; there is not a single object but what is remarkable, not a pebble but what is interesting; the most curious of museums is Pompeii.

You first come to the soldiers' barracks, which nearly resembles a catholic convent; mills, which were used by them, are still found in several of the apartments; they are of ingenious construction, and there are engravings of them in every collection, but what cannot be engraved is the impression made by the bones of a soldier. You still see the irons with which the unfortunate man was fastened at the moment of the eruption; the judges perished with the accused.

The street which has been cleared is very narrow, it is paved with the lava of Vesuvius; you

may still distinguish the tracks of wheels, which prove that the width of the carriages of those days was four feet. There is a foot pavement a yard broad on each side of the street, hence it appears to have been an old custom, and it ought not to have been relinquished.

All the houses are like each other; the smallest as well as the largest have an interior court, with a bathing place in the centre. Almost all are surrounded with a colonnade, and it is worthy of remark, that the same grand taste in architecture still prevails in Italy, a great number of houses in that country have courts with colonnades, almost all Italy stands upon columns. But to return to the houses of Pompeii. Their distribution is very simple and uniform; all the apartments look into the court or towards the peristyle, they are all very small; many of them have no windows, and receive light only at the door, or from an aperture made above. It to this it be added, that these apartments were in general isolated, and had no communication with each other, the reader will have an idea of the houses of the ancients, and will be convinced that many of our poor possess conveniences superior to those of the rich of that time. It is well worthy of observation, that all the doors are extremely low, and unless the ancients thought fit to stoop whenever they entered a room, it is evident that they were no taller than we are. Here is a new fact to oppose to such as assert that man is continually degenerating.

The Italian taste for painting in fresco is likewise discovered at Pompeii; there are very few apartments but what have paintings of some kind on the walls, several have been already removed, in consequence of a system which I have often censured, but some are still left. The colours must have been excellent, for if a little water be thrown upon them they appear again with some vivacity. These paintings are in general very indifferent, but many are curious on account of the costume of the time, of which they afford a representation, and often the only one that exists; it is in some respect the antiquity of antiquity. Many others exhibit mythological subjects, and are scarcely fit for any thing but to prove how general was at that time the taste for these ingenious fictions, which even triumph over the abuse that has been made of them, and will ever remain the religion, as it were, of the arts.

Several shops may still be distinguished, and in one of them you may perceive the impression made by cups on the marble with which the counter is covered.

A circumstance which proves the fondness of the ancients for spectacles is, that two theatres have been discovered in the little town of Pompeii. The largest affords a complete idea of the

theatres of antiquity, which you may seek in vain to acquire in Herculaneum. It is a semicircular amphitheatre, the numerous seats of which are formed out of the ground itself. This is indisputably the most convenient form for permitting every one to see and to be seen. Such has been in every age the twofold objects of spectacles. Under this term must be comprehended the wrestlers, gladiators, and even the Numachia. It should likewise be observed, that the theatre was almost always the place of assembly for the people, who frequented it as much on matters of business as for pleasure.

Antiquaries greatly admire a small temple of Isis at Pompeia; but there are antique temples in other places, and Roman streets, and Roman houses are to be seen no where else. This temple of Isis is in perfect preservation; you even find the aperture under the spot where stood the statue of the goddess, and through which probably were conveyed the sounds that were ascribed to her. This temple, like every thing discovered here, has been dishonoured; they have taken away, and conveyed to the insignificant Portici, Isiac tables, statues, the utensils necessary for the ceremonies, as candelabras, lamps, pateræ, &c.; in a word, they have carried off every thing they could; they have not even respected the remains of the ill-fated priests, surprized in the midst of their functions in this temple, which was never intended to be covered, and where, consequently, they had the good fortune to perish immediately.

The more you see of Pompeia the more you regret that this invaluable discovery did not fall into better hands. If this town, dishonoured and mutilated as it is, still excites such a lively interest, what would it have done, if, in the progress of the work of exhumation, the roofs had been replaced, the dilapidations of every kind repaired, and every thing religiously preserved in the place where it was found? This the French government would not have failed to do. I say the French government, because it is acknowledged that it has possessed since the age of Louis XIV. the noblest public establishments in the universe, and that it still continues to improve and to embellish them.

I think with regret on what it would have done for Pompeia, and on what it would still do; for Pompeia being but partly explored, this plan might be followed for the rest of the town: and if the Neapolitan government were to demand a small sum from the curious, I have no doubt that the produce would more than defray the expence of excavation, and of persons to take care of the place. But my wishes for the execution of this

idea, in which I am joined by all the friends of the arts, are stronger than my hopes.

The French, who, in 1798, were masters of Naples but for a moment, have left behind them traces of their activity at Pompeia. It produced, however, no discovery of importance, and under the circumstances in which their researches were made, they were obliged to carry away every thing they found.

One of the most interesting objects at Pompeia, and that which strangers generally see the last, is a country house that has been discovered at a very little distance from the town. The way to it is delightful, and this only serves to render the tomb into which we descend the more dismal. Yes, the tomb. This building, though the upper part is destroyed, still affords, by its interior construction, a better idea of the houses of the ancients than any other: the very garden is laid open, you see the basons and the divisions. At Pompeia, you only lodge with the Romans, here you may walk with them. You still meet with relics of antiquity; you see amphoræ, once replenished with wine that had undoubtedly survived many consuls, you see—but for my part I could see nothing more after I had visited a subterraneous walk which turns in a square round the garden, and in which were found twenty-seven human skeletons. Here a whole wretched family had time to take refuge; here they awaited that relief which never came, here they long indulged a hope they were at last obliged to renounce; here resounded the cries of terror and the expiring sigh; here horror, hunger, and despair sacrificed their victims. The fiction of Ugolino vanishes before this terrible reality. Among twenty-seven human creatures, undoubtedly all were not equally good and equally deserving of regret, but assuredly there was in the number one virtuous man, faithful friends, an affectionate mother, and innocent children. There all human sentiments were burst asunder; there, in profound night, and amid cries of anguish, an old man, the chief of a family, bade the last farewell to his son who was seeking him, to his daughter who still supported him, and to his whole generation which perished with him.

And when I was indulging in these heart-rending reflections, when I contemplated in silence this theatre of destruction, the birds were singing over my head, nature was smiling, the sky pure, the air serene, and even the smoke, creeping along the blackened sides, and on the turbulent summit of the distant Vesuvius, was scarcely perceptible.

STRICTURES ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER AND WRITINGS

OF

ANACREON MOORE;

WITH AN ANALYTICAL REVIEW OF HIS LAST PUBLICATION ENTITLED
"EPISTLES."

AN Italian geographer, speaking of the characteristic qualities of the several nations in Europe, says, with equal justice and ingenuity, that "the English are distinguished as a nation by a manly understanding, or that mental quality which, in their own language, they call good sense. This good sense (continues he) has occasionally risen to that energy which constitutes genius, but never dilates into sentiment. Hence the English writers are good moralists, sound philosophers, good satirists, good epic writers, excellent in their characteristic comedy, and admirable in their tragedies, but they have no Ariosto in fancy, no Petrarch in love. Love, as a muse, does not exist in England, and the poet would be ridiculous amongst his countrymen who should pretend to its inspiration."

Mr. Moore is, indeed, almost the first who has rescued his country from this exception to her general excellence. This gentleman has introduced amongst us a species of poetry peculiarly his own. He is the father of the English amatory ode; if he has not actually given birth to it, he has given it a beauty and order which it before wanted. It perhaps existed before him, but it existed as a wild flower scattered in the waste of miscellaneous literature, and in want of cultivation, with but half its natural beauty and fragrance; Mr. Moore has transplanted it into his garden, and under his nurturing hands we behold it in all its natural luxuriance.

It is doubtless in the memory of the greater part of our readers when the town was stunned with the ceaseless larum of the Rosa Matildas, Anna Marias, and the whole meretricious nomenclature; we will not do Mr. Moore even the momentary injustice of considering these dilettante as rivals to his claim of originality. They pretended indeed to write verses on love and beauty, and verses they did write, but we should be as contemptible as critics as they were as scribblers, should we attempt to reduce their lawless nonsense within any description of poetry.

Mr. Moore, therefore, has an undoubted claim to be considered as the first who has introduced to our knowledge and admiration the amatory ode. Whether this child of warmer suns will outlive the careful hand of its first importer,

whether the roses of Anacreon can be brought to flourish on the hawthorn of the north, whether the Adriatic Venus will not be cramped as she rises from the northern seas, we will not stop to enquire; Mr. Moore has effected his purpose for the present, and, following his Anacreontic maxim, we will not detract from present satisfaction by apprehensions of the future; let us hope, that as Anacreon has left us Moore, Mr. Moore may pass his lyre as an heirloom to others of the same loving family.

With one more observation we shall proceed to our examination of Mr. Moore's present tribute. In the cultivation of this species of poetry, this gentleman has ascended to the original sources, he has studied the melody, and even turn of thought, of the Greek Anacreon. This is an additional inducement to the English reader; if he wishes to know what Anacreon was, let him read Mr. Moore's imitations. To judge of Anacreon by his translators would be the same as to judge Raphael by his copyists. We now proceed to the work before us.

The poem which begins this collection, or rosy wreath, is built upon an idea truly poetical. The author is on his voyage to America. The Epistle is thus entitled: "Aboard the Phaeton Frigate, off the Azores, by Moonlight." The author must pardon us for the remark, that the title Epistle is here used without authority, the structure is too irregular for an epistle, it should have been termed an Epistolary Ode.

The thought in the first stanza—

"Sweet Moon, if like Crotona's sage
"By any spell my hand could dare
"To make thy disk its ample page,
"And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
"How many a friend whose careless eye
"Now wanders through the starry sky,
"Would smile upon thy orb to meet
"The recollection, &c."

This thought, we say, is truly beautiful and fanciful, and had we never read but this one stanza, we should acknowledge the poetical genius of Mr. Moore.

We will not detract from his praise by observing that the word *dare* is more adapted to the required rhyme than to the meaning of Mr.

Moore. The word *recollection*, in the last line quoted, is a still grosser fault; *recollection* is a word of prosaic frame; besides, it has here no precise meaning.

The second stanza in this Ode is defective from the want of proportion between the complaint in the first part and the cause assigned in the latter. We will allow Anacreon, and the children of Anacreon, to consider light sorrows as heavy ones, but we will not even allow Anacreon to mourn his happiness as for ever vanished, because, for the mere indulgence of his own pleasure, he has taken a six weeks' trip to America.

The third stanza is absolute nonsense. The author appears to have in his imagination the image of a swallow, fluttering over the surface of the water in summer, and migrating in winter; under this metaphor he appears to consider his heart; but his language is inappropriate, he talks of reposing in a softened spring, and the heart, that is the swallow, freezing. It is impossible to know what he means.

The fourth stanza makes us noble amends in the following beautiful lines:

"The sea is like a silvery lake,
"And o'er its calm the vessel glides
"Gently, as if it feared to wake
"The slumber of the silent tides."

This is the very excellence of the descriptive; the image, simple and not involved in words and epithets, is presented in its own distinct form to the imagination, and being beautiful, strikes with its full force. The excellence of the true poet is, by the impulse of his own feelings, to select such images, and then present them to the reader in their natural form. Who does not here imagine that he sees before him the sea landscape, a tranquil surface of ocean, a moonlight night of tropical serenity, and the mountains of a new country before him; who does not wish with the poet,—

"Oh could I range those verdant isles,
"Invisible at this soft hour,
"And see the looks, the melting smiles,
"That brighten many an orange bower."

This Ode does not end so well; but as we have said, it has beauties which soften justice into indulgence.

The next poem, entitled *Stanzas*, is very inferior; it is one which Rosa Matilda might have written; it is deficient in thought, in language, in melody, and, what is still worse, in metre. In the first stanza the word "remembering" is used as four syllables; this is wrong; the antepenult is too weak for a distinct syllable; accordingly all our best poets, and Mr. Moore himself, in his following stanza, contract it into three,

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"remember'd." "Pleasure dimming the purity of a flame," is equally incorrect. The idea corresponding to dimming, or shade, is light or brightness, and not purity; the purity of water being dimmed by a mixture would be nonsense. Extatic is a vile word for frequent occurrence in poetry.

The following ode, the "Tell-Tale Lyre," is simple, sweet, and poetical; the idea is pretty, and such as suits an amatory poet, the worthy disciple of Anacreon. The word "stilly," in the third stanza, does not convey the full meaning of the poet, but this is not Mr. Moore's fault; we have in vain endeavoured to find a word which would supply its place. We must quote these verses in our vindication:

"I've heard, there was in ancient days
"A lyre of most melodious spell;
"Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
"If half be true that legends tell.
"Not Harmony's serenest tone
"So stilly could the notes prolong,
"They were not heavenly song so much
"As they were dreams of heavenly song."

The last lines are very poetical. The following is an instance of the simplicity which constitutes the beauty of this poetry:

"Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
"So oft to make the dear one blest,
"Whom love had given her virgin soul,
"And nature soon gave all the rest."

This poem is followed by the "Flying Fish." The thought in this piece is a comparison of the human soul, which, scorning to rest on the surface of the world, endeavours to employ the plume which God has given it, and elevate itself to life and heaven. This poem is but so so; the thoughts are obvious; there is nothing new in it but the Flying Fish.

The Flying Fish is followed by an Epistle to Miss M——e, from Norfolk in Virginia.

This is the first of the poet's American epistles. He went to America upon his private business, apparently with the intention of settling, but something occurred to change his purpose. It is certainly the very last place in the world to which Mr. Moore should have thought of emigrating; the name of Anacreon would there find less respect than that of Baring and Co. Mr. Moore, accordingly, found himself disappointed; he found woods where he had expected cities, and was asked for money where he could have wished to have paid with a song. He seems never to have forgiven the Americans this disappointment of his hopes; he speaks of them with a bitterness which is scarcely consistent with his gentle strain.

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He states himself to have sailed for America with very favourable prepossessions. Here, indeed, was his error, and here is the error of many, he expected to find in America what he had left behind him in England, with the only difference of a more easy attainment. With such expectations is it a subject of reasonable surprise that he was disappointed? If he promised himself lands in America for nothing, he should have remembered that he would have to prepare those lands for cultivation by his own labour; he should have remembered that houses do not grow in the woods of America any more than in England; the distinction of America is, that it is a boundless field of unappropriated land, where industry may exercise itself upon its own property, and labour procure a sure return. The towns of America are but little different from the towns of Europe; there is the same knavery and vice. The manners are doubtless formed by the government; and personal respect, and the system of manners as existing in Europe, are not to be expected amongst the members of a republic, which allows no distinction of ranks, nor homage from man to man.

But to return to Mr. Moore as a poet, in which he appears to more advantage than as a traveller.

This first of his American epistles is most insufferably dull, tedious, and without one poetical trait. It consists of about two hundred verses, which are nothing but verses, such verses as may be monthly read in any of our magazines. For example, what novelty of thought, what energy of sense,—in a word, what but dull prose forced into nerveless rhyme, is in the following lines:

"Then haply if a week or day,
"I lingered from your arms away,
"How long the little absence seemed,
"How bright the look of welcome beamed
"As mute you heard with eager smile,
"My tales of all that passed the while."

This is *nunby parody* with a vengeance; and this same inanity is continued through the whole poem; there are but six good lines in the whole two hundred. Speaking of the arrival of an adventurer in America, he says prettily enough,

"Hope sings along the yellow sand,
"His welcome to a patriot land;
"At once the mighty wood receives
"The stranger in its world of leaves,
"Which soon their barren glory yield
"To the warm shade and cultured field."

We repeat that the remainder of the poem is most insufferably weak. The rhymes, which in this short metre constitute half the line, are the common-place of a rhyming Delia, "from

pole to pole," &c. from the beginning to the end.

The poem which follows, "To Cara," is still more insipid. The thought is beyond all reprobation wretched,—“As a mother, leaving a child in the wood, whilst she wanders to gather fruits or sticks, trembles lest she should not find it on her return; so, my beloved Cara, having flattered myself upon my departure for America that I had left an infant *idea* in your *mind*, I now tremble upon my return, lest it should have perished under the cold wind of neglect.”

Spirit of Rosa Matilda! wouldst thou not have blushed, even in the full flow of thy melodious nonsense, at a conceit like this? Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore, Anacreon and the Greek poets did not teach you to sing in this manner:—

"Concealed within the shady wood,
"A mother left her sleeping child,
"And flew to cull her rustic food,
"The fruitage of the forest wild.

"But storms upon her pathway rise,
"She hopes, she fears," &c.

"So did I think in Cara's mind,
"Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
"I left one infant wish behind,
"One feeling which I called my own."

Is not this insufferable. We confess that from the beginning of the poem we expected an infant of a different kind. We speak with due respect to Cara. Here we have, moreover, the same kind of versification of which we have before complained,—a weak thought hammered out into a stanza, useless epithets, a shady wood, and a forest wild, a senseless repetition, "To Cara's mind, though yet to Cara's mind unknown," &c.

This is followed by a second poem to Cara. Whatever might be the charms of Cara, she does not appear to have possessed that of inspiration. If she were Dullness herself, she could not touch her poet with a more leaden sceptre. The fable of Ovid gives Love two arrows, one tipped with silver, and one with lead. With regard to Cara, the poet is evidently struck with the latter. He is evidently suffering under it whenever he speaks of her—

Hæret lateri lethalis Arundo. • •

This second billet to Cara, is followed by the "Invisible Girl." This is pretty, but that is all. In the poem "Peace and Glory," which follows it, there is much of what must be called cant,—“warrior-men,” is one of those unjustifiable pleonastic epithets which are too frequent in Mr. Moore. We might as well say, baker-men, or butcher-men, or hero men. “Wed together,” will not do for wedded together; it is a confusion of tenses. “The blessed Isle” is cant. Horror’s

eye, and pity's breast, are of the Della Crusca school. A woman cannot be said to be wafted on her feet; it is at least a bad metaphor. This poem is altogether as nugatory, without any novelty of thought or manner, as the three which preceded.

We have nothing to say to the poem which follows, but that it is without address, and without meaning. Its name is expressed by a vacuity of space; its meaning may equally be rated by a cypher. The general character of all these preceding poems, or stanzas, or verses, is the same,—imbecility, a string of thoughts which would be contemptible in prose, and are not less contemptible as they are versified; it is the sickly novel cant thrown into poetry, or rather rhyme.

- “To be the theme of every hour
 “The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
 “When her soft magic fills the mind,
 “With friends and joys we've left behind;
 “And joys return, and friends are near,
 “And all are welcomed with a tear,” &c.

What is all this but simply—“You are my constant theme; whenever my imagination is occupied with my absent friends, it always presents me, in the first place, with your image.” This may do very well in a novel, but it is surely insufferable in a poet to string such inanity into some hundred verses. If we go on in this manner we shall have novels in verse, perhaps an epic poem in four volumes, being the Memoirs of Cælestina, or the Orphan of the Orchard.—Mr. Southey may take this hint.

The song which follows is more vigorous, and not unworthy of Mr. Moore's reputation.

The ballad which follows, entitled “The Lake of the Dismal Swamp,” is of the school of Monk Lewis; we are sorry to see Mr. Moore descend to imitate the author of the Bravo of Venice. This ballad, however, is picturesque, and Mr. Moore proves his genius, by not weakening the effect of an impressive image by involving it in words. The last stanza is the best of the whole.—

- “On the hills from the Indian hunter's camp,
 “This lover and maid so true,
 “Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
 “To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 “And paddle their white canoe.”

Here the scene, as composed of its several circumstances, the hills, the Indian camp, the dark lake below, the white canoe paddled by spectres, and the fire-fly lamp, is presented complete before the imagination of the reader; he sees it before him, and may judge of its beauty. This, as we have before said, is the excellence of description, viz. to choose a good subject in nature, to select its most impressive parts, those which

are most beautiful in themselves, and those which, as the most principal parts, enable the imagination, by natural connection, to fill up the whole, and having made this selection, to present it simply to the reader; this is the art of description, and this is done here.

This ballad is followed by an epistle to the Marchioness of Donegal, from the island of Bermudas. This epistle, as a descriptive poem, is truly beautiful. His arrival at this lovely island is thus described; we have omitted, indeed, some intermediate verses, which rather weaken the passage to which they are attached:

- “Have you not oft in nightly vision strayed
 “To the pure isles of ever blooming shade,
 “Which bards of old, with kindly magic
 placed
 “For happy spirits in the Atlantic waste.—
 “There, as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
 “Breathed from Elysium thro' each shadowy
 form,
 “In eloquence of eye and dreams of song,
 “They charmed the lapse of nightless hours
 along.
 “Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland,
 “Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
 “These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
 “Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone;
 “Not all the charm that mimic Fancy gave,
 “Could wake a dream,” &c.—
 “The morn was lovely, every wave was still;
 “When the first perfume of a cedar hill
 “Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms
 “The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
 “Gently we stole before the languid wind,
 “Through plantain shades that like an awning
 twined;
 “While far reflected o'er the wave serene,
 “Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
 “That the enamoured keel with whispering
 play,
 “Through liquid herbage seemed to steal its
 way.
 “Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
 “Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide;
 “Whilst 'long the margin many a brilliant
 dome,
 “White as the palace of a Lapland Gnome,
 “Brightened the wave; in every myrtle grove,
 “Secluded bashful like a shrine of love,
 “Some elfin mansion sparkled through the
 shade.”

When we inform the reader that this beautiful island is the scene of Shakespear's Tempest, and that here he conjured up the romantic Ariel, he would excuse even a longer extract. We have been the more induced to give it, as it exemplifies in our judgment the peculiar talent of

Mr. Moore—the descriptive. The reader will observe that we have given more than one instance of this excellence.

This poem is followed by the “Genius of Harmony, an irregular Ode.”

We have only to observe of this Ode, that the subject of it is totally devoid of interest, and all capacity for poetry.—It has not even possibility or coherence enough for an absurd system of philosophy; and as a fable, added to the same defects, it is equally without natural imagery, and common sense. It is in fact a kind of poetic mysticism, a kind of classic Talmud, half platonic, half Pythagorean, and altogether a grand total of stupidity.

The thoughts upon which this ode is formed is the Music of the Spheres—*ad harmoniam cœli mundus*.—Let our readers, if they can, explain the following stanza:—

“Thou shalt own,
“That through the circle of creation’s zone,
“Where matter sparkles, or where spirit beams,
“From the pellucid tides that whirl
“The planets, ———
“From the rich sigh
“Of the sun’s arrow through an evening sky,
“That all is mine.—(i. e. music.)”

This may be very classical, but we must remind Mr. Moore that it is very foolish. What is still worse, considered as a theme of poetry, it is as little pleasing in verse, as it is extravagantly ridiculous in nature.—To say no more upon this ode, it is a rhapsody of nonsense.

The following Epistle to George Morgan, Esq. is written from Bermudas. The first stanza is only rendered intelligible by the note. This is a defect, as a poem should be a poem, and not a poem and a note. This poetical head to a prose tail is the *humano capiti cervicem equinum* of the poet. The thought in the latter four verses is otherwise elegant. The images throughout this epistle are pretty, though it is certainly to be wished that it had somewhat more energy. It is too much in the fal-lal style of “shepherds I have lost my love.” It has the same fault with almost all this author’s poems. Such epithets as the “timid sail, complaining plank, the haughty mainmast, and rapture’s bed,” add little to the meaning, and detract much from the merit of this epistle.

“Yet though the social bond was wove,
“’Twill serve to make the texture steady.”

Here is a broken metaphor.—A cord cannot be said to be made steady to express its greater strength. Steadiness refers to motion.—In the *Analecta* of Brunck, vol. iii. p. 72, is a Greek epigram of Paulus Silentiarius. It is not

inelegant though somewhat sickly; Mr. Moore translates it in the course of this epistle, which consists of many parts. The thought, weak in the original, is rendered more weak as it is more dilated.

The following lines exhibit Mr. Moore’s peculiar talent, and exhibit a pleasing description of the Island of Bermudas. As we profess to criticize with the most impartial justice, we give Mr. Moore the advantage of this extract:—

“But bless the little fairy isle,
“How sweetly after all our ills
“We saw the dewy morning smile
“Serenely o’er its cedar hills.
“Oh could you view the scenery dear,
“That now beneath my window lies,
“You’d think that nature lavish’d here
“Her purest wave, her softest skies—
“To make a heav’n for love to sigh in,
“For bards to live and saints to die in.
“Close to my wooded banks below,
“In glassy calm the waters sleep,
“And to the sun-beam proudly show
“The coral rocks they love to steep.
“The fainting breeze of morning fails,
“The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
“And I can almost touch its sails,
“That languish idly round the mast.”

This poem is followed by the “Wedding Ring,” a most insipid string of verses.—“Warming a mystery” is nonsense.—“A soothing beam to bless a bond,” is as bad.—“A tie inwreathing a flower,” is intolerable.—Mr. Moore seems to have learned his Greek in vain. Surely it might have taught him, if not more precision, at least more consistency, in his use of words. Here is, moreover, in these verses, the same number of what we shall call Gradus epithets. Mr. Moore, perhaps, will understand us. Magic power, genial flower, burning eye, &c.—The following verses “On Lying,” are spirited. The first stanza is unusually good.—It is gallant and Anacreontic. It is followed by “Verses to a Lady on seeing her with a white veil and rich girdle.”—These are founded on conceit. The diamonds of the girdle are made to weep—they are congealed tears.

It is followed by “The Resemblance,” which is good because gay; and the short billet which follows it, addressed to ———, has an equal portion of merit, i. e. enough to redeem it from censure.

This is followed by a translation from the Greek of Meleager, which is not better for this denomination. The translation is as spirited as the original.—O’er and o’er, however, is a bad rhyme, and more particularly in a short line, where it fills too long a space. The line,

"And let the sound my lips adore,"

is defective in arrangement, as sound or lips may equally be taken for the nominative. This short poem, however, is on the whole not without merit. "The loving Rosebud dropping a tear," is an unpardonable conceit; the limits of metaphor are at least possibility. It exchanges one image for another, but the image substituted must not be so exactly repugnant to that which supplies its place. In a word, a rosebud must not be personified, nor invested with the qualities of an animate being.

The Odes to Nea follow. The first ode is beneath criticism; "unfevered" is a dilettante word, we do not acknowledge it; "enamour" is not properly an active verb. "Hours of idle waste" is a pleonasm. "Unmindful of the fleeting day" is most wretchedly weak and common-place. We regret that we must give the following as a specimen of the greater part of these odes:

"How many hours of idle waste,
"Within those witching arms embraced,
"Unmindful of the fleeting day,
"Have I dissolved life's dream away.
"O bloom of time profusely shed,
"O moments simply, vainly fled."

Is such inanity rendered more tolerable by being termed an imitation of Anacreon? We confess, that with all our predilection for Mr. Moore, we shall not conceive him entitled to forbearance if he continues to write thus.

The "Dream of Antiquity" may be exempted from this censure; it is more vigorous than the poems which immediately precede it, but there is the same want of precision in the language, and want of coherence in the qualities assigned to the metaphorical images. The metaphorical image is confounded with the object of the metaphor, and a ridiculous absurdity thus produced. This defect pervades almost all Mr. Moore's longer poems. It is inexcusable in this gentleman, as his classical attainments should have taught him better. We do not know which of the planets Mr. Moore intends by his term, "the vestal star;" surely this is not Venus,—Mr. Moore is too well read to fall into this singularity. "My heart was full of fury's dream,"—this is another instance of the poet's carelessness of the distinct meaning of words. The heart is not the seat of dreams,—who ever heard of the heart dreaming?

[To be continued.]

ALPHONSO AND EMILY.

ON a journey which I made a short time since to C——, I one evening took a walk at the foot of a fertile hill, on which stood some very simple country-houses, and the scattered cottages of a hamlet. An ancient castle, nearly fallen to ruin, still overlooked those rustic habitations, once its vasals.

A man bowed by the weight of years, and whose interesting physiognomy still retained the traces of long and severe affliction, stopped not far from me and sighed. Moved by the tears which trickled down his cheeks, I went to him to enquire the cause of his distress, but he prevented me, by asking if I knew the hamlet. I answered that I was a stranger, and that every thing there was new to me. After a short conversation which it is unnecessary to repeat, he began the following narrative:

In the hamlet which you see on the brow of that hill were born and died, about twenty years ago, two unfortunate lovers, who are worthy of remembrance. They were virtuous and tender.

Alphonso de Volsin, the only son of the Marquis of that name, was the sole hope of that family, one of the most ancient in the country. Born with warm passions, and a heart formed for love, he conceived the tenderest attachment for

Emily Vessemar, a charming girl, and well deserving of the heart of Alphonso for her graces and her virtue, had haughty prejudice been capable of acknowledging graces and virtue without illustrious parentage.

No sooner was M. Volsin apprized of his son's passion than he employed all the power of remonstrances and intreaties, hoping to stifle in its birth a passion which appeared disgraceful and unworthy of his name. But it was too late; the impression was made, and that love which already filled the heart of Alphonso was to decide the happiness or misery of his future life. Restraint only augmented its violence, and all the exertions that were made to extinguish it served only to display its power.

Perceiving the inefficacy of intreaties, M. de Volsin was discouraged. From remonstrances he passed to threats, which were soon succeeded by the most rigorous orders. Alphonso, irritated by the severity of his father, and distressed by the invincible obstacles which intervened between him and the sole object of his love, listening only to the dictates of his passion and his despair, signed a promise of marriage with Emily, and thus assured her of his attachment and fidelity as long as he lived.

M. de Volsin, enraged at the imprudence of Alphonso, and despairing of curing such a violent passion by ordinary means, he obtained a *lettre de cachet* for transporting his son to the West India islands. The unhappy young man departed with a soul rent with anguish, but without complaint, accompanied by the regret of a too tender maiden whom his loss plunged into the abyss of despair. The unfortunate girl came herself to deliver to the marquis the fatal promise of marriage, and to enquire by what means he might be made to relent. "Marry any but my son," said the marquis. "That," replied she, "is the only thing with which I cannot comply." She covered her face, bathed in tears, with her hands, and withdrew.

Eight months had elapsed since the departure of Alphonso, and M. Volsin, who, notwithstanding his severity, still continued to love his son, reproached himself, but too late, with his barbarity, and anxiously longed for an opportunity to recall him. He durst not venture, however, to take this step till he had found an effectual expedient for parting Alphonso and Emily and for preventing the consequences of their unfortunate passion. There was but one, and that was the marriage of Emily. But how was he to triumph over her constancy, and to induce her to form another connection? In these points he flattered himself he should succeed, by setting on foot a report of his son's death. His whole family accordingly went into mourning.

The affectionate heart of Emily was easily imposed upon by these tokens of her misfortune; she entertained not a doubt of the death of Alphonso; her soul was overwhelmed with the idea, and the false intelligence of his loss had nearly cost her her life. The first violence of her emotions was succeeded by a grief less extravagant and less acute: she seemed to take courage to endure new sufferings. Alphonso, who no longer lived for her, was ever present to her view; she conversed with him by night, she sought him all day. She repaired alone to the places they had once visited together, and there in silence indulged her sorrows. Time could not sooth her affliction; in vain her friends endeavored to amuse her; the fatal blow was struck. The roses on her cheeks grew pale; her youth was rapidly exhausted in tears; and after a few months of anguish, she expired with the name of Alphonso on her lips, and his image in her heart.

Her cruel and premature death consigned M. de Volsin to the horrors of remorse. The image of a distracted father and a family in tears, renewed more powerfully in his soul the recollection of his son; and seeing no longer any obstacle to oppose his return, he hastened to recall him.

Obedient to his command, Alphonso again

crossed the seas. He returned faithful to that love which time, disappointment, and absence had not been able to erase from his heart. He again beheld the spot where he first drew breath, that spot replete with the revolutions of infancy, which had witnessed his first and his only love. He expected at length to receive again the dear and fatal pledge which he had there deposited. "There, beneath that roof, dwells my Emily," said he, while tears of joy streamed from his eyes. He quickens his pace; he runs; he enquires for her. Emily alas! was no more.

Struck with mute despair at this heart-rending intelligence, at this stroke, not more unexpected than terrible; not a tear, not a sigh escaped him. He was seized with an universal tremor; his knees bent under him; he fell speechless and pale as death. His father, who, expecting his return after such a long absence passed whole days with his eyes fixed on the road by which his son was to come, his father arrived at that moment. He found him extended on the stones, motionless and cold. This unfortunate and guilty father pressed him in his trembling arms, bathed him with his tears, and called him by the tenderest names. Alphonso at length opened his eyes; he revived but to curse his existence, and implored death to end his sorrows. He knew his father, he reclined upon his bosom; but in vain he strove to return the paternal caresses; all the sentiments of his heart were extinguished by his profound affliction.

He was conducted in silence to his father's. He was again in the bosom of his family, he again received their caresses; but every thing had become strange, every thing was already dead to him. Sometimes motionless and overwhelmed with stupid apathy, he would seem bereft of feeling: all at once his eyes would become animated, his physiognomy would assume a terrific air, and he would rave like a madman. These fits of passion, madness, and despair, together with watching and fatigue heated his blood. He was seized with a fever, accompanied by delirium. He would then repeatedly pronounce the name of Emily; he would speak to her, ask her questions, give her answers; he would stretch out his arms as if to hold her, and swear that she should never be parted from him. Some times he went so far as to curse his father, and to reproach him with his inhumanity. The image of the dying Emily then seemed to pursue him; the sight of this phantom made him shudder; a cold sweat bedewed his face, and his eyes appeared to distil tears of blood. Attentions of every kind were paid him; he rejected them all, and at length, they became useless. After a long and painful struggle, surrounded by his family, and in the presence of his disconsolate father, he raised with difficulty

his drooping head, he attempted to speak, his voice failed, and he fell back.—Ah! wretched father, I no longer had a son!

Fool that I am, what did I say? My heart speaks at once the language of nature and of remorse; the horrid truth escapes me, and I accuse myself without intending it. Yes, 'tis I, 'tis I, who am that guilty father, as these bitter tears attest. The victim of an atrocious prejudice, at its instigation I trampled upon nature, and sacrificed my own blood. I planted a dagger in the heart of my son, in the bosom of an amiable and affectionate female, whose only crime was love and fidelity. I have involved an honest and a virtuous family in misery; I have occasioned the death of all that was dear to me, and have consigned the remainder of my days to despair. I was unjust, barbarous, and unnatural; but forbear to curse me; twenty years of horror, of remorse, of hopeless sorrow have sufficiently avenged nature and love which I had outraged; with a conscience laden for twenty years with the murder of my child, abhorred by myself, terrified, haunted incessantly by the image of my son, I mourn, I detest my crime, which I have no hope of ever expiating.

And why should I wish to conceal it? What interest can I have in still dissembling? I have been left on the earth as an example of divine ven-

geance; but my life ended with that of my son, with him was my family extinguished, and my name will perish with me. Alas! my pangs increase when my strength abandons me, and remorse inflicts augmented torture as I approach my end.

As for you, who are so happy as to be born at a time when this barbarous prejudice has lost its power, learn at least to know the crimes which it has caused; and know them in order that you may hate them. May the just horror which they can not fail to excite, prevent them from ever being repeated! May I be the last perpetrator of them! May they descend with me to the grave, and there be buried for ever! But were there still an insensate and cruel father like myself, a father who sacrificing the propensities of nature to ridiculous notions, should expose himself to the everlasting torment of having occasioned the death of those who owed their existence to him, and of beholding their blood rise up against him in the days of his old age, tell him of my crime, my remorse, and my punishment, of those tears which have flowed for twenty years, and of the slow and terrible journey which I am making to the tomb.

The old man was silent; he raised his tearful eyes towards heaven, and left me.

CURIOUS RESEARCH INTO THE NATURAL HISTORY

OF

GRASSHOPPERS.

SIR,

It is doubtless the aim of your agreeable miscellany to instruct as well as to amuse. To detail the more serious and rugged parts of science cannot accord with your plan, but to familiarise those branches which pass under our daily notice, and which have so long been hidden from female minds by technical jargon and affected obscurity, must doubtless fall within the sphere of a publication so extensive as yours. I shall not therefore be deemed a trespasser, if I attempt to open the eyes of your readers, of both sexes, to some mysteries of natural philosophy, which may so far lay claim to the merit of originality, that I may venture to say they have never hitherto appeared in any treatise upon this science.

Buffon, whose penetration and philosophy few things escaped, and whose chief delight was to discover something agreeable and romantic in every part of the creation, has dwelt very lightly

upon the history of *Grasshoppers*; he has considered them, as all his followers have, as the little, roving, reptile of the hoar, chirping in the summer grass, and singing to the mower and his scythe; vanishing with the first frost, and returning with the first promise of spring.

Very different, indeed, Sir, is the history of the *Grasshopper*; this insect is as full of venom and malignity as of noise and vivacity; its ravages, though not so frequent, have been more extensive and pernicious than those either of the caterpillar or the locust. It is true, as the desolations of the grasshopper have not often occurred, and have always been local, they have not summoned much attention; but the infrequency of their ravages is fully compensated by their extent and importance.

When the fields and vineyards of the husbandman have been invaded by an army of grasshoppers, the destruction has exceeded, beyond all comparison, the ravages occasioned by any other

class of reptiles; they have picked the earth, as I may say, to the bone, and wherever the scene of their invasion has been laid, they have left behind them desolation and ruin.

The grasshopper we have been accustomed to contemplate in this country, is generally a little, insignificant reptile, crawling upon the ground, or bounding and skipping among the grass.—If we examine it, we shall find that it is furnished with a species of wings, and many of the green grasshoppers of our meadows have been seen to spring up to a prodigious height, and support themselves a long time in the air; but few have gone so far as to advance that a grasshopper was endowed with the power of flying, and fewer still have suspected it of migration.

The grasshopper, however, is possessed of both these qualities, which I shall proceed to substantiate by the accounts of travellers, whose veracity cannot be suspected, and who, if inclined to deceive, could not, in this relation, be guilty of an imposition.

In the Islands of the Archipelago, particularly in the Island of Cyprus, the visits of grasshoppers are very common.—A thick cloud is sometimes seen in the air, approaching with a warm gust of wind; it is black and heavy.—The Greek of Cyprus knows well what it portends—he is agitated to a point of insanity—thousands of myriads of grasshoppers, about an inch in length, and of the breadth of a nail, immediately dart upon his fields—fire is less quick and destructive; in a few moments the stalks of the plants are levelled on the ground, and devoured; the crops are destroyed, the fields desolated; and all the while this venomous and pernicious creature keeps up the song of triumph, and chirps over the ruin he has made.

The staple traffick of the Island of Cyprus is silk, and, of course, the cultivation of the silkworm is a matter of the first importance.—For this reason the country is studded with mulberry-trees, which furnish the food of this useful and industrious animal; but even these are not spared from the devastation of the grasshopper. After having devoured the harvest, they strip the mulberry-trees, and thus consign to death the little insect which feeds on them. Having destroyed all the fruits, vegetables, and herbs, whosoever they alight, they next attack the stoutest trees, of which they gnaw off the bark, and, having thus stripped them, they descend to the grass.

The first enquiry naturally made is, how insects, which, though furnished with wings, have them of so slight a texture and small a size, are capable of approaching countries surrounded by seas? how they can pass over arms of the ocean, and waters of great extent, and support them-

selves in the air for the space of many hours, and perhaps days? This enquiry is not easily answered. It has been contended, that they were brought over into islands in ships, in which they secret themselves during the voyage, and escape upon their putting into port. This solution, however, is not plausible.—In the first place, these swarms of grasshoppers do not appear but at considerable intervals of time, sometimes of five, sometimes of seven years; but if they were transported in ships, why not appear one year as well as another? Again, it would be impossible that myriads of insects, of the size which I have described, could conceal themselves during a voyage of many days in the hulls and decks of vessels. It cannot be doubted but these grasshoppers arrive from the Continent; that they are formed in the midst of deserts, and, supported and impelled by the winds, are wafted across a neck of sea to some contiguous coast.

M. Sonnini, a most intelligent traveller, speaking of the devastation of these insects in the Island of Cyprus, has countenanced this opinion of their emigration by flight.

“The most Eastern point of the Island of Cyprus,” says this author, “*Cape Saint Audrea*, being distant from the coast of Syria not more than twenty-five leagues, light insects of this nature may easily be wafted hither by a gale of wind. Grasshoppers possess much agility, and derive great support from their wings; and that swarms of them have crossed seas wider than this strait is well attested.—M. Niebhur mentions that an immense swarm of grasshoppers fell in the town of *Dsjidda*, in Arabia, in the year 1762; having crossed the Red Sea, which, at that place, is upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in breadth! Many, he adds, perished in the voyage, but inconceivable numbers were left to do damage to all that were near them.”—The same author adds, “that he himself had seen grasshoppers alight on a vessel, in a voyage on the Western parts of Africa, when he was many leagues out of sight of land.—They were of a species unknown in Europe, being of a *flemot* colour, or pale yellow.

It is pretty clear that French travellers, to whatever part of the globe they go, see stranger and more surprising things than any other class of men; the lore of nature seem hidden for their discovery; her mysteries are prophaned if unravelled by any other eyes than those of a member of the Institute.—But other countries have not been exempt from the ravages of grasshoppers. In the year 1784, an immense swarm of these insects came from the East, crossed France, devoured whatever they met with in their passage, and fell into the British Channel.—*Mezerai*, the celebrated historian, tells us of another

irruption of grasshoppers in the South of France, which destroyed the harvest and vintage all around them. After they had been destroyed, with much difficulty, the eggs which they had deposited on the ground were collected, and were found to fill upwards of seven hundred

bushels; upon a low estimate there were seven millions of eggs to each bushel! They were burnt and thrown into the Rhine.

I shall now conclude, and am, Mr. Editor,

Your reader, and friend,

E. B.

ON THE PROGRESS OF PHILOSOPHY IN GERMANY.

It is impossible to analyse thought without analysing the signs by which it is represented; or, to reason with more precision, it is to those signs alone that analysis can be applied. Grammar, therefore, cannot be separated from logic; and when it is treated systematically, it may in some measure fill its place. I mean reason and universal grammar, which science is extremely abstruse, and the most proper to form the understanding, and teach it to analyse. I do not remember that any German, now living, has written on this science with marked superiority, nor extended its boundaries; the French have taken a much wider range. As to the German grammar, it has in some measure commenced in our days, and it is to the celebrated Adelung, librarian at Dresden, one of the most philosophical minds of the eighteenth century, that it owes its existence. Amongst the numerous works that he has written on this subject, must be remarked, his Complete System of the German Language, his Treatise on the different Dialects of that Language, and his Critical Dictionary.—This last work, the fruit of arduous labour, and indefatigable application, may be compared with the most perfect works of other nations of the same kind. It is not in the numerous materials which he has collected and made use of that consists its principal merit; it is in the philosophical precision with which the author determines the worth of each expression, and their employment, as well in a simple as in a figurative sense; it is in the choice of examples that he

alludes to support his decisions; and the etymological researches by which they are accompanied, and which announce an extensive knowledge of all the languages, and particularly those of the North. Thus, one man in Germany has done what, in other countries, all the academicians have scarcely been able to accomplish, if we except our own Dr. Johnson.

The Germans have no grammarian that can be put in competition with Adelung; notwithstanding, they esteem the *easy* on the German language that Heynatz, (rector at Francfort on the Oder,) has published for the use of schools; they agree that Junker's Grammar deserves to make Gotsched's obsolete; they render Justice to Stosch, counsellor of the Consistory at Cuttain, and author of the first German Synonyma that have appeared; they esteem Schwab's Dissertation on the Universality of the French Language, and the probability of its long enjoying this glorious privilege; they look upon the new Dictionary, German and French, by Schwan, as very proper to fill one of the principal chasms of their literature; they reckon Moritz, professor at Berlin, among their best grammarians, who, in his grammar for the ladies, and his works of psychology, analyses, with as much taste as precision, the signs of thought; in short, they find in the divers fragments published by Klopstock, on grammar and German prosody, that there are sometimes new preceptions and important remarks.

LEONORA; A SPANISH STORY.

IMITATED FROM AN ORIGINAL UNTRANSLATED TALE OF CERVANTES.

ONE summer's night, when the moon shone with unclouded clearness, at about eleven o'clock, a poor old gentleman returned from taking his walk out of the gates of the city of Toledo, with his wife, on whose arm he leant, his daughter eighteen years of age, and a maid who was his only servant. This old gentleman, indigent

and virtuous, was named Don Pedro; his wife, Donna Maria; his daughter, whose figure was celestial, and whose soul was still more beautiful, was called Leonora.

At that very instant issued out of the city, to take the air, a young nobleman just turned of twenty, named Anselmo, who imagined that his

birth and fortune exempted him from good manners. He was just risen from table, attended by his companions in debauchery, and they were all heated with wine. This noisy troop soon met the old Don and his family: it was the meeting of wolves and sheep.

These young people stop and look insolently at the good mother and her daughter. One of them embraces the maid; the old gentleman wishes to say a word, he is insulted; he, with a trembling hand, draws his sword; Don Anselmo laughing, disarms him, seizes the young lady, and with the assistance of his guilty friends carries her off towards the city.

Whilst the old Don Pedro stood imprecating his own feebleness, Donna Maria was uttering piercing cries, and the maid tearing her hair, the unfortunate Leonora fainted in the arms of Anselmo, who, arrived at his palace, opens a secret door, dismisses his friends, and gains his apartment with his victim. He enters without a light and without being seen by any of his servants; he locks the door, and before Leonora has recovered her senses, he consummates the greatest crime that can be committed by drunkenness and brutality.

Anselmo, after having satiated his desires, remained a few moments undecided as to what he should then do? he doubtless felt some remorse when Leonora recovered. The most perfect obscurity reigned in the apartment; she sighs, she trembles, and calls in a feeble tone, My mother! my mother! where are you? My father! answer me.—Where am I?—What bed is this?—O my God, have you forsaken me? Does any one hear me? Am I in my grave?—Ah! wretched! would to heaven!—

Anselmo at this moment seized her hand; she shrieks, escapes with precipitation, and after a few paces falls on the floor. Anselmo follows her. Then, on her knees, and in a lamentable accent, interrupted by sobs and groans,—O you, says she, whoever you are, you who are the cause of my sufferings, you who have made me a most miserable and despicable creature, if you retain the least sentiment of honour, if you are susceptible of pity, I supplicate you, I conjure you to take my life: you have no other means of repairing the mischief you have done me. In the name of heaven, in the name of all you love, if you love any thing, kill me. You can do it without the least peril: we are without witness, no one will know your crime; it will not be so great as that which you have committed; and I believe, yes, I believe I can pardon you every thing if you grant me this death, now my only resource.

In saying these words, she dragged herself on the floor to embrace the knees of Anselmo.

Anselmo, without making any answer, went out of the room, locked the door, and doubtless went to assure himself that nobody in his house, or in the street, was in the way to oppose him in the design he meditated.

As soon as he is gone, Leonora rises, approaches the walls, and gropes till she finds a window, which she opens in order to throw herself out. A strong iron lattice prevents her: but the moon-light penetrates into the room. Leonora remains motionless, a prey to her reflections, and, looking round, carefully examines the apartment, takes notice of the furniture, the pictures, the tapestry, and on an Oratory discovers a small gold crucifix, which she takes and hides in her bosom. After which, putting the shutters to, she, in darkness attends the barbarian who is to decide her fate.

Anselmo in a short time returned: he was alone, and always without a light. He approached Leonora, tied a handkerchief over her eyes, without speaking a word take her by the hand and lead her down stairs, out of the house, and into the street, and after many turnings and windings, arrives at the door of the cathedral, quits the arm of the unfortunate girl, and precipitately flies.

Leonora remained some time without daring to remove the handkerchief which covered her eyes. At last, not hearing the least noise, she takes it off, and looks round her. Seeing herself alone at the church door, which she was well acquainted with, her first motion was to drop on her knees, and offer a fervent prayer to God. Her prayer finished, she rose and trembling returned to Don Pedro's house. That unhappy father, together with his disconsolate spouse, was bewailing his daughter at the time. He hears a knock, runs to the door, sees Leonora, and clasps her round the neck, with a shout of joy.

The mother hearing this, runs out, and rushes into the arms of her daughter; they both embrace her, and talk to her both at the same time; they both call her their beloved child, their only joy, the only support of their old age; both together bathing her in tears multiply their questions, and do not allow her time to answer them.

The sorrowful Leonora, after yielding to these tender transports, throws herself at the feet of her father, and with downcast eyes, and a blushing countenance, recounted all that had happened. She was hardly able to finish the recital.

The old Don Pedro raised her, and pressed her to his breast. My dearest daughter, says he, dishonour is only attached to crimes, and thou hast not committed any. Interrogate thy conscience; can it reproach thee for the least evil

action, word, or thought? No, my daughter, thou art still the same, thou art always my virtuous Leopora; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, venerates thee perhaps more than before thy misfortune.

Leonora soothed by these words, ventures to lift her eyes to her father: she shewed him the crucifix which she had brought away, with the hope that it might at some future period be the means of discovering her ravisher. The old man fixed his eyes stedfastly on the crucifix and shed tears on it. O my God, said he, may thy eternal justice vouchsafe to let me know the barbarian who has thus injured my dearest half, may it let me behold him; and, notwithstanding my gray hairs, notwithstanding my feebleness, I am sure I shall avenge this outrage with his guilty blood.

The transports of Don Pedro redoubled the affliction of Leonora; her good mother tries to appease her, wrests the crucifix from the old man, and he forgets his anger, to return to comforting his daughter.

After some time devoted to weeping, the unfortunate Leonora seemed to acquire some tranquillity; she never went out of the house—she fancied every body would read her injury in her face. Alas! she soon had more cruel motives for secluding herself.

Leonora perceived she was pregnant; and her father and mother could hardly persuade her not to lose her life. She was several days without tasting any food; at last, for the love of her parents, and out of respect to her own maternal state, she consented to endure her sufferings.

When the term approached, Don Pedro hired a small country-house, where they retired without any servant. With the assistance of her mother, Leonora was delivered of a beautiful boy; Don Pedro himself carried it to be christened, and it was called after him. The mother soon recovered her health; her tenderness for her son was so lively, the sight of the child became so necessary to her existence, that it was resolved the little Pedro should continue in the house, and pass for a nephew of the old man.

They all returned to Toledo, where no one suspected the motive of their absence. The adventure of Anselmo had made no noise; he, shortly after, set out for Naples; and Leonora, respected, beloved by every body, enjoyed the happiness of the maternal, and, at the same time, the honours of a single state.

In the mean time little Pedro grew apace, and became daily more lovely and charming. His sense and his graces were far beyond his age, which was only seven years, when, on a day on which there was to be a grand bull fight, the child went to his mother's house door to see the young cavaliers who were going thither to fight, pass

by.—He was alone, he attempted to cross the street towards a troop of young people who were coming that way: at the instant one of them galloped past and rode over little Pedro. The poor child remained lying on the stones, crying and losing much blood from a wound on the head by a horse-shoe. The passengers flock round, when a venerable nobleman, attended by several servants, happened to pass by, in his way to the Amphitheatre; he sees the child, runs to him, takes him in his arms, kisses him, caresses him, wipes the blood off his face, sends for the principal surgeon of the city, and quitting the crowd, he takes the child home with him.

Whilst this was passing, Don Pedro and his family heard of the accident. Leonora, almost frantic, ran into the street crying out for her son. Her father could hardly follow her, and she paid no regard to his entreaties not to call the child her's. Every body pitied them, and pointed out the way the nobleman went. They run, they fly to his palace. They ascend crying to the chamber where the child was already under the hands of the surgeon. Leonora gets there first, rushes towards him, presses him to her bosom, bathes him in tears, and wishes to see his wound. The amiable child, who was still crying, began to smile when he saw his mother, and, caressing her, assures her he does not ail any thing.

The surgeon examines the wound, which he finds nowise dangerous. Leonora makes him repeat this a hundred times, whilst Don Pedro and his lady return thanks to the nobleman, telling him that the child is their little nephew, and seek to palliate the extreme love which their daughter shows for him.

At last, after Leonora had sufficiently embraced little Pedro, after she was quite certain his life was not in the least danger, she sits down on the bed, and casts her eyes round the room.

What was her surprise in recognising the same furniture, the same pictures, that she had observed by moon-light! She sees the same Oratory from which she had taken the crucifix—the tapestry is the same—nothing is changed in the apartment—Leonora is convinced she is in the very room into which she was taken by her ravisher.

She now becomes, as it were, stupified; she grows pale, then blushes deeply, and at last faints. They all endeavour to succour her. The surgeon assists in her recovery, and she is sent home in a carriage: they went to take the child too, but the old nobleman opposes this; he requests, he begs it may be left with him, till perfectly cured. Don Pedro, fully engaged about his daughter, yields to the solicitation, and returns home with his wife and Leonora.

No sooner were they alone, than Leonora told them all she had observed, and assured them that the house they had been in, was that to which her ravisher had carried her. Don Pedro immediately went out to procure as much information as he could, about matters so highly interesting to him: he already knew that the old Count's family name was Don Diego de Lara: he soon learnt that he has an only son called Anselmo, that that son is at Naples, where he has been nearly eight years, and that it was said his residence in Italy had rendered him as prudent and well-behaved, as heretofore he had been wild and licentious. To which was added, that young nobleman was the handsomest and most amiable man of the place, and the richest match in Castille.

Don Pedro returned with this news to his wife and daughter. They could not doubt but Anselmo was the man who had dishonoured Leonora; but could they flatter themselves he would repair the outrage by bestowing his hand on a person who, though noble, was the poorest in Toledo? Don Pedro could not hope it, and was already meditating vengeance. Leonora supplicated him to let her manage this business, and not to interfere till she required him. The old man was very loath to make such a promise; but at last he yielded, and Leonora was easier.

She maturely considered what course she ought to pursue. Her child was still with Don Diego, who treated him with the greatest care and kindness. His wound was healing fast, and his mother, Don Pedro and his wife, spent their days with him.

One day when Leonora was alone with Don Diego, whilst the good old gentleman was holding little Pedro in his arms, kissing and caressing him, and talking with peculiar pleasure of the lively and tender affection which attached him to that child. Leonora could not restrain her tears, and vainly endeavoured to conceal them. Don Diego asked her what occasioned them to flow with so much interest and friendship, that at last Leonora, with downcast eyes, and with sobs, told him all that had passed in his house; showed him the crucifix, which he perfectly remembered, and ended by falling at his feet.

Your son, said she, has dishonoured me, and I embrace your knees: your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, and I cannot help loving you as the most tender father.

Little Pedro, who sees Leonora weep, falls himself at the feet of Don Diego, and with stretched-out arms, prays him not to afflict his good friend; so he called his mother.

Don Diego could no longer resist this moving spectacle: he, sobbing, raised Leonora and her son; he clasps them in his arms, and swears that

Anselmo shall have no other spouse than Leonora.

On that very day he writes to his son to return to Toledo, where he had met with a suitable match for him. Anselmo sets off, and arrives at his father's house. It was agreed that neither Leonora nor any of her family should be at Don Diego's when Anselmo was expected to arrive.

After the first moments given to the pleasures of meeting, Don Diego mentioned to his son the intended marriage, which, as he said, he had contracted for him. He enlarged on the immense riches of his future spouse, and ended with showing him a frightful portrait, which had been purposely painted. Anselmo drew back with horror, and endeavoured to persuade his father, that it would be impossible for him to love such a woman. But Don Diego, in a severe tone, replied, that fortune was the only point to be regarded in a marriage. Upon which Anselmo, with great eloquence declaimed against such a principle, instanced many unfortunate events produced by it, adding, that he had never desired more than to find a good and beautiful woman, whose fortune he might make, and with whom he might find happiness.

Don Diego, dissembling his joy, feigned to combat his son's opinions, when Leonora, her mother, and little Pedro, who came to sup with Don Diego, were introduced.

Never had Leonora appeared so beautiful; it seemed as if, by divine permission, her beauty and graces were incomparably fascinating. They dazzled the eyes of Anselmo, who eagerly enquired who that charming lady was. His father pretended not to hear his question; but on advancing to receive the two ladies, he was grievously struck with beholding the countenance of Leonora assume a deadly paleness, which, together with the trembling of her hands, which he held in his, indicated that the sight of Anselmo would soon cause her to faint. In spite of all her efforts and courage, the affected Leonora immediately fell down motionless; and Anselmo flies to her assistance with an ardour and interest which his venerable father is delighted to behold.

At last she recovers her senses: the company sit down to table, and during the whole supper-time Anselmo's eyes were incessantly rivetted on Leonora. She perceived it, and casts her eyes downwards: she speaks little; but whatever she says is uttered with such a bewitching grace, and likewise in such a strain of affecting melancholy, as continually increased the charm which irresistibly attached Anselmo to her. Little Pedro also, who was placed near his father, could not help looking at him, unceasingly prattling to

him, and thus exciting his attention and friendship, made Anselmo say, that the father of such a child ought to esteem himself very happy.

They rise from table; Anselmo, deeply smitten with the charms of Leonora, draws his father aside, and tells him in a respectful, but decided tone, that nothing shall ever force him to marry her whose portrait he had seen. It must, however, be done, said the old nobleman, unless thou preferrest that young and noble lady thou hast been supping with.—Ah! exclaimed Anselmo, I should be the happiest of men, if she condescended to accept my hand!—And I the happiest of fathers, if my son, by these nuptials, repaired the crime he is sullied with!

He then recounted to Anselmo all he knows, and drawing from his bosom the golden crucifix: There, my son, says he, there is the witness, and judge of the horrible crime you have committed; there is the emblem of him who will never pardon you till you have obtained the pardon of Leonora.

Anselmo hears, blushes, and runs to cast himself at the feet of Leonora. I have deserved your contempt, cried he; but if the most respectful love, if the most sincere repentance, are worthy of some grace, do not refuse my pardon. Consider that one word from your mouth will render me for ever the vilest and most unhappy of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands.

Leonora regarded him a moment in silence, her eyes swimming in tears; then turning to little Pedro, she takes him in her arms, and places him in those of his father. There is my answer, said she, with a faltering voice: may that child give you as much happiness as you have caused misery to its mother!

Immediately a priest, Don Pedro, a notary and two witnesses were sent for: the happy marriage was concluded the same evening; and Anselmo, returned to virtue, experienced that there is no happiness but in mutual and honourable love.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 300.]

CHAP. II.

Continuation of the same subject. There is no invariable standard of physical Beauty. Different opinions of different nations on Beauty. Difference in the tastes of men.

"I COMMONLY see," says Montaigne, "that men are more ready to seek the reason than the truth of things which are submitted to them; they pass over the propositions, but they examine the consequences; they leave things and run after causes. These droll reasoners usually begin in this manner:—How did this happen? instead of asking,—Did it really happen?"

Most of those who have treated of beauty have done like Montaigne's droll reasoners; they have set out with supposing that beauty is invariable, that it had a primitive type, and this being admitted without any further examination, they have sought what are its principles, and what is this original type. This was the very reverse of what they ought to have done; but such is frequently the way of the human mind.

A learned modern writer has, however, not reasoned in this manner. He has gone back to the principle of the question, and has proved in a very solid discourse, that there is no such thing in nature as a positive and invariable standard of beauty. He demonstrates that what we call beauty consists only in the ideas which we have acquired from our very infancy, and depends on a kind of mutual conformity established upon the authority of a small number of persons. He

demonstrates that beauty is founded only on the habit, on the fashion, on the prejudices or particular ideas which prevail in every nation, and which cause us to find beauty in objects which we have been most accustomed to behold. He demonstrates that this idea of beauty is, in some measure, subject to the authority of persons who, by deeper study, are supposed to be enabled to judge more soundly of it. He demonstrates that the aptitude to seize the beautiful, which we call sentiment or taste, though partly dependent on a particular modification of the mind of certain persons, must, however, in general be ascribed to education, to the habit of daily contemplating the best productions of art; and that this taste, this sense is improved in proportion to the knowledge we have gained by study and by instruction. Finally, he demonstrates that we have no innate sense of physical beauty, though we have a very distinct perception of moral beauty.

All these assertions are supported by proofs which are highly conclusive; but the author has considered the subject in a scientific point of view that is not adapted to the aim and nature of the present work; and therefore the reader who is desirous of entering deeper into this question, would do well to consult the writer himself.

If any thing be capable of demonstrating that beauty is not invariable, it is the dissimilarity of beautiful women in every country, the disagreement of different nations in the ideas they form of beauty, and the difference of tastes which is found even among the individuals of the same nation.

A beautiful female of France, another of Italy, of England, of China, of Mingrellia, of Negroland, are indisputably beautiful women; the charms of each are extolled by her amorous countrymen; each inspires poets, and turns the heads of philosophers, for there are philosophers in every region; finally, each sways the sceptre in her own sphere; and yet how different are all these beauties!

Let us now briefly examine this variety of opinions among different nations.

We Europeans prefer a head, the general outline of which is of an oval form. The Omaguas and the Caribbees think no head beautiful but what is perfectly round and flat; and to give the heads of their children that figure, they compress them between two boards, that, as they say, they may resemble the full moon. Other nations prefer the square form, and it is then between four planks that they endeavour to mould the heads of their children while the bones are still tender.

The proportions which please us in the forehead would not be much liked by other nations. The inhabitants of the country of Aracan think no forehead handsome but what is large and flat; therefore, as soon as a child is born, they lay a piece of lead upon its forehead to give it that kind of beauty which they hold in the highest estimation. The Siamese, on the contrary, likes no forehead but what ends in a point at the top, in such a manner as to make the head resemble a kind of lozenge, the two points of which are formed by the forehead and the chin. The Mexican women, very different from the natives of Aracan, are desirous of having very small foreheads, and employ all possible means to make the hair grow upon them, though they take great pains to eradicate it over the whole body. The ideas entertained concerning the beauty of hair, are neither more constant, nor more just. We shall have occasion to remark, that in ancient times the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skilful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same propensity, though that colour is held in abhorrence by their descendants. They like black hair, which is despised in some regions of Africa, and light tresses which are detested in China. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in vast regions; the Turks

prefer red-haired women. The inhabitants of Tripoli have probably borrowed this taste from the Turks; with the aid of vermilion they give their hair a colour which nature refuses. The women of the kingdom of Decan likewise stain their hair yellow and red.

Small ears are not every where accounted the handsomest. All the nations of the East, and even the Chinese, prefer ears that are very large, very long, and pendent. Those people who are virtuosos in this kind of charm, procure it by suspending heavy weights from their ears. By these means the natives of Laos, among others, increase the hole to such a size that you may put your fist through it.

This nation makes the beauty of the nose consist in its length, and that in its smallness. A prominent nose is a defect among the Chinese, who are accustomed to crush the noses of their children while in the cradle. The inhabitants of Macassar have the same taste, which they gratify by means of the same expedient. The Indians think its beauty proportioned to its magnitude. Among many nations the decoration of the nose is an object of luxury; they suspend jewels from them in the same manner as European women suspend them from their ears. On the coast of Malabar, the cartilage which divides the nostrils, is perforated in young girls, for the purpose of hanging jewels to them. The same practice is found among the islanders in the Persian Gulf, and in California. In the country of the Moguls, on the contrary, and in certain regions of Africa, the men perforate not only the nose, but likewise the ears and the lips; and a young man, anxious to please the *belles* of the country, would make very little impression were he not to suspend trinkets of gold and silver from his nose, his lips, and his ears. It is then the Mogul fine ladies exclaim in their language: "What a charming young man! how gentle! how tasteful! how elegant!"

I should never have done were I to record the numberless whimsical customs which we every where meet with. Some nations draw the two teeth in the middle of the jaw. The females among the Juggas in Africa, go still farther, and one of the charms they are most solicitous to acquire, is to have four teeth deficient, two above and two below, which is infinitely more regular; the woman who should want the courage to have them drawn, would be as much despised as in China a young girl with feet of the natural size. Among the Siamese, the beauty of the teeth consists in their blackness, and they are stained with a varnish which is annually renewed. The natives of Macassar paint them different colours, which is much more lively.

If we pass to the skin, how many different

fashions does not that assume among different nations! Some anoint it with oil or grease, as the Californians; and this, perhaps, is not a bad practice; others stain it with rouge, as the Caribbees;—these paint it, as the women of Greenland, who streak their faces with white and yellow; those of France, who have so long plastered theirs with white and rouge; the Zemblians, who have blue stripes on the forehead and on the chin; the Japanese who stain their lips and eye-lids blue; the women of Decan, who paint the hands and feet yellow and red; the Arabs, who dye their nails red, their eye-brows, and the edges of their eye-lids black;—those engrave ornaments upon it, as the negroes of Gorce, who, with a sharp flint, make figures of flowers and animals on their bodies; the Mogul women, who trace flowers upon their skin, and colour them with the juice of roots. In other places they practise tattooing, or pricking the skin and making the punctures black by means of a liquid which is introduced into them. This custom has been found to prevail among the women of Tripoli and of Arabia, and among the natives of the island of Otaheite.

Nor are different nations more unanimous relative to beauty in stature. The Turks and the Germans are fond of *embonpoint* in women; the Chinese prefer meagre ones. Some people prefer a short stature, and the Tripolitans think it impossible to be beautiful without being tall. But what is still more surprizing, we have seen women of a perfectly civilized country alternately affecting a stature excessively short, and a stature excessively tall, which proves their ignorance of what constitutes beauty in that particular: and, what will appear still more singular, most of the men thought both these fashions charming;—so false is the assertion that beauty is always the same, and that it depends neither on fashion nor on prejudice!

The rapid sketch which I have here submitted to my fair readers, is certainly diversified, and must demonstrate that the natives of the different regions of the globe, are far from being unanimous with respect to the nature of beauty.

But, I hear some of you object—these tales, most of which are so absurd, are owing only to the rudeness of certain savage nations. Answer me these questions: Does greater harmony prevail among polished and civilized nations? Are the Chinese barbarians? Were the Greeks, so celebrated for the delicacy of their taste, for the perfection of their works, for their excellence in the fine arts—were the Greeks barbarians? Will you treat the Romans, that sovereign people, as barbarians? Nevertheless, the Greeks and Romans entertained very different sentiments with regard to beauty.

The Romans liked eye-brows that met, and a little forehead; the Greeks were fond of eye-brows wide assunder from each other, and a well-proportioned forehead. The Romans preferred eyes of moderate size, the Greeks wished to have them large. Accordingly Homer, when he speaks of Juno, calls her *Ox-eyed Juno*, in order to characterize her majestic beauty. Examine the busts and the models of the Greeks; compare them with the busts and models of the Romans, and you will immediately perceive this difference of taste.

Not only nations differ from each other, but the individuals of one and the same people differ in their taste for beautiful objects. What diversity of opinions, especially with regard to the beauty of women, which, at the present moment, forms the principal subject of our reflections! How many different causes influence our judgment? Are we prepossessed in favour of a woman, we think her charming, and our imagination, ever in harmony with our self love, discovers a thousand perfection in the beloved object. This has been admirably expressed by an old French writer, Etienne Pasquier. "To attempt," says he, "to specify, as some pretend to do, whether the excellence of the eye consists in green or black, whether a person of great or small stature is the most estimable, is a real mistake occasioned by the affection we bear to the one or the other; and because we prefer them we wish every body else to conform to our opinion. And to tell the truth, after long reflection on this subject, I protest that I was at last much puzzled to judge and discern whether beauty is the motive of love, or whether love causes objects to appear beautiful. And after turning it a long time in my mind, I am obliged to acknowledge, that love is the only medium of making one object appear more beautiful than another."

One cause which has a much more powerful influence over our ideas of beauty, an influence which I might venture to call eternal, is national taste. We cannot forbear thinking that beautiful which we have seen admired ever since we have been in existence. This influence possesses such power, that, even the most distinguished artists, who, by continual reflection on the art they practise, and by long study on the different styles, ought to have acquired ideas divested of national prejudices, still preserve in their works a tincture of the taste of their countrymen. Of this I could produce twenty examples, but shall confine myself to a single one. Look at the pictures of Rubens. All the female figures that he painted are of gigantic stature, and have excessive *embonpoint*. Will it be said that he had no intention of painting beauty, that he sought only to represent nature such as he found her?

Examine, then, his picture representing the three rival goddesses, disputing, before the shepherd Paris, the apple destined for the most beautiful. Certainly, in this picture, Rubens intended to depict beauty; and yet Minerva, Venus, and Juno, are three tall, robust, fat Flemish wenches. This piece by Rubens is at present in the Louvre, at Paris. None of our handsome females would wish to resemble any of these three goddesses.

First impressions likewise contribute to give a bias to our judgments on beauty. Certain forms please us throughout life, because they were the first that spoke to our senses. We love them, not from a rational perception of their beauty, but because they awaken in us the most violent sensations we ever experienced, those sensations which had all the charm of novelty, a charm, the full value of which we cannot appreciate, till it is no longer in our power to feel it. This cause frequently goes to such a length, as to make us discover irresistible attractions even in the defects, and to create the most singular and ridiculous tastes. Is it not well known that Descartes preserved, all his life, an astonishing predilection for women who squinted? And why? Because the first woman that made an impression

on his heart had that defect; and that defect, wherever he met with it, reminded him of the agreeable sensations he had experienced.

It is, therefore, evident, that it is impossible to say positively wherein beauty consists; and this is admitted by all those who have most profoundly investigated the subject.

I could quote numerous authorities in my favour, but one shall suffice. I shall borrow it from a writer who might be supposed the most violent opponent of the sentiment I am here defending—I mean Winklemann. His words are: "A regular discussion of beauty requires that something should be said concerning what destroys beauty, which is the negative idea of that quality. Cicero says to Cotta, on the subject of the Deity, that it is much easier to determine what he is not, than to pronounce what constitutes him. Beauty and ugliness are, in a certain degree, like health and disease; the latter makes itself felt, not the former. To strive to give an idea of its essence, is an enterprize which has often been attempted, but never executed: if this idea admitted of mathematical demonstration, the opinions of men with regard to beauty would not be so extremely various."

THE HEART OF MAN A MYSTERY.

Examination of the Question whether it is useful to Society that the Heart of Man should be a Mystery.

MAN did not proceed wicked from the hands of his creator; he is a frail and feeble being, but naturally good, and his heart was made for virtue. The poets and the philosophers, hurried away by their imaginations, have both lost themselves in fables by opposite routes. The one have created a golden age, in which all was virtue, pleasure, enjoyment; they have transformed man into a god. The others have imagined ages governed by instinct, brutal and stupid, without reason, without morality, without mutual ties, or tender relations; they have made man a ferocious beast. Nature, like truth, takes her course in the middle of the extravagancies and excesses of man.

There was undoubtedly an age more simple and less corrupt than the present, when man knew no other than the necessary relations of the creator and of the creature, of the father, of the son, of the husband, of the brother, of the neighbour, and of the man. The real wants of nature were at first the only ones of which his heart was sensible. Engaged in the invention and employment of some rude implements to facilitate his labour and to

procure him a subsistence, he had, if we may be allowed the expression, no time to be wicked. He found it too painful and too difficult to satisfy his first wants, to have the idea or the leisure to seek or invent such as were imaginary. Numberless arts of every description had not yet made their appearance to extend the domain of opinion and of pride, to multiply riches and factitious privations, to transport man out of himself and out of nature, to bewilder him in a multitude of frivolous desires and adventitious sentiments, which are in a manner added to his soul without being attached to it by any essential ties. Man was then less depraved, because he never commits evil but from motives of interest, and having no other than real wants, he required little of his fellow creatures, as they required little of him. Falsehood and dissimulation did not yet form an art and an established system in the hearts of men who could without blushing acknowledge any rational desire, the object of which was visibly innocent, such as nature had implanted in all.

But the case is very different in the present state

of things amidst this multitude of relations springing from a too complicated society. The simple and genuine propensities of nature are lost in the vast number of those which opinion, prejudices, and the arts have generated. Self-love, irritated by a thousand objects, and incapable of resolving to stifle one single desire, is incessantly comparing them, looks upon all the enjoyments of others from which it is excluded, as insupportable privations, and much less gratified by the distinctions and the preferences which it obtains, than irritated at the sight of those that are withheld, it keeps the heart in a continual agitation and craving. As it is men that distribute the honours and the distinctions which it covets, it obliges us to make our caprices subservient to their caprices, our extravagant propensities to their extravagant propensities, to reconcile incessantly all the discordant tones of their self-love with ours, to secure by artifice what we cannot obtain either as a voluntary gift, or by violence. Hence arises an everlasting enmity, a secret and internal war between all mankind. They meet and cross each other at every step in the same paths, they attack and fight with each other under a mask. A passion which when more free and abandoned to its fury, would

have been spent in a moment, being 'high circumscribed in every direction and repelled in a thousand quarters, recoils on itself and is decomposed.

Who can wish to have constantly before his eyes the melancholy spectacle of the falsehood of human virtues? Were the mask removed from every heart, we should but too often perceive that the clemency which pardons, is only the movement of a vanity that insults, or of a timidity that dares not punish; that moderation is a coldness of disposition; courage, a fit of ferocity; constancy, a lethargic stupor of the senses; apparent repose, exhaustion; patience, the impotency of revenge; benevolence, a pride that repays itself before hand for what it gives, the art of making small sacrifices the purpose of obtaining greater; fortitude, an obstinacy of character; integrity, hardness of heart; politeness, a commerce of knavery; sincerity, an habitual imprudence. But what should we think, if, instead of this faint outline, sketched at random, and which from the impossibility of comparing it with the original, may perhaps be looked upon as exaggerated, the human heart stripped of the veil which covers it, were exhibited living to our view?

ANECDOTES OF SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCES.

Observations on the danger of perusing Anecdotes of Supernatural Appearances.

MR. EDITOR,

Too much candour, I am convinced, actuates the Editor of *La Belle Assemblée*, to treat the writer with neglect who takes up his pen for the purpose of a fair and impartial investigation of the nature and value of his late attempt at the tribunal of taste.

In the sixth Number of your interesting work I perused, with some attention, a story related with much talent and eloquence, and attested in a manner that would proclaim its full authenticity. I allude to the extraordinary forewarning stated to have occurred to Lady Beresford in Ireland. Though scepticism and casuistry might discover many objections to invalidate the relation itself, and some inconsistencies certainly do appear irreconcilable to common sense, I will not in this place dispute it; the effect of such narrations is all I here wish to consider: whether the female mind, in particular, is benefited by a perusal of them.

In this enlightened age, when the high rank many of the sex of the present day hold in the walks of literature, proclaims the extent of their mental powers, and clearly demonstrates the fallacy of that prejudice which once considered

the female understanding incapable of attaining the heights of science, I know it may be urged, how can solitary facts, seldom occurring, and tending to establish a disputed point among the curious, have a pernicious effect? Can they hurt an understanding formed in society? And female education is now conducted with a liberality so laudable, that there are few, even in the middling classes in this country, but who smile at the tale of an apparition. The objections I would presume to offer are these:—

To the well regulated mind, where religion acts unfettered by superstition, where the principles are formed, and the heart refined and exalted by education, I allow the whole unbounded range of information. The well accredited fact that staggers received opinion, and the tradition of the credulous, may be unfolded without reserve. But are narratives of this kind to be read by none in a popular work but those I have just described? Are there none secluded in the village, and unblessed with a sensible monitor, by whom *La Belle Assemblée* will be received with rapture, as the arcana of fashion, and the mirror of the great and the gay world; to whom it will not discredit, in the most dangerous manner, every

tale of horror with which the hamlet is replete? Will they not, in fact, argue wrong, as it were, upon right principles, and infer from an apparent truth, in one instance, derived from the illustrious in society, and conveyed through a channel too superior to be scoffed at, where truth is never supposed to be trifled with by fiction in such cases, the actual existence of every demon which imagination or legend gives to the mouldering remains of a spire, or a turret? And are none of those young women in the most interesting situation a wife can be, when susceptibilities at such a time are most tremblingly alive, and then the dreadful operations of fear, are too well known, on whom a perusal of the "Extraordinary Forewarning" might not produce the most melancholy effects? Ask the expectant father what must be his sensations in such a situation?

It has ever been admitted, that early impressions take the strongest hold upon the mind, and require all the force of reason, and all the patient attention of tuition to eradicate, if mischievous or unamiable. Parents too often are not aware of the effects of the marvellous upon the minds of children; when it is considered that we are the creatures of imitation, that however superior the talents of maturity, the principles imbibed by the child alone lead to their perfection; that unless gifted with mental endowments beyond the common ran of mortality, to teach us to emerge in after-life from the thick cloud of prejudice that is enveloped around us in youth, how cautious should the parent, guardian, and relative be, to lay before its enquiring and delighted view the lessons of virtue and of reason; in stamping firmly on its easily impressed intellect, the sublime truths of our religion, free from the cant of fanaticism, and the fross of superstition. And shall the best energies of the soul be enervated by relations that, soaring above probability, involve the mind in uncertainty? which, if true, can operate almost universally in early life for no useful end, and, if false, are blasphemous. The foreboding spirits said to have been seen by a Villiers and a Lyttelton, and those noticed by some late intelligent writers, the best of men and of Christians have disputed, notwithstanding their various predictions were verified. Microscopic fancy ever acts but too forcibly in these cases, and we believe without examination. Human calamities may be borne, but the bravest and wisest will sink at a dream, who face the battle's rage, and the elemental war unmoved; the very thought of death vibrates with an icy chillness to the heart; for the preservation of our being it is so ordained: from the prognostications of the physician we sometimes recover, but a dream, the vision of a heated, or diseased ima-

gination, unmans every faculty of the soul, and death feels his power anticipated. Christianity wants not a tale to establish its authority, nor the Almighty a messenger to proclaim it. Have we not Moses and the prophets, have we not Christ and the Gospel! who looks beyond is involved in obscurity; who desires other proof is lost to impiety and scepticism.

Neither am I aware, Mr. Editor, that more real injury is not done to revealed religion in the arguments that naturally arise among those of contrary opinions, from the species of narrative I am depreciating, than partial good can possibly result from the inferior and apocryphal proof they purpose to convey of its truth. Do we not often find the heat of argument stifle the more amiable feelings of the heart; the syllogist in investigating the Scriptures for arguments to controvert the opinions of his adversary upon religious points, is not nice in his selection; and each, in exposing the tenets of the other, does a serious injury to Christianity, when the young and the inexperienced are listeners to the dispute. But as anecdote often does more to establish a position than mere animadversion, I subjoin the subsequent one, well known I confess, but as an elucidation of my arguments.

• Eccentric in her disposition, with a flow of animal spirits that renders her gay to volatility, a distinguished female personage in high life has ever to deplore the consequences of an unthinking frolic, from the following event.—An officer in the army, who had been for some time upon foreign service, and connected with the family of the lady alluded to, called upon her in the country to pay his respects on his return and promotion. Having been brought up in the mansion, his first enquiries, on visiting so interesting an object as the scene of his childhood, naturally turned towards those friends and dependants whom memory, as well as their former affectionate attentions, had endeared to him; among others, the family butler was not forgotten. He had left him in the plenitude of health and vigour, and time had not now so far impaired his personal appearance but that he must have been immediately recognized by his youthful friend had he seen him. Solicitous to promote a laugh at the expence of the soldier, and anticipating no ill effects from her scheme, with seeming sorrow, and affected regret, her ladyship lamented, in terms that drew the tear of sympathy from his eye, the loss of so valuable a domestic; said he had been dead more than a twelvemonth, and turned the subject of discourse, without the smallest suspicion of a deception occurring to his mind. On his second visit a select dinner party was invited to witness the astonishment he must experience at the con-

trived introduction of the supposed deceased butler, who had had his lesson given him. From viewing the grounds and improvements the party returned to dinner. Conceive the surprise of the officer at seeing, upon his entrance into the vestibule, a man with a lanthorn in his hand in broad daylight, and his agitation in discovering the butler's countenance, whose well remembered ruby tint he could not mistake. Petrified at the object, he hesitated; but the smiling group passing by it without notice, and not daring to venture an enquiry before so many women, with wondering eyes he observed it stalk away, and seated himself in the dining-room. Scarce was the first course served, ere the folding doors of an anti-chamber opened, and again the butler stood revealed. An exclamation which now first escaped the son of Mars, seemed to fill the room with alarm; and to his most anxious enquiries, if they saw nothing, a continued negative was given. Restraining his emotion, on its exit he again seated himself. Upon its re-appearance he beheld and examined the figure with mute attention, until for the third time it disappeared. The mock enquiries after the cause of his indisposition, becoming then more troublesome to him, he abruptly left the room. The hearty laugh in which all indulged after his retiring, was soon stifled in sorrow at the severe illness which immediately attacked him, and the melancholy depression of spirits which ensued. No after-explanations could eradicate the gloom it had

spread over his mind, which continued until his death.—If it did not hasten that event, it embittered some portion of his existence; and life, with the blessings of health and good spirits, are too valuable to be trifled with.—I have related this story, Mr Editor, as I heard it. If not perfectly correct, it at least clearly proves, how many circumstances may coincide to mislead the judgment in cases of this kind.

But, Sir, had this young man been armed, I will suppose, with a strength of mind which he does not seem to have possessed, and merely considered this occurrence as an extraordinary event, improper to be revealed to any but a most particular friend, or committed to paper, and had suddenly left the spot before the truth was revealed to him, who would have denied a fact attested by a man of honour, who had fought the battles of his country, and in mental and bodily suffering had penned his narrative?—Might not delicacy have prevented its avowal in the family, and might not the circumstance never have transpired until the authors of the joke were no more?

That these cursory remarks, penned amidst other avocations, the hasty effusion of the moment, may influence some abler pen on this subject, is the sincere wish of

Your sincere admirer,

D. V. C. And constant Reader,

August 13, 1806.

J.

MISCELLANIES.

CHARACTER OF THE PRETENDER.

THE Pretender was not so destitute of understanding as he was said to be. I have seen him several times, and had once a conversation of two hours with him. He spoke several languages well, and seemed to be extremely well acquainted with the political interests of the Courts of Europe. That which he praised least was the Court of France, of which he complained on many accounts. Besides the manner in which they had acted towards him in the expedition of 1745, he said that it was at the persuasion of France that he married a princess of Stolberg; and that the duke d'Aiguillon, who was then minister for foreign affairs, had promised him, upon consideration of their marriage, a pension of 250,000 livres, which was never paid him.

HANNIBAL DISSOLVING THE ALPS.

From the desire of making every thing marvellous, it has been represented as a wonder,

that Hannibal had (to use the expression of some authors) dissolved the Alps with vinegar. That wonder, however, is reduced to a very simple process. It no doubt happened then, as it frequently does now, that great masses of rocks fell from the tops of the mountains, rolled into the valley, and stopped up the roads. Livy only says, that, in such cases, Hannibal had a great fire kindled round the rock; and that when it was heated he had a great quantity of vinegar poured upon it, which, insinuating itself into the veins of the rock (opened by the heat and calcined), softened it, and facilitated the means of breaking it easily. Some years ago, M. Dupla, curate of Montgaillard in the country of Foix, renewed the experiment of Hannibal; and by the same process, made a road of a hundred fathoms long, and twelve feet wide, through a hard rock, inaccessible and surrounded by precipices. This road now leads from the town of Foix to Devernajon, and other neighbouring places, and is of the greatest use to that part of the province.

THE PRETENDER IN LONDON.

In a conversation which the King of Sweden held with the Pretender at Florence, on the 1st of December, 1783, the latter told him that, in the month of September, 1750, he was in London with Colonel Brett. The first place where he lodged was at the Tower of London. He examined the outside of it, and found it was very easy to break down the door without a ladder. He then went to a lodging in Pall Mall, where the same evening more than fifty partisans assembled, among whom he mentioned the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Warrington; and he assured the King of Sweden, that if he had seen the probability of assembling 4,000 men, he would have put himself at their head. The King of Sweden repeated the conversation, the same day, to Sir Horace Mann, from whom I had it. Mr. Holker, an Englishman, told me, that he had attended him on that expedition; and that the government was informed of it, but was satisfied with watching his motions.

ISLAND OF ITHACA.

The island of Ithaca (Théacchio, or Thiaki) is separated from that of Cephalonia by a channel three or four miles wide, and is about twenty-five miles in circumference. Those who have asserted that nothing but barren rocks are to be seen upon it, have not visited it; and perhaps have seen it only from a distance at sea, and in the winter, when the vines which cover some of the hills had lost their leaves, and thus given an air of nakedness to the rocks: but in the spring, even from Cephalonia, it presents a smiling aspect. The principal produce of the island consists of grapes of every sort, which are made into wine, or dried. There are also olives, white-mulberry trees for the silk-worm, and all kinds of grain in the valleys; few plains are to be seen, though there are some which are very fertile. Mount Nerité, which still preserves its ancient name, is lofty, and well shaded with fine trees. The town and port are situated at the foot of this mountain; and are thus sheltered from the north and east winds, which render it salubrious. At a distance from the town some ruins are seen, which are still taken for the remains of the palace of Ulysses; and the memory of Penelope is even now held there in the greatest veneration.—The town is not very populous; as the inhabitants do not carry on the trade of exporting their commodities themselves, but sell them to the merchants of Cephalonia and Corfu, who come thither. The most pleasing part of this island is the interior; which contains charming dales, views that are truly picturesque, and particularly a narrow valley, through which runs a gentle

and beautiful river. The hills which surround it are ornamented with the finest trees in a state of perpetual verdure, and all together form a scene corresponding with the idea given by Ælian of the Vale of Tempe. This island is subject to the Venetians, and is under the government of Cephalonia. This was written in 1794.

UNFORTUNATE AND AFFECTING INSTANCE
OF LOVE.

The daughter of a country curate in Hampshire being reduced, by the death of her father, to the hard necessity of seeking some mode of subsistence, could find no other than going into the service of an old female friend of her mother, as her maid. Emilia (that was her name) had received from her parents the best education. She was handsome, had a very pleasing figure, was sensible, discreet, reserved, and of the most modest deportment. Unfortunately for her, a young gentleman of good fortune, who was a friend of the family with which she lived, frequently visited the house. The master and mistress keeping only one footman, poor Emilia, who generally assisted in serving the tea, had thus an opportunity of seeing the young man, and fell in love with him before she was aware of the progress of that sentiment in her heart. When she did perceive it, her reason induced her to oppose it, and she made many ineffectual efforts for that purpose: indeed so violent were her struggles, that her health became seriously affected by them. Her mistress, who loved her tenderly, after having consulted several physicians in vain, sent her to the house of a friend at twenty miles distance, to try whether change of air would not be of service to her. The absence of the object of her affection, no doubt, contributed to her recovery. She returned to her mistress's; and having the same opportunities of seeing the young man as before, her passion revived. Firmly resolved to conquer it, or die rather than give way to an attachment which increased in spite of her, she relapsed into the most deplorable state of health. The physicians, not being able to discover the cause of her disorder, thought that she must be affected by some deep sorrow, and pronounced her in danger. Her afflicted mistress entreated her to entrust her with the secret: and, to induce her to do so, told her the danger she was in; and promised not only not to betray her confidence, but to do her utmost to obtain the means necessary for her cure. Overcome by the affection of her mistress, she acknowledged her passion; begged her to conceal it from him who was the object of it; and received with resignation the news of her

approaching dissolution, which would at last deliver her from an unfortunate passion that all her efforts had been unable to vanquish. Her mistress could not help informing her husband of the discovery. They agreed to sound the young man upon the subject; and finding, by degrees, that he had observed the merit of Emilia, they prevailed upon him to pity her situation. He consented; asked to see her (she being previously prepared for it by her mistress); entered into conversation with her; testified the greatest desire to see her health re-established; and even went so far as to say, that if she could recover, he would be happy to marry her.—“Marry me!” cried she, raising her arms, and fixing her eyes upon him: “Marry me!” and throwing her head back, she instantly expired.

MR. PITT AND THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

The death of George II. caused a great change in the affairs of Europe, and particularly in those of England. That prince had, for some years, been engaged in a war against France, in which he had acquired much glory. Strongly attached to his possessions in Germany, which the French had invaded, he pursued with vigour his successes by sea in the most distant regions, and his arms triumphed in all the four quarters of the world.

Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle were then at the head of the English administration. The latter, who had grown old in the ministry, held the first office in the government: but Mr. Pitt, by his eloquence in parliament, by his popularity, by the grandeur of his designs, and the energy of his mind, had obtained such a superiority in the cabinet, that he was in fact prime minister; and governed almost despotically a people who, though little inclined to yield to arbitrary power, are sometimes reduced by their attachment to popular leaders. The Duke of Newcastle had been thirty years in the ministry, and was then at the head of the Treasury: the department which, in England, bestows all employments; from which, under the King, flow all favours; and which, from these causes, constitutes the person holding it the prime minister. But Mr. Pitt had silenced the Opposition; had formed all the plans for the war; and had left to the Duke of Newcastle the care of finding money to carry these into execution, as well as the pleasure of giving such places, as did not depend upon his measures. They frequently differed in opinion; but Mr. Pitt always carried his point, in spite of the Duke. A curious scene occurred on one of the occasions:—It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Conflans. The season was unfavourable, and

even dangerous for a fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at this time confined to his bed by the gout; and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season. Scarcely had he entered the chamber shivering with cold, he said: “What! do you have no fire?” “No,” replied Mr. Pitt; “I never bear a fire when I have the gout.”

The Duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapped up in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room: and the Duke, being unable to endure the cold, at length said, “With your leave, I’ll warm myself in this other bed;” and without taking off his cloak, he actually stepped into lady Esther Pitt’s bed, and then resumed the debate. The Duke was entirely against exposing the fleet in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined that it should put to sea. “The fleet must absolutely sail,” said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. “It is impossible,” said the Duke, making a thousand contortions: “it will certainly be lost.” Sir Charles Frederick, of the ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation.

The fleet, however, was put to sea, and Mr. Pitt was justified by the event; for Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and the victory was more decisive in favour of the English than any other that was obtained over France during the war.

NAIVETE OF MRS. E—.

Mrs. E—t was daughter of a Minister of State of the King of Prussia. Mr. E—t, the King of Great Britain’s Minister at the Court of Berlin, married this young lady, who had never been out of town. Immediately after their marriage, they went into the country.—The new scenery of woods, rivers and rivulets, groves, shady walks, the singing of the birds, cattle, flocks of sheep, fishing, and other amusements of the country, delighted the young lady so much, that in her enthusiasm she said repeatedly, that “it was surprising to her, people had never thought of building towns in the country!”

MEMORABILIA.

BOURSULT, LETTER.

Boursault, the celebrated French poet, was desired by a person who purposed going to reside in a certain town, to give him a letter of introduction, which he obtained, and was as follows:

"SIR,

"An apothecary, who swears he is related to me, (I swear I know not how), not thinking townsmen worthy of his genuflections, intending to establish himself in your town, begged me to recommend him; and I do recommend him to you. He is a man, who, delighted with his profession, has applied himself solely to it, and for becoming dissipated, has never been willing to learn any thing else. His physiognomy sufficiently justifies him from having any evil designs; and if he should happen to mistake and give arsenick instead of sugar, it will be with the utmost well-meaning, and honest confidence.

"After the portrait which I have now given of him, you may easily judge, that in order to make him pass for a clever man, you must necessarily be an extremely clever one yourself, and I now furnish you with an opportunity of exerting all your ability. I am, &c."

This letter was accordingly delivered, and the apothecary settled in the town in consequence of this warm recommendation, and made his fortune.

Boursault died in 1701. Three volumes of his letters were published in 1738, among which is this one. He knew no language but his own, which he wrote with the greatest purity.

The French editor says, "As to his letters, they are so lively, so curious, so agreeable from the variety of turns, sallies, tales, fables, bon-mots, facts, epigrams, and pretty verses, of which they are full, that one is never tired with reading them, and they are in the hands of every lover of literature."

FRENCH ACTOR.

An actor, named Des Essarts, belonging to the French company of players at the Hague, in 1782, was caught shooting on the private domains of the Stadtholder. The gamekeeper (who had only seen this actor in the character of Princes), demanded by what right he hunted there. Des Essarts successfully made use of his professional talent to extricate himself from this scrape, and with an air and tone of the greatest stateliness answered,

"*De quel droit dites vous ?*

"*Du droit qu'un esprit vaste, et ferme dans ses desfeins,*

"*A sur l'esprit grossier des vulgaires humains.*"

"By what right dost thou say?

"That right by which a vast and steadfast mind
Commands the vulgar herd of human kind."

These verses repeated in a tragical accent, and with theatrical action, imposed on the man so much, that he retreated quite stunned, saying, "Ah! that alters the case; I beg your pardon, Sir, I did not know that."

CERVANTES AND SHAKSPEARE.

The Spanish edition of Don Quixote, which was published in Madrid, 1797, in four quarto volumes, by Juan Antonio Pellicer, contains, in the life of Cervantes, the following paragraph:—

"After an illness of seven months died Miguel De Cervantes S.avedra, on the 23d of the month of April, Anno 1616, in Madrid; aged 69. On which day died likewise, the celebrated English poet, William Shakspeare, aged 53."

In 1801 was published, at Paris, an imitation of the Galatea of Cervantes, by M. de Florian; who to this pastoral prefixed a sketch of the author's life, which ends thus:—"He died on the 23d April, 1616, aged sixty-eight years, six months, and fourteen days. On the same day, Shakspeare died at Stratford, in the county of Warwick."

Mr. Malone only says, that Shakspeare died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, and had exactly completed his fifty-second year, without mentioning Cervantes.

The circumstance of those two great men dying on the same day, has not been noticed by any of our biographers.

In the "Ephemerides Politiques, Litteraires, et Religieuses, jusqu' au premier de Janvier 1803, par Noel," in twelve octavo volumes or months, containing every thing remarkable which has happened on each day of the month, from the earliest historical accounts; is said, in the volume of April:

"On the 23d died Miguel de Cervantes, at Madrid, author of the celebrated romance of Don Quixote; this book was considered as a state-affair for which he was persecuted, under pretence that he decried the spirit of chivalry which constituted the true national character, and that he turned valour into ridicule."

Montesquieu, speaking of the Spaniards, says, "The only good book they have, is that which has shown the ridiculousness of all the others."

"Don Quixote," said St. Evremont, "is the only book which I can always read; and of all the books I have read, that which I had rather have written; it is my most powerful antidote against tedious weariness and chagrin; I recommend it to lovers who are remote from their mistresses."

Don Quixote has been translated into all the European languages; and there are no less than seven English versions; the first by Shelton (in 1620), Motteux, Ozell, Kelly, Jarvis, Smollet, and Wmnot.

Perhaps no book of the kind has been oftener printed; and almost always with the life of the author prefixed to the work, which may, however, have been seldom or ever read, so that very concise account of this celebrated man may not appear misplaced here, as it may excite cursory readers to have recourse to the history of his life and works at large.

He was born in 1547, in Alcala de Henares, a small town seven leagues North East of Madrid. He was engaged in the famous sea fight of Lepanto, in 1571, where his left hand was either shot off by an arquebuse, or so mutilated as to remain useless. Three years after, he was taken by a Barbary Corsair, and carried into Algiers, where he remained five years and a half in slavery, at the expiration of which his redemption was purchased, and he returned to Spain. He says of himself, "I was many years a soldier, and five years and a half a captive, by which I learnt to be patient in adversity."

For the following twenty-two years nothing is known about him, except his writing several plays and other works, (not necessary to be enumerated here). In Smollet's words, "In that period he married, dissipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and after having sustained a series of mortifications and distress, was committed to prison, (he himself in his prologue says, 'I work in prison, and the place does not inspire me'), at the age of fifty-eight, in consequence of the debts he had contracted." In this dismal situation he composed that work which is the delight and admiration of all Europe, namely, the first part of Don Quixote, which was published in Madrid, in 1605.

He says, in the second part, which appeared ten years after,—"There are now above twelve thousand of the first part printed." In another place, he says thirty thousand. So that without doubt he was soon released from prison; but his poverty was still so great that he was obliged to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, because he had neither the means nor credit to print them. Notwithstanding his book was so universally known and approved, no one solicited a moderate pension for him, that he might barely subsist on. "For though the protection of his patrons kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want; and no man of taste and humanity can reflect on his character and circumstances, with-

out being shocked at the barbarous indifference of those patrons. What he obtained was not the offspring of liberality and taste, but the scanty alms of compassion; he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar."

"For a series of years he endured the severest stings of fortune, and wrestled with inconceivable pain and distress. As none of his family is mentioned, it may be supposed that domestic reasons may have occasioned his misfortune, as well as theirs. Unless we conclude he was instigated to renounce all connection with his kindred and allies by some contemptuous slight, mortifying reproach, or real injury he had sustained; which conclusion is not improbable, considering the general animosity of the Spaniards, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience."

In the approbation given to the second part of Don Quixote, by the licentiate Torres, he says, after criticising the bad books in his time, "Very different have the writings of Cervantes appeared to foreign nations as well as our own; and strangers are very desirous to behold the author whose works have met with such universal applause in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders, for the decency, suavity, and purity of their style." He adds, that in 1615, he met with several French gentlemen who accompanied their ambassador on a visit to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo. They were very particular in their enquiries about Cervantes, and were told he was old, a soldier, noble, and poor. One of the cavaliers said, "Why does not Spain provide richly for such a man, and maintain him from the public treasure?" To which another immediately added, "If necessity obliges him to write, please God he may never live in plenty, that he himself being poor, may continue to enrich the world with his writings."

It appears almost incredible that such a man should be suffered to languish in poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations.

EATING.

A curious work is now publishing annually in Paris, entitled "*Almanach des Gourmands*," in 12mo. of about 300 pages each volume. It began in 1803, and the fourth volume appeared last January. The first and second volumes have gone through two or three editions. Those volumes are the most entertaining; the two others, especially the last, consist of little more than in-

dications of the principal taverns, coffee-houses, cooks, confectioners, fruiterers, vintners, grocers, butchers, fishmongers, and other venders of victuals and liquors, in Paris.

The mottoes to the title-pages are as follows:

1803.—*Tanquam leo mugiens, circuit quarens quem devoret.* S. Pet. Ep. i. cap. v.

As a roaring lion walketh about,
whom he may devour.

1804.—*Non in solo pane vivit homo.*

S. Mat. cap. iv. v. 4.

Man shall not live by bread alone.

raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

Hor. Sat. ii. lib. 2.

A greedy stomach seldom loathes common victuals.

1805.—*Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.* Lucan.

Thinking nothing is done, if any thing remains to be done.

The title at large is, "The Gormand's Almanack; or, Nutritive Calendar: being a guide to the means of procuring the best provisions, and having excellent cheer."

• Among the gormandizing maxims, reflections, anecdotes, and follies, are the following:

The method of serving dish by dish is the *garlick* of the art of good eating. It enables us to eat hot, long, and much.

Soup must be eaten boiling hot, and coffee drank burning.

Happy those who have their palates delicate and their throats paved.

Cheese is the biscuit of drunkards.

Hot milk is the true and excellent dissolvent of oysters.

Mercier says, he, in 1786, saw Crebillon (the son) eat a hundred dozen of oysters without bursting; he drank nothing but hot milk during this meal.

New wine, a common friendly dinner, and music by amateurs, are three things to be dreaded.

• Five hours at table are a reasonable latitude for a numerous company at a sumptuous dinner.

A gormand is in his prime from forty to sixty years of age.

Some persons are afraid to sit at table with twelve others. We are of opinion that the number thirteen ought to create no other apprehension than that of there being a sufficient provision made for twelve only. Others are alarmed at the spilling of salt; the essential point is, that it be not spilt in a good dish.

A few drops of Ether on a lump of sugar, are sufficient to precipitate digestion, and to dispose a person to begin a good dinner over again.

Let a sugar-plumb dissolve in half a glass of water; if the water whitens, it is to be ascribed to flour or starch; if it remains limpid, the sugar is unmixed.

The Abbé Roubaud, in his *Synonyms*, gives the following definitions, which appear in the Almanack:—

The Gormand (*Gourmand*) loves eating, and good cheer; he must eat, but not without choice.

The Glutton (*Glouton*) runs to his victuals, and makes a disagreeable noise whilst eating, which he does with such voracity, that one morsel does not wait for the other; every thing that is set before him soon disappears; all is swallowed.

The Goulu eats with so much avidity, that he barely gives his meat a bite before he swallows it; he does not chew, but only bolts, or gulps down.

The Goinfre has such a greedy or rather brutal appetite, that he eats with his mouth as full as it can hold; he guttles, gorges himself with every thing indiscriminately, and devours for the sake of devouring.

The Bafreur is another term for one of this species.

• These terms applied to the fair sex, are *la Gourmande*, *la Gloutonne*, *la Goulue*, *la Goinfre*, and *la Bafreuse*.

Some of our turtle-eating aldermen may perhaps find two English words for the three last French ones.

The French Encyclopedia defines gormandizing (*la Gourmandise*), a refined love of good cheer. Lickerishness (*la Friandise*), is particularly understood to mean, a taste for every thing in which sugar forms an essential part.

There is a very large caldron in a house in Paris, which is called *la Marmite Perpetuelle*, from its having been on the fire eighty-seven years, during which period it must have boiled at least four hundred thousand capons; and it boils nothing else. It is situated near the principal market for fowls, which have thus only a step to take from the market into the caldron. At any hour of the day or night, on applying at that succulent house, a boiled capon issues from that nutritious gulph, where they are incessantly regenerated in a wonderful manner.

A little girl, of eight or nine years of age, one day heard her father discoursing with his friends on the different kinds of enjoyments attendant on gormandizing and lickerishness.—For my part, said the child, I prefer being lickerish, because, after being so, I am still hungry.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

LOPEZ-FELIX

BY HENRY RIC

A CARPIO.

HOLLAND?

THE noble author of this work, of which we are about to give an extract from the part of most interest and importance, having dwelt upon the rivalry and jealous competition of Lope and Cervantes, thus proceeds:—

“How different has been the judgment of posterity on the writings of these two men! Cervantes, who was actually starving in the same street where Lope was living in splendour and prosperity, has been for near two centuries the delight and admiration of every nation in Europe; and Lope, notwithstanding the late edition of his works in twenty-two volumes, is to a great degree neglected in his own.

“Before the death of Cervantes, which happened on the same day as that of Shakspeare, the admiration of Lope was become a species of worship in Spain. It was hardly prudent in any author to withhold incense from his shrine, much less to interrupt the devotion of his adherents. Such was their intolerance, that they gravely asserted that the author of the *Spongia* (Cervantes), who had severely censured his works, and accused him of ignorance of the Latin language, deserved nothing short of death for such literary heresy. Nor was Lope himself entirely exempt from the irritability which is supposed to attend poets: he often speaks with peevishness of his detractors, and answers their criticisms, sometimes in an insolent tone. The word *Vega* in Spanish signifies garden. In the title-page of his book was engraved a beetle expiring over some flowers, which he is upon the point of attacking. That the emblem might not be misunderstood, this distich was also subjoined:

“*Audax dum Vegæ irrumpit scarabæus in hortos,
Fragrantis periit victus odore rosæ.*”

“At Vega’s garden as the beetle flies,
“O’erpower’d with sweets the daring insect dies.”

“The vanity of the above conceit is at least equal to the wit.

“But in the prologue to the *Pelegrino*, and in some posthumous poems, he most unreasonably complains of the neglect, obscurity, and poverty in which his talents have been left. How are the expectations of genius ever to be fulfilled, if Lope, laden with honours and with pensions, courted by

the great, and followed by the crowd, imagined that his fortunes were unequal to his deserts?

“He seldom passed a year without writing some poem to the press; and scarcely a week or even a week without producing some play upon the stage. His *Pastores de Belen*, a work in prose and verse on the Nativity, had confirmed his superiority in pastoral poems; and rhymes, hymns, and poems without number on sacred subjects had evinced his zeal in the profession he embraced. Philip IV. the great patron of the Spanish theatre, to which he afterwards is said to have contributed compositions of his own, at the era of his accession, found Lope in full possession of the stage, and in the exercise of unlimited authority over the authors, comedians, and audience. New honours and benefices were immediately heaped on our poet, and in all probability he wrote occasionally plays for the royal palace. He published about the same time *Los Triunphos de la Fe*, *Las Fortunas de Diana*; three novels in prose (unsuccessful imitations of Cervantes); *Circe*, an heroic poem, dedicated to the Count Duke of Olivarez; and *Philomena*, a singular but tiresome allegory, in the second book of which he vindicates himself in the person of the nightingale from the accusation of his critics, who are there represented by the thrush.

• Such was his reputation that he began to distrust the sincerity of the public, and seems to have suspected that there was more fashion than real opinion in the extravagance of their applause. This engaged him in a dangerous experiment, the publication of a poem without his name. But whether the number of his productions had gradually formed the public taste to his own standard of excellence, or that his fertile and irregular genius was singularly adapted to the times, the result of this trial confirmed the former judgment of the public; and his *Soliloques* to God, though printed under a feigned name, attracted as much notice, and secured as many admirers as any of his former productions. Emboldened probably by this success, he dedicated his *Corona Tragica*, a poem on the Queen of Scots, to Pope Urban VIII. who had himself composed an epigram on the subject. Upon

this occasion he received from that pontiff a letter written in his own hand, and the degree of doctor of theology. Such a flattering tribute of admiration sanctioned the reverence in which his name was held in Spain, and spread his fame through every catholic country. The Cardinal Barberini followed him with veneration in the streets: the King would stop to gaze at such prodigy; the people crowded round him wherever he appeared; the learned and the simple thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country, this "monarch of literature;" and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lope. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind; and a Lope diamond, a Lope day, or a Lope woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities.

"His poetry was a advantageous to his fortune as to his fame: the king enriched him with pensions and chaplaincies; the pope honoured him with dignities and preferments; and every nobleman at court aspired to the character of his Mæcenas, by conferring upon him frequent and valuable presents. His annual income was not less than 1500 ducats, exclusive of the price of his plays, which Cervantes insinuates that he was never inclined to forgo, and Montalvan estimates at 80,000. He received in presents from individuals as much as 10,500 more. His application of these sums partook of the spirit of the nation from which he drew them. Improvident and indiscriminate charity ran away with these gains, immense as they were, and rendered his life unprofitable to his friends and uncomfortable to himself. Though his devotion gradually became more fervent, it did not interrupt his poetical career. In 1680 he published the Laurel de Apollo, a poem of inestimable value to the Spanish philologists, as they are called in the jargon of our day, for it contains the names of more than 330 Spanish poets and their works. They are introduced as claimants for the Laurel, which Apollo is to bestow; and as Lope observes of himself that he was more inclined to panegyric than to satire, there are few or any that have not at least a strophe of six or eight lines devoted to their praise. Thus the multitude of Castilian poets, which at that time was prodigious, and the exuberance of Lope's pen, have lengthened out to a work of ten books, or sylvas, an idea which has often been imitated in other countries, but generally confined within the limits of a song. At the end of the last sylvas he makes the poets give specimens of their art,

and assures us that many equalled Tasso, and even approached Ariosto himself; a proof that this celebrated Spanish poet gave the preference to the latter. After long disputes for the Laurel, the controversy at length ends, as controversies in Spain are apt to do, in the interference of the government; and Apollo agrees to refer the question to Philip IV. whose decision, either from reserve in the judge, or from modesty in the relator, who was himself a party concerned, is not recorded. Facts, however, prove that our poet could be no loser by this change of tribunal. He continued to publish plays and poems, and to receive every remuneration that adulation and generosity could bestow, till the year 1635, when religious thoughts had rendered him so hypochondriac that he could hardly be considered as in full possession of his understanding. On the 22d of August, which was Friday, he felt himself more than usually oppressed in spirits and weak with age; but he was so much more anxious about the health of his soul than of his body, that he would not avail himself of the privilege to which his infirmities entitled him, of eating meat; and even resumed the flagellation, to which he had accustomed himself, with more than usual severity. This discipline is supposed to have hastened his death. He fell ill on that night, and having passed, the necessary ceremonies with excessive devotion, he expired on Monday the 26th of August 1635.

"The sensation produced by his death, was, if possible, more astonishing than the reverence in which he was held while living. The splendour of his funeral, which was conducted at the charge of the most munificent of his patrons, the Duke of Sesa, the number and language of the sermons on that occasion, the competition of poets of all countries in celebrating his genius and lamenting his loss, are unparalleled in the annals of poetry, and perhaps scarcely equalled in those of royalty itself. The ceremonies attending his interment continued for nine days. The priests described him as a saint in his life, and represented his superiority over the classics in poetry as great as that of the religion which he professed was over the heathen. The writings which were selected from the multitude produced on the occasion, fill more than two large volumes. Several circumstances indeed concurred to raise his reputation at the period of his death. Had he fallen sooner, the public would not have been disposed to regret a dramatic writer so deeply; had he lived longer, they would have had more certain prospects of supplying the loss. The passion of Philip IV. for the theatre, had directed the attention and interest of Spaniards to all that concerned it. Calderon and Moreto, who shortly after enriched the stage with plays at least equal

and in the judgment of many superior to those of Lope, were as yet so young that they might be considered as his scholars rather than his rivals. We may add that his posthumous works were calculated not only to maintain but advance his poetical character.

"Of the many encomiasts of Lope (among whom are to be found Marino and several Italians), not one gives any account of his life, if we except his intimate friend Montalvan; and even in his eulogium there is little that can throw any light upon his character as a man, or his history as an author. He praises him in general terms as a person of a mild and amiable disposition, of very temperate habits, of great erudition, singular charity, and extreme good breeding. His temper, he adds, was never ruffled but with those who took snuff before company; with the gay who dyed their locks; with men who, born of women, spoke ill of the sex; with priests who believed in gipsies; and with persons who, without intentions of marriage, asked others their age. These antipathies, which are rather quaint sallies of wit than traits of character, are the only peculiarities which his intimate friend has thought proper to communicate.

"As he is mentioned more than once, by himself and his encomiasts, employed in trimming a garden, we may collect that he was fond of that occupation; indeed his frequent description of parterres and fountains, and his continual allusion to flowers, seem to justify his assertion—that his garden furnished him with ideas as well as vegetables and amusement. But I fear we cannot from the primitive simplicity of his employment conclude, with his partial friend Montalvan, that his fortunes did not alter the modesty of his address, or the unaffected mildness and humility of his temper. His ostentatious display of vanity in assuming arms to which he was not entitled, and his ill founded pretensions to an illustrious pedigree, circumstances which escaped not the keen observation of Cervantes and of Gongora, seem to imply that he was far from that philosophical equability of temper which meets the buffets and rewards of fortune with great indifference. On the other hand, if he was intoxicated with prosperity, he was not contented: nor could wealth, honours, or reputation, cure him of the habit of complaining of ill usage, neglect, and even poverty. Who can read without surprise mixed with indignation his letter to his son, dissuading him from the study of poetry as unprofitable; and, in confirmation of his precepts, lamenting his own calamities, in a strain more suited to the circumstances of Camoens and Cervantes than to the idol of the public and favourite of princes?

"This unreasonable propensity to murmur at

his lot is the greatest blemish in his character. The prodigious success of his compositions, and the general adulation of his contemporaries, were sufficient to palliate some occasional instances of vanity; and though he speaks in some passages of his performances with complacency, in others he criticizes his own works with considerable severity. This is however a privilege which he was by no means inclined to extend to others; on the other hand he was extremely lavish of his praise where he expected a reasonable portion in return.

"As an author he is most known, as indeed he is most wonderful, for the prodigious number of his writings. Twenty-one million three hundred thousand of his lines are said to be actually printed; and no less than eighteen hundred plays of his composition to have been acted on the stage. He nevertheless asserts in one of his last poems, that,

"No es minima parte, aunque es exceso,

"De lo que es: a por imprimir, lo impreso."

"The printed part, though far too large, is less than that which yet unprinted waits the press."

"It is true that the Castilian language is copious; that the verses are often extremely short, and that the laws of metre and of rhyme are by no means severe. Yet were we to give credit to such accounts, allowing him to begin his compositions at the age of thirteen, we must believe that upon an average he wrote more than nine hundred lines a day; a fertility of imagination, and a celerity of pen, which, when we consider the occupations of his life as a soldier, a secretary, a master of a family, and a priest; his acquirements in Latin, Italian, and Portuguese; and his reputation for erudition, become not only improbable, but absolutely, and, one may almost say, physically impossible.

"As the credibility however of miracles must depend upon the weight of evidence, it will not be foreign to the purpose to examine the testimonies we possess of this extraordinary facility and exuberance of composition. There does not now exist the fourth part of the works which he and his admirers mention, yet enough remains to render him one of the most voluminous authors that ever put pen to paper. Such was his facility, that he informs us in his Eclogue to Claudio, that more than a hundred times he composed a play and produced it on the stage in twenty-four hours. Montalvan declares that he latterly wrote in metre with as much rapidity as in prose, and in confirmation of it he relates the following story:

"His pen was unable to keep pace with his mind, as he invented even more than his hand was capable of transcribing. He wrote a comedy

in two days, which it would not be very easy for the most expeditious amanuensis to copy out in the time. At Toledo he wrote fifteen acts in fifteen days, which make five comedies. These he read at a private house, where Maestro Joseph de-Valdebieso was present and was witness of the whole; but because this is variously related, I will mention what I myself know from my own knowledge. Roque de Figueras, the writer for the theatre at Madrid, was at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was so anxious upon the subject that Lope and myself agreed to compose a joint comedy as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the saint more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, and the second to mine; we dispatched these in two days, and the third was to be divided into eight leaves each. As it was bad weather, I remained in his house that night and knowing that I could not equal him in the execution, I had a fancy to beat him in the dispatch of the business; for this purpose I got up at two o'clock, and at eleven had completed my share of the work. I immediately went out to look for him, and found him very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. Upon my asking him how he had gone on with his task, he answered, 'I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast; wrote an epistle of fifty triplets; and

have watered the whole of the garden: which has not a little fatigued me.' Then taking out the papers, he read me the eight leaves and the triplets; a circumstance that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language.

"As to the number of his plays, all contemporary authors concur in representing it as prodigious. 'At last appeared,' says Cervantes in his prologue, 'that prodigy of nature, the great Lope, and established his monarchy on the stage. He conquered and reduced under his jurisdiction every actor and author in the kingdom. He filled the world with plays written with purity, and the plot conducted with skill, in number so many that they exceed eighteen hundred sheets of paper; and what is the most wonderful of all that can be said upon the subject, every one of them have I seen acted, or heard of their being so from those that had seen them; and though there have been many who have attempted the same career, all their works together would not equal in quantity what this single man has composed.' Montalvan asserts that he wrote eighteen hundred plays, and four hundred autos sacramentales; and asserts, that if the works of his literary idol were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would decide the comparison in point of quantity, and be a fair emblem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together."

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

MANNERS OF THE INDIANS.

[Continued from Page 327.]

THE most copious library in Indostan is that of the university of Benares. It is the deposit of the sacred books; but it is prohibited for a common Indian to have these books in his possession; they are written in the Sanscrit language, which is understood only by the Bramins. If a Bramin should communicate to another person any thing that he may have read in the Vaidams, he would be degraded from his cast. This reservedness of the Bramins has long kept the customs and religion of the Indians inviolably secret. Sonnerat is the first French traveller that threw any light on that subject; it is true, the Bramins now a days are more communicative; and the scientific society

of Calcutta which has consulted the monuments of India, both sacred and profane, has at length drawn aside the veil that concealed the superstition and manners of the Hindoos.

We mentioned that Tippoo Saib had a library composed of two thousand volumes. The eldest son of the Nabob of Arcot collected one of four thousand volumes; but these collections of books were admired as a very great rarity. All the learning of an Indian family consists of a few fables, which fathers transfer to their children as an hereditary lesson, and of some oriental tales with which the faquirs repay the hospitality they experience in their peregrinations. It may be

imagined that this kind of literature is studied in a very arbitrary manner, and that it savours a little of the sort of life these literary vagabonds lead.

The Indians have a few stories which are more merry than their natural disposition: these tales, in which the wives are always represented as deceiving their husbands, are the ground-work of all their comedies. Nevertheless, we must not judge too unfavorably of the Hindoos; they are commonly better than they are represented on the stage, and their story-tellers, as well as their dramatic poets, are obliged to give a high colouring to the picture to make it satirical. Nothing is less calculated to furnish subjects to the dramatic muse than the domestic life of the Hindoos, particularly of the higher classes.

The Hindoo women, although enjoying more liberty than the Mahometan, yet lead a very retired and even austere life. The doctrines of the Bramins inculcate that a woman must never go out of her house without her husband's consent; that she must never appear with her bosom uncovered or her neck exposed to view; that she must not laugh without covering herself with her veil; that she must never enter the house of a stranger; never stand at the door or look out of the window. That part of the Gentoo code relative to women, proves that the spirit of gallantry was never pushed very far. Women, say the Hindoo legislators very gravely, have six inherent qualities; the first is, an immoderate love of trinkets, furniture, fine clothes, and good living; the second, insatiable desire; the third, a violent irascibility; the fourth, a rooted and dissembled malice; the fifth, a jealousy which converts the good qualities of others into bad; the sixth, a natural inclination to evil.

But to return to our Indian's house. If the wife he has married should prove barren, she is slighted; ceremonies are performed, and prayers offered up to the Gods to make her fruitful; but if she should bring forth children, particularly sons, she ceases to be considered as the object of the maledictions of heaven and earth. As the married couple advance in years, their family is increased not only by children, but also by collateral relations, who, having lost the assistance of their nearest relatives, seek an asylum with the more distant ones. This custom of supporting indiscriminately all their relations, is observed, even amongst the poorest classes; it is not uncommon to see a mere day labourer maintain, besides his family, half a dozen aunts and nieces, his

grandfather, grandmother and his wife's parents. It would be disgraceful in him to refuse to comply with this sacred duty, and he performs it with the greatest cheerfulness as he is sure that at his death his relations will behave in the same manner to his wife and children.

The Indian, although sober and peaceable, is not exempt from the infirmities incident to human nature. Most of the disorders of Europe are known in India; but medicine is a profession abandoned to those who have no other resource; it consists only of a few forms easily learned, and religious ceremonies; greater confidence being placed in the goodness of the Gods than in the skill of men. I now come to the last moments of an Indian; he has spent his life remote from important events; he has enjoyed no exquisite pleasures; nor has he experienced any poignant distress; each returning sun found him in the same attitude, and his existence passed away in the same happy uniformity as the seasons; like a plant in his garden, he grows, vegetates, and gently drops on the spot where nature caused him to spring up. When death knocks at his door, he seldom finds him occupied with desires or schemes for a long time to come; the summons is the less disagreeable, as coming from the image of that repose he sought throughout his whole life. "It is better," said a wise Indian, "to be seated than standing, to be asleep than awake, to be dead than alive."

My European readers will think that the domestic felicity of an Indian, bears a great affinity to the happiness of the wise man upon his interment; But, like the children of Brama, do not we seek repose? although our manners are different, we nevertheless aim at the same object. In Europe we labour that we may have one day of rest; in India they rest that they may rest on. Nature is always the same in every thing pertaining to universal order; and the wise man finds no difference between the waters of a torrent, rushing hoarsely along, impatient to regain their level, and the chrystal stream, silently reflecting the azure vault above it.

As soon as an Indian has breathed his last, female mourners assemble from the whole adjacent part, for whose lamentations the family pays most extravagantly. The house was considered as defiled by his birth, but it is still more so by his death; water is sprinkled to purify it. If he is of the sect of Chiven he is interred; if of that of Wisnou, his body is committed to the flames.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY,
• FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Page 270.]

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

Last night I brought home from my walk a handsome nosegay, composed of various flowers; I have put it in a vase of water, where I kept it as carefully as if it had been given by you; it is for your instruction it was gathered.

While examining it I feel a thirst of writing. This pleasing study is allied to every tender and religious sentiment; and since we pursue it together, I truly taste all its attraction.

I found yesterday the *teucrium chamædris*, or common germander; this little plant, which I think has some estimable medicinal properties, belongs to the didynamia gymnospermia.

There are several species of *teucrium*, its character is to have no superior lip; this plant is also of the labiate class.

The *chamædris* does not grow high; its stem is square, reddish, and ligneous; its leaves are opposite, *sessiles*, that is to say, without petiole, or tail, and notched like those of the oak, with which, notwithstanding their size, they have some relation.

Its flowers are verticillate, and close to each other up to the summit, almost without any interval; the petioles which support them are extremely short, and of a red brown, like the calyx and the floral leaves, or bractes that encircle the calyx: the flower is of a delicate rose colour.

The calyx has five divisions. One experiences a lively admiration in reflecting that each of these little swellings and dimples are renewed by nature, whenever she causes a *chamædris* to expand; and that since the commencement of the world her mould has never been changed.

The under lip of the *chamædris*, falls like a little frill; it has two little wings, raised and slightly covered with cotton; then tightened and deep within the calyx, the corol monopetalous, on each side rises a little curtain; each approach without uniting, and form a little canopy on the top of the uncovered corol.

This corol having no upper lip, is entirely filled by the stamina and pistil that come out and are sufficiently sheltered by the flowers

which rise above; otherwise they live without roof, like the true inhabitants of a forest, and boldly advance above the inferior lip; the pistil is of a reddish colour, so are the stamina, two of which are shorter and two longer than the rest.

A painter would represent my vase with more effect and elegance, and would, by contrasting the variety of colours and shapes, produce a finished picture. However, my friend, I have described to you the *sedum album*, and we must to-day examine the *sedum acre*, or pepper-stone crop, because the visit it pays to our fields is nearly at an end.

The *sedum acre* clothes the earth without daring to raise its humble head. Its very short stems repose on the ground; its flower is perfectly yellow, as well as its stamina and pistils; these swell above the corol, which they survive, as money does the miser, whose sole occupation has been to amass it.

The *sedum acre* is without leaves, but little fleshy parts, perfectly green, envelope its stem; they are placed like tiles on a roof.

These fleshy parts, whose substance is without doubt intended to nourish the plant, dries up as it becomes older, and with the stem and calyx assumes the pale colour of parchment.

The five petals, very open, surmounted by their stamina and shining pistils, give to the flower the appearance of a star; they are disposed irregularly in tufts at the extremity of their armed stems.

The class is decandria, and the order pentagynia.

LETTER XIV.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

The *lithrum salicaria*, or purple-spiked willow-herb, is a beautiful plant which arises by the side of streams and rivers, to crown their nymphs. It is there I remarked it; and after numerous efforts, and braving the nettles, I at last obtained this much wished for flower. The storm of yesterday had rather made it droop, but it still preserved its beauty.

Apropos of nettles, you must know that the

prickly part of the leaf is a species of small hollow tube, by which, when it is pressed, escapes a rough and acid liquor, that produces the unpleasant and burning sting.

The *Salicaria* rises rather high, its stem is ligneous, light, reddish, and square; its leaves, which resemble those of the willow, are long, smooth, varied, and amplexicaulis, that is to say, embracing the stem: they grow opposite each other.

Its flowers are of a lively orange red, and of the shape of large ears of corn. Nothing can equal the grace of their flexible boughs, softly bending on the tufts of verdure; the fortunate banks on which it grows seem decorated for the triumph of the god of the stream and his smiling Nymphs.

Two little floral leaves, green and light alternately, support the rings of this elegant flower. Towards the summit its flowers are for a long time only buds; the leaves by which they are sheltered are like velvet to the touch, which unite with the calyx, and all extend the better to protect their treasure.

The six divisions of the corol, are purple, and expanded like a star, and appear to me so closely affixed to the superior extremity of the calyx, that it is almost impossible to separate them; I examined the bud, it was shut like a

little purse, at the top of which the six points of the stamens stood erect.

I opened this bud, and found the six petals folded, but nearly as long as when full grown. These petals, folded with an admirable art, are rather violet than red when they first expand. It would be difficult to draw precisely the beautiful shade of this flower, particularly at its different periods.

The *salicaria* is ranged in the dodecandria monogynia; it has twelve stamens, of which six of a reddish purple, are lengthened above the corol, with little brown caps like those of *granidien*; on opening the calyx six more are found of a lighter hue, and much smaller, with little yellow anthers. It is thought that this little troop succeeds its tall brothers towards the pistil. This pistil is middle sized, all white, excepting the top, which is green.

You ask me, my dear friend, if the system of sexes is well described in plants? I answer that I believe it is; and that the irritability of the parts organized for the production of plants, cannot be exactly explained by mechanical rules.

The operation of the fructification is made only when the flower is expanded. Even aquatic plants, for this reason rise above the water; nuptials should be observed with solemnity.

[To be continued.]

FIGURE AND FORMATION OF THE EARTH.

Thoughts on the Figure and Formation of the Earth, Subterraneous Fires and its Effects, the Deluge, and Origin of Mountains, Continents, &c.; from Whichurst's Enquiry into the Original State of the Earth, Macquer, the celebrated Chymist, and the late Mr. Lavoisier, whose untimely fate will be ever deplored by the Literati.

MR. EDITOR,

I have read with pleasure your elegant publication since its commencement, and must congratulate the public in obtaining a literary production that not only embraces subjects of amusement, but of improvement likewise. Such a publication has been long wanting in modern literature; and you appear to me, Sir, to be actuated more (from the splendid execution of your work) by a desire to please and improve, than the laudable solicitude to profit.

You state, in your prospectus, that *La Belle Assemblée* is particularly intended to please the ladies. You certainly, Sir, do not mean to limit their pleasure or their understandings to portraits and patterns. No, Sir, I am convinced from the tenor of your work, that your ideas and mine perfectly coincide with respect to the extent of the genius and natural capacities of the sex.—For my own part, I have ever thought (from

having been always in the habits of conversing with women of rank and education) that a numerous portion of the sex is fully competent to every development and elucidation on subjects both historical and philosophical. May I then, Mr. Editor, associate at times, my humble talents with your's; and, although at a subordinate distance, join your literary pursuit, in the dissemination of useful knowledge. Your insertion, therefore, of the following thoughts, will flatter many more than your constant Correspondent,

H. W.

No sooner had the fluid mass began to revolve upon its axis, than its component parts began to recede from their axis of motion, and thus continued till the two forces were equally balanced, and the earth had acquired its present oblate spheroidal form.

The component parts being arrived at a state

of rest with respect to the general laws of motion, began a second operation by means of their affinities; for particles "of a similar nature attract each other more powerfully than those of a contrary affinity or quality."

Hence particles of air united with those of air; those of water with water; and those of earth with earth; and with their union commenced their specific gravities; and thus commenced the separation of the chaotic mass into air, water, earth, &c.

Now as air is eight hundred times lighter than water, it seems to follow by the laws of states, that it became freed from the general mass in a like proportion of time, sooner than water, and formed a muddy, impure atmosphere.

The process of separation still goes on, and the earth consolidates every day more and more towards its centre, and its surface becomes gradually covered with water, until one universal sea prevailed over the globe, perfectly pure and fit for animal life.

Thus, by the union of similar particles, the component parts of the atmosphere and the ocean seem to have been separated from the general mass assembled together, and surrounded the terraqueous globe.

To the peculiar laws of attraction may likewise be ascribed that sameness of quality which prevails in strata of different denominations, as calcareous, argillaceous, &c.; and also the assemblage of all other particles into select bodies, of metals, minerals, spars, salts, calks, fluors, chrystals, diamonds, rubies, amethysts, &c.; and many other phenomena in the natural world.

Thus by the general laws and principles, the component parts of the chaos were separated and arranged into the different classes of air, water, &c. The presumption is great that the sun is the common centre of gravity, or the governing principle in the planetary system, and coeval with the bodies governed.

Therefore, as the chaos revolved upon its axis, during the separation of its component parts, may we not thence infer, that as the atmosphere was progressively freed from its gross matter, light and heat must naturally have increased, until the sun became visible in the firmament, and shone with its full lustre and brightness on the face of the new formed globe. This may serve to illustrate the Mosaic account of the sun being created; or becoming visible on the fourth day of the creation.

To investigate the matter in respect to the formation of the primitive islands,

Let us suppose for the present, that during the separation of the chaos, the earth was perfectly free from the attractive influence of all other bodies; that nothing interfered with the

uniform law of its own gravitation, it will then follow, that as the chaos was an uniform pulp, the solids would equally subside from every part of its surface, and consequently become equally covered with water. On the contrary, if the moon was coeval with the earth, its attractive power would greatly interfere with the uniform subsiding of the solids; for as the separation of the solids and fluids increased, so, in like manner, the tides would increase, and remove the solids about from place to place, without any order or regularity.

Hence the sea necessarily became unequally deep, and those inequalities daily increasing, in process of time dry land would appear, and divide the sea, which had universally covered the earth.

The primitive islands being thus raised, by the flux and reflux of the tides, as sandbanks are formed on the sea, we cannot suppose them to be of any great extent or elevation compared to the mountains or continents in the present state of the earth: therefore they can only be considered as protuberances gradually ascending from the deep. Whence it appears that craggy rocks and impending shores were not then in being; all was smooth, even, and uniform; stones, minerals, &c. only existed on their elementary principles.—(See Link's Memoirs on Natural History, and his Observations on the Bottom of the Sea.)

The primitive islands being thus raised above the surface of the sea, in process of time became firm, and fit for animal or vegetable life.—This agrees with the Mosaic account of the creation, and the result of physical reasonings, in so many essential points. For we find the same series of truths asserted in Scripture, which are here deduced from the universal laws and operations of nature.

From this obvious agreement of revelation with reason, may we not fairly conclude, that they both flow from the same fountain, and therefore cannot operate, in contradiction to each other? Consequently, by which ever means the same truths are brought to light, be it by reason or revelation, they will perfectly coincide, and that coincidence may be considered as a testimony of the truth of each.

The instances we find recorded of volcanos and their effects, leave no room to doubt the existence, force, and immensity of subterraneous fires; not only under the bottom of the ocean, but likewise under mountains, continents, &c. in all parts of the world; but from what principles, the time, the place, nor the mode in which subterraneous fire was generated, can be truly ascertained, whilst the phenomena of fire actually existing as a principle in the composi-

AS LATELY I SAT BY THE NYMPH I ADORE.

A New Song, The words and Music by

D^r. B U S B Y.

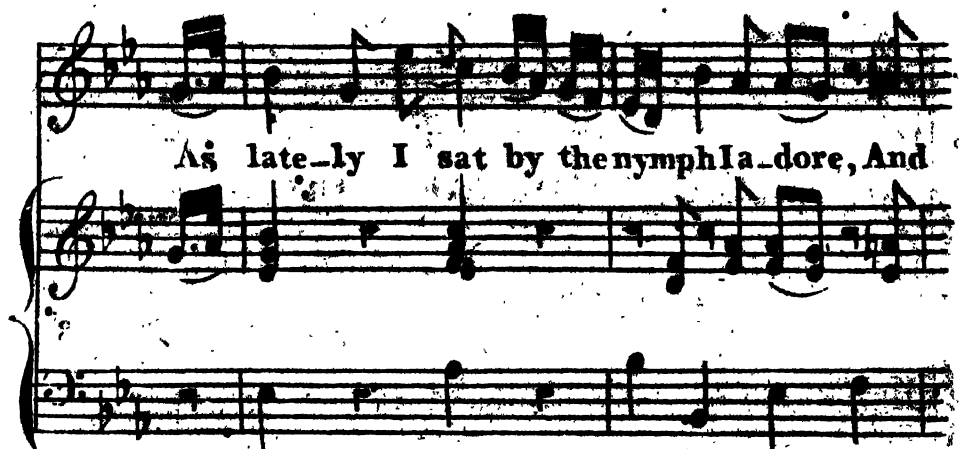
Composed expressly and exclusively for La Belle

Assemblée, and to be had only with that Work.

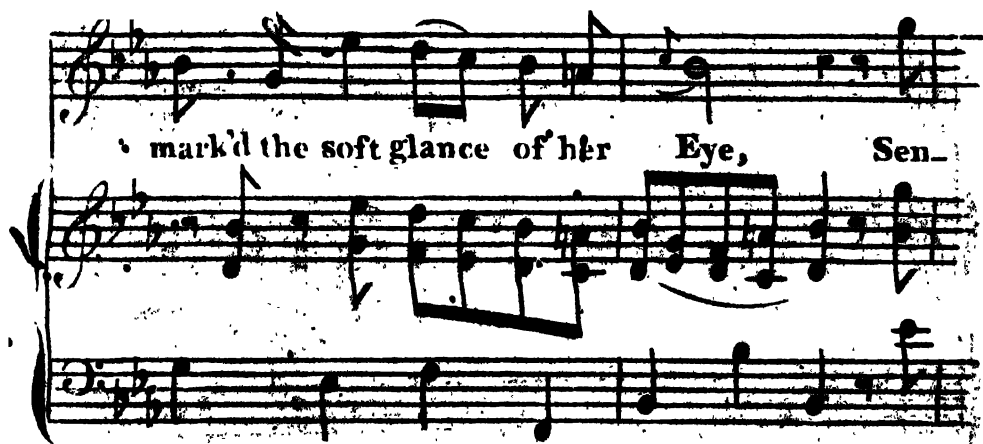
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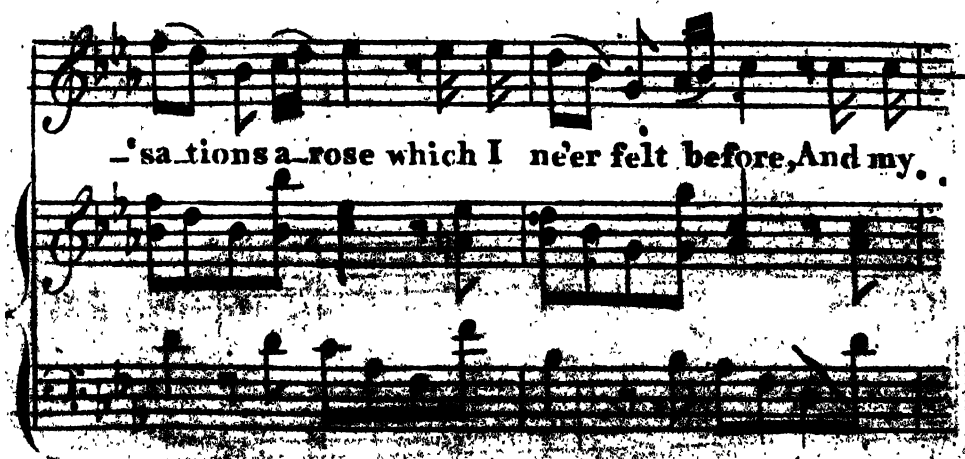
1 V. S.



As late-ly I sat by the nymph la-dore, And



mark'd the soft glance of her Eye, Sen-



-sa-tions a rose which I ne'er felt before, And my.



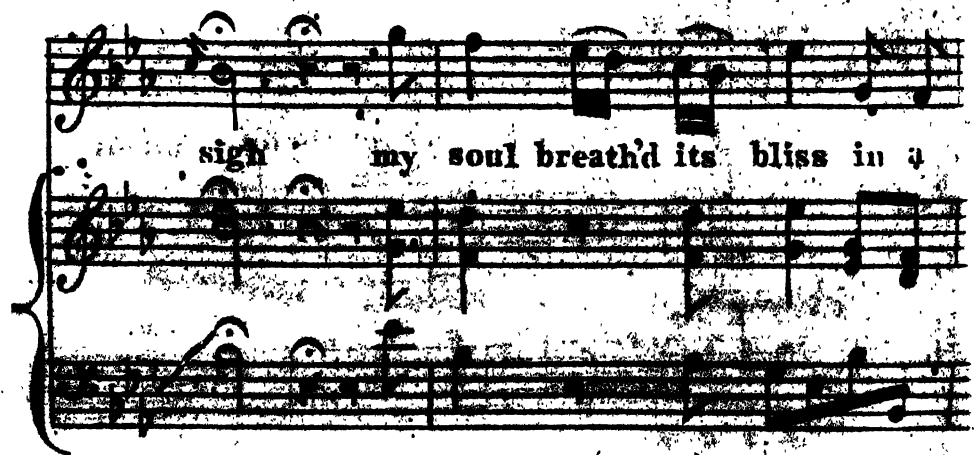
soul breath'd its bliss in a sigh a

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics 'soul breath'd its bliss in a sigh a' are positioned below the vocal staff. The music is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature.



sigh a sigh in a

This system contains the second line of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'sigh a sigh in a' are positioned below the vocal staff. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes beamed together.



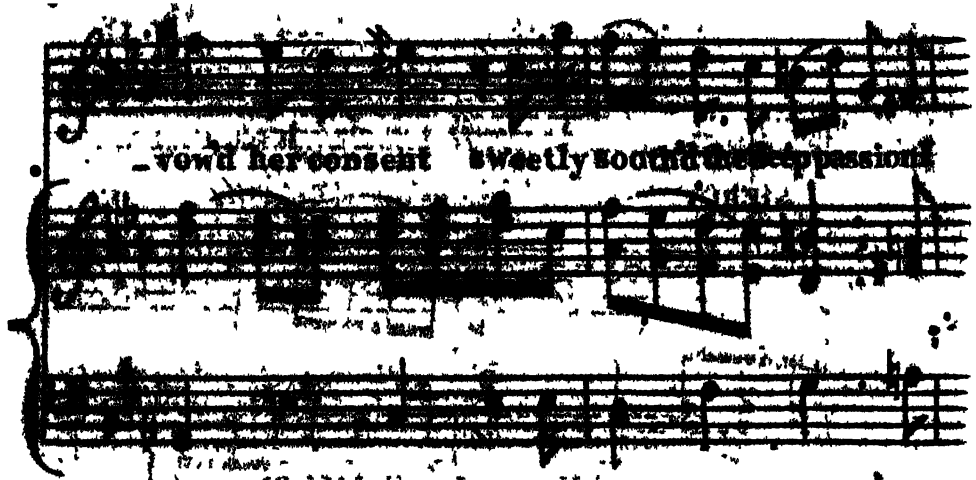
sigh my soul breath'd its bliss in a

This system contains the third line of the musical score. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment shown. The lyrics 'sigh my soul breath'd its bliss in a' are positioned below the vocal staff. The system ends with a final note and a repeat sign.

First system of a musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass staves). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The word "sigh." is written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

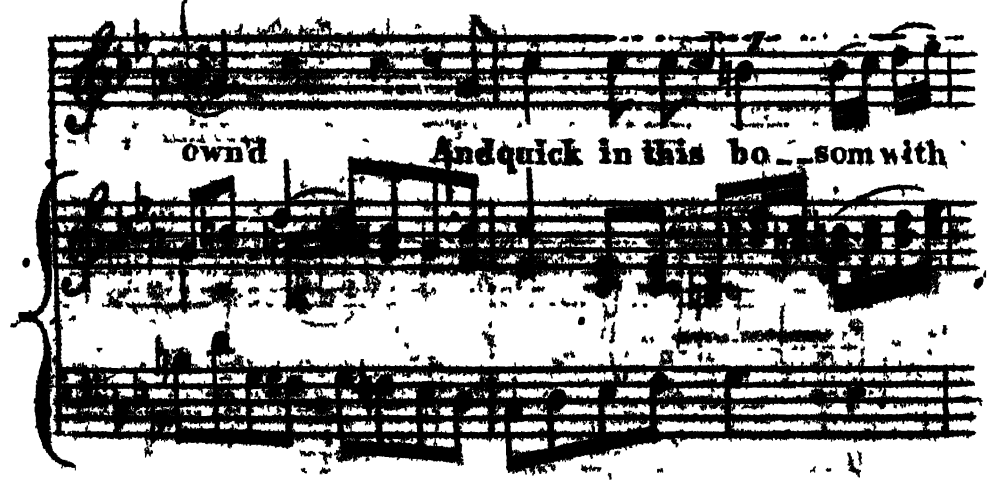
Second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The musical notation and instrumentation remain consistent.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics "The soft tender look that a,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.



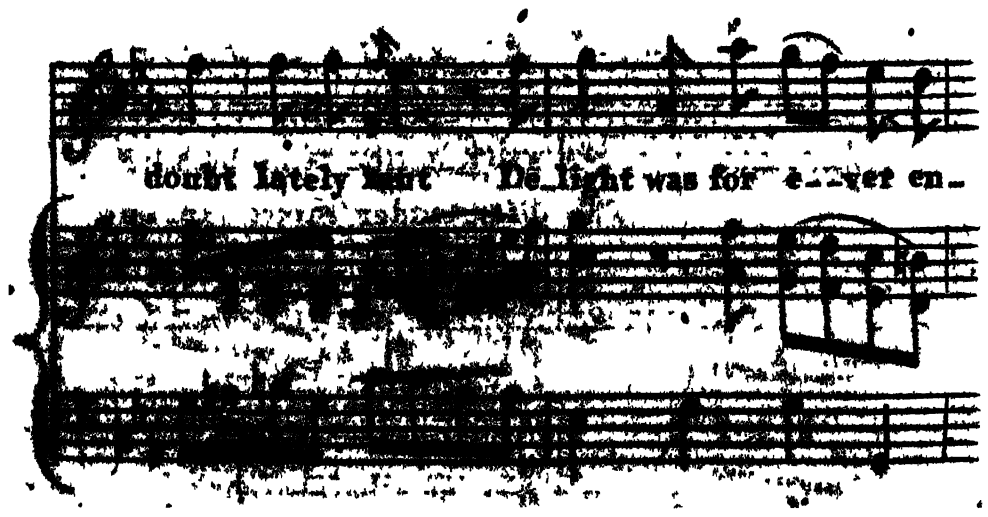
First system of a musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and contains a melody. The bottom two staves are grouped by a brace on the left and contain a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

vow'd her consent sweetly sound the passions



Second system of the musical score, continuing from the first. It also consists of three staves with a treble clef on the top staff and a piano accompaniment on the bottom two staves. The lyrics continue below the top staff.

own'd And quick in this bosom with



Third system of the musical score. It follows the same three-staff format with a treble clef on the top staff and a piano accompaniment on the bottom two staves. The lyrics conclude this system below the top staff.

doubt lately hurt De light was for e--ver en--

thron'd The soft ten der look that a

vow'd her consent sweetly sooth'd the deep passion I

own'd And quick in this bo som with

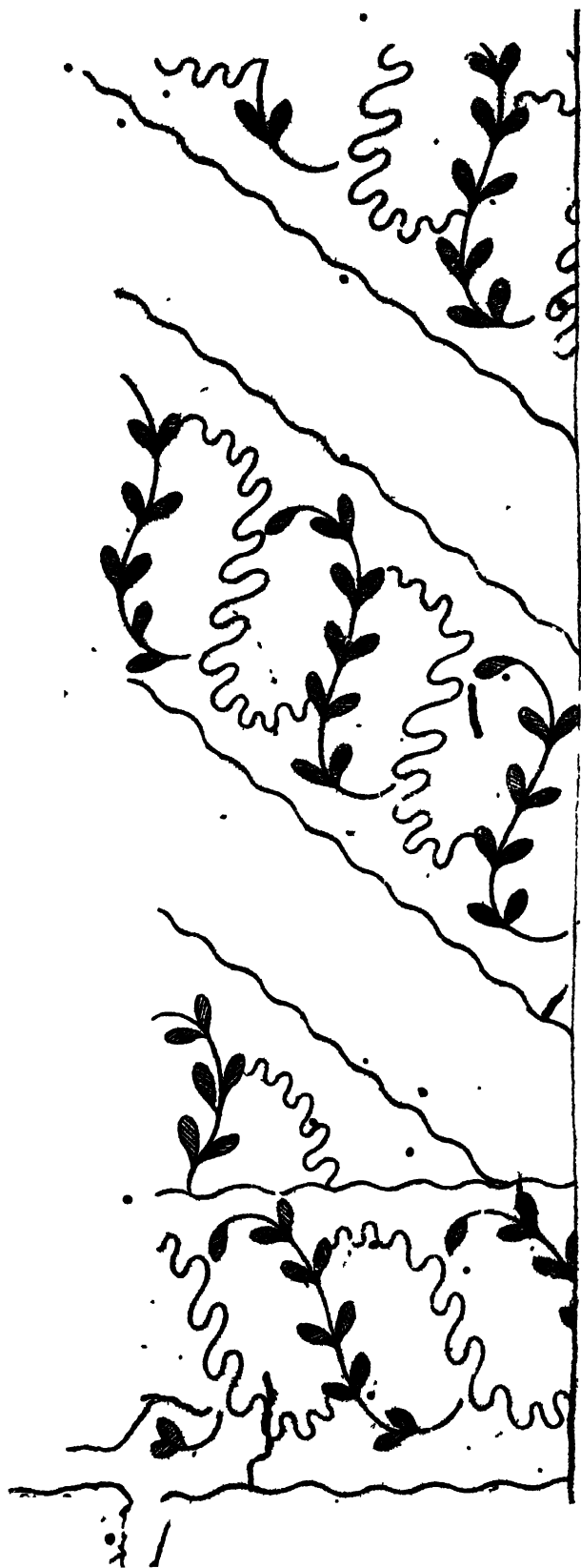
S. A.

thron - - en thron - -

en thron - - en thron - -

doubt fully rent De licht was for e - - ver en -

De-light was for e-ver on - thron'd .



Parisian Summer Fashions 1806.



tion of bodies, remain in so much doubt and obscurity.

We know most assuredly that a certain degree of moisture and dryness are equally productive of fire in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms; therefore, if we are allowed to reason from the analogy one part of nature bears to another, we should conclude that subterraneous fire was generated from the same elementary principles, and also gradually increased to its full maturity. It seems then to follow that those parts of the globe which first began to consolidate, were also the first which began to generate fire; therefore as the central parts began to consolidate sooner than the more superficial parts, there is great probability that they were first united.

It has been observed again, that as the earth began to consolidate by the union of similar particles, an universal sameness prevailed either in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth. Whence it appears, that subterraneous fire was generated universally in the same point of time, either in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth, and gradually increased to its full maturity.

All bodies expand with heat, and the force or power of that law is unlimited; therefore as subterraneous fire increased, its expansive force would gradually increase until it became equal to the incumbent weight. Gravity and expansion being then equal, and the latter continuing to increase, became superior to the former, and distended the incumbent strata, as a bladder forcibly blown.

Now if this fire was surrounded by a shell or crust of equal density, and of equal thickness, its incumbent weight must have been equal.—On the contrary, if the surrounding shell or crust were unequally thick or unequally dense, its incumbent weight must have been unequal.

Hence it appears, that as the primitive islands were uniform protuberances gradually ascending from the deep, the incumbent weight must have been unequal; for as the specific gravity of stone, sand, or mud, is greater than that of water, the incumbent weight of the former must have been greater than that of the latter; consequently the bottom of the sea would ascend by the expansive force of the subterraneous fire sooner than the island, which would therefore become more or less deluged as the bottom of the sea was more or less elevated; and this effect must have been more or less universal, as the fire prevailed more or less universally, either in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth; therefore, since it appears that subterraneous fire operated universally in the same stratum, or in the central part of the earth, with the same degree of force, it seems much more

probable that the deluge prevailed universally over the earth than partially, and more especially when we consider the elevation of the antediluvian hills.

But the tragic scene endeth not with an universal flood, and the destruction of terrestrial animals; for the expansive force of the subterraneous fire, still increasing, become superior to the incumbent weight and cohesion of the strata, which were then burst, and opened a communication between the two oceans of intellectual matter and water, the two elements coming thus into contact, the latter would be instantly converted into steam, and produce an explosion infinitely beyond all human conception; for it is well known, that the expansive force of water thus converted into steam exceeds that of gunpowder in the proportion of 14,000 to 500.

The terraqueous globe being thus burst into millions of fragments, and from causes apparently seated nearest to its center than its surface, must certainly be thrown into strange heaps of ruins: for the fragments of the strata thus blown up, could not possibly fall together again into their primitive order and regularity; therefore an infinite number of subterraneous caverns must have been formed, probably many miles, or many hundreds of miles below the bottom of the antediluvian sea.

Now it is easy to conceive, when a body of such immense magnitude as the earth was, thus reduced to an heap of ruins, that its incumbent water would immediately descend into the caverns and interstices thereof; and by approaching so much nearer towards the centre than in its antediluvian state, much of the terrestrial surface would be left naked and exposed, with all its horrid gulphs, craggy rocks, mountains, and other disorderly appearances.

Thus the primitive state of the earth seems to have been totally metamorphosed by the first convulsion of nature at the time of the deluge; its strata broken, and thrown into every possible degree of confusion and disorder. Thus, those mighty eminencies, the Alps, the Audes, the Pyrenean mountains, &c. were brought from beneath the great deep; the sea, retired from those vast tracts of land, the continents, became fathomless; environed with craggy rocks, cliffs, and impending shores; and its bottom spread over with mountains and vallies like the land.

With respect to the horrid effects of the convulsion caused by the two elements of fire and water coming into contact, and converted into steam as before proved, it must be further observed, that as the primitive islands were more ponderous and less elevated than the bottom of the sea, the former would more instantaneously

subside into the ocean of melted matter, than the latter. Therefore, in all probability, they became the bottom of the antediluvian sea; and the bottom of the antediluvian sea being more elevated, was converted into the post-deluvian mountains, continents, &c. This conjecture is remarkably confirmed by the vast numbers of fossil shells, and other marine exuvium, found imbedded near the tops of mountains, and the interior parts of continents, far remote from the sea in all parts of the world hitherto explored.

The above phenomena have generally been ascribed to the effects of an universal flood; but we presume such conclusions were too hastily drawn; for it manifestly appears, upon a more strict examination of the various circumstances accompanying these marine bodies, that they were actually generated, lived and died in the very beds wherein they were found; and that those beds were originally the bottom of the ocean, though now elevated several miles above its level. Thus we find a further agreement between natural phenomena and the laws of nature.

Hence it appears, that mountains and continents were not primary productions; but of a very distant period of time from the creation of the world.

It may, perhaps, be objected, that many of the above fossil bodies are natives of very distant regions of the earth, and could not have existed in climates wherein they are found, according to Link's Geology, which is the description of order in which natural bodies are found, and constitutes physical geography.—To avoid prolixity in the investigation of the deluge, &c. many interesting phenomena respecting earthquakes have been omitted. We shall therefore take this opportunity of introducing some of them, before we proceed to shew the improbability of a second universal flood.

1. Previous to an eruption of Vesuvius, the sea retires from its adjacent shores, and leaves its bottom dry till the mountain is burst open, when the water returns to its former boundary.

2. Before volcanos burst open the bottom of the sea, the water rises in those places, considerably above its former level, runs in mountainous waves towards the less elevated parts, and deluges distant shores.

3. Again, the earth is frequently burst open many miles in length, and discharges such vast quantities of water as to deluge the adjacent countries, of which we have had several instances both in Europe and South America. In the year 1601, several towns were destroyed by an eruption of boiling water from Vesuvius; and in the year 1755, an immense torrent of boiling water flowed from *Ætna*, a mile and a quarter

broad, down to its base.—(See Sir Wm. Hamilton's Observations on Vesuvius and *Ætna*, p. 82.)

4. Eruptions are generally accompanied with thunder and lightning, and succeeded by incessant rains.

5. On the 1st of November, 1755, the memorable era of the earthquake at Lisbon, not only the sea, but the lakes and ponds were violently agitated all over Europe.—(See Philosophical Trans. vol. 79.)

Most of these phenomena testify the immense force of steam generated by melted matter and water in the bowels of the earth; for, in the first instance, Mount Vesuvius and its adjacent shores being more elevated by the steams than the bottom of the distant sea, the water retreats from the shores, towards the less elevated parts, and leaves its bottom dry. When the steam finds vent by the eruption the mountain subsides to its former level, and the water returns to the shore.

The second instance shews, that the bottom of the sea is more elevated than the land; therefore the water retires in mountainous waves, towards the less elevated parts, and overflows the coast.

The third is not only a corroborating instance to shew the expansive force of steam, but likewise coincides with the Mosaic description of the deluge:—"The fountains of the great deep were broken up."

The fourth seems to have some analogy to that dreadful event.

The fifth phenomenon seems to arise from the same cause. When the strata incumbent on the melted matter are elevated by the force of steam, the impending roof is apparently separated from the liquid mass; and this separation may be laterally extended to the distance of many miles from the original source of the steam, according to its quantity, and the degree of its expansive force.

Now if these conjectures are true, the consequences thence arising are manifest. The strata immediately over the steam first generated being more elevated than those in the act of separation, the horizontal position of the earth's surface must consequently be altered, so as to produce an undulation of the water in lakes, ponds, &c. as in vessels suddenly elevated on one side more than on the other, and thus continue in motion, alternately overflowing the opposite banks, until the momentum acquired by the first impulse is gradually overcome.

That steam is the principal agent whence these phenomena arise, I presume will be readily granted by those who have carefully read any of the learned observations on the cause of earth-

quales. Now, as one of the properties of steam is condensation by a small degree of cold, the same degree of expansive force can only exist during the same degree of heat: therefore the incumbent weight cannot become elevated to any greater distance than subterraneous fire is continued. This being granted, it seems to follow that as the waters were thus agitated on the first of November, 1755, through an extent of country not less than 3000 miles, there must have been one continued uninterrupted mass of melted matter of the same extent at least, and this idea seems to be corroborated by those vast explosions which were heard in some of the Derbyshire mines, about ten o'clock in the morning so fatal to Lisbon.

The above examples serve to illustrate the powerful and extensive effects of steam, produced by melted matter and water; truths well known to founders, particularly to those conversant in casting gold, silver, copper, brass, and iron. "Some years ago a most melancholy accident happened from the casting of brass cannon, at the foundry in Moorfields, where many spectators were assembled to see the metal run into the moulds. The heat of the metal of the first gun drove so much damp into the mould of the second, which was near it, that as soon as the metal was let into it, it blew up with the greatest violence, tearing up the ground some feet deep, breaking down the furnace, untiling the house, killing many people on the spot with the streams of melted metal," &c.—This is mentioned fully in Cramer's Art of Assaying Metals.

The inflammable vapour or damp, in mines, occasions violent explosions; but they are only momentary, as the firing of gun-powder. On the contrary, those from volcanos frequently continue many months, with great violence, which

plainly shews that those streams must be continually generating from the above causes.

Now, as the distention of the *strata*, as before mentioned, may appear highly improbable to some readers, I take this opportunity of reciting the observations of a learned author in an excellent treatise on the elasticity and compressibility of stone, &c. "The compressibility and elasticity of the earth are qualities which do not shew themselves in any great degree in common instances, and therefore are not commonly attended to. On this account it is that few people are aware of the great extent of them, or the effects that may arise from them, where exceeding large quantities of matter are concerned, and where the compressive force is immensely great.—This compressibility and elasticity of the earth, may be collected, in some measure, from the vibration of the walls of houses, occasioned by the passing of carriages in the streets adjoining to them. Another instance, to the same purpose, may be taken from the vibration of steeples, occasioned by the ringing of bells, or by gusts of wind; not only spires are moved very considerably by these means, but even strong towers will sometimes be made to vibrate several inches, without any disjoining of the mortar or rubbing the stones against one another. Now, it is manifest, that this could not happen, without a considerable degree of compressibility and elasticity in the materials of which they are composed."

Now, if so short a length of stone as that of a steeple, visibly bends by so small a degree of force as the ringing of bells, or a blast of wind, may we not conclude, that the *strata*, in the primitive state of the earth, might become considerably distended by an unlimited force, and therefore occasion a universal deluge.

H. W.

FINE ARTS.

MR. WILKIE'S NEW PICTURE.

ACCORDING to our promise, we hasten to resume the subject of the Fine Arts; and it is matter of no small gratification to us, considering the barrenness of the late Exhibition, that we are enabled, by stepping a little out of our road, to introduce our readers to a knowledge of a picture, which will make ample atonement for all the mortification the amateur must have felt at the late display of the Royal Academy.

In a word, a work of peculiar excellence has

lately been produced, which, though not belonging to the Exhibition of the present year, yet, from its peculiar excellence, and its being the work of a young artist just struggling for fame, has a just claim upon the attention of the public. It is a picture by Mr. Wilkie, the gentleman who, in the last Exhibition, introduced a work of such distinguished merit, as to create no little surprise and admiration amongst the lovers of the arts.—A criticism upon that picture ap-

peared in a former Number, but he has since produced another, which not only serves to convince us that his former picture was not a work of accident,—a mere lucky casualty,—but that his powers are those of a regular, steady, and improving genius; for we do not hesitate to assert, that the work now under our review, not only excels what he first exhibited, but that it exceeds, in a vast degree, every thing which, in a similar style, and of its peculiar class, has hitherto proceeded from the British pencil.

The subject is that of a “blind fiddler, playing on his fiddle, in a house where he has stopped to rest himself, for the entertainment of the master, his wife and children.”—The fiddler is seated in the act of playing; next to him is his wife, with her child on her lap, and at her feet a basket, containing the little pedlary wares which she has got to sell.—At the feet of the fiddler is his fiddle-case, and some scattered domestic utensils, and kitchen herbs just brought in for the use of the family. The groupe of figures at the other end of the picture which balances in composition that of the fiddler and his wife, is composed of the mistress of the house, and her child on her lap; the master of the house snapping his fingers, and looking with great glee upon his child, with the design of inviting it to laugh and dance, and exhibit its perception of youthful joy at the sound of the fiddle. Near the master of the house, stands, with his back to the fire, a sober, thinking man, seemingly the grandfather of the younger part of the family. He listens with great complacency to the rustic musician, but is evidently more impressed with a humane compassion at the situation of the *Poor Fiddler*, than delighted with the efforts of his skill. At the fire-place sits a young lad, in the train of the fiddler, wrapt up in the comforts of the chimney corner, and indifferent to every thing besides.—Between the mother and the fiddler are two children, a boy and a girl; the girl exhibits a fondness for music, and presses forward with an eager familiarity; but the boy is peevish, and sulky, and shews that he neither likes the music nor the company of the fiddler or his family. Behind the mother is the eldest boy, about twelve years old; he has in his hands a small pair of bellows, which he has placed under his chin, in imitation of the blind man's fiddle, and with a stick, in mockery of the bow, is ridiculously aping the fiddler.—Near him is a girl, somewhat older than himself, who rebukes him for the unmannerliness of his jest and is endeavouring to shame him out of it. There are altogether twelve figures. The front of the chimney forms the centre of the back ground, on which are shelves containing a variety of domestic utensils, and upon the uppermost shelf are books, in the midst of which is a plaster

bust, in appropriate colours, of a dissenting clergyman; and in order to shew that the family are not without a taste for the *Fine Arts*, besides that of music, the walls are ornamented with drawings on pieces of paper, representing soldiers, ships, and horses, evidently the manufacture of the boy above noticed. Near the boy, who is mocking the fiddler, is his dog, in deep dudgeon at this disturbance and intrusion upon his domestic repose.—The light and shade of this picture are equally fortunate with the expression of the characters. The principal light, as well as the brilliancy of colour, falls upon the mistress of the house and her child; this is balanced by a second light at the other end of the picture, behind the fiddler, which is admitted by the door, and thus, by means of these two principal lights, the fiddler is placed in a kind of half-tint, which gives a surprising breadth and repose to the composition; whilst the shadow, occasioned by the groupe of the husband, the grandfather, and the children, gives to the whole a general and accumulated force, and renders the half tint over the fiddler clear and transparent. The general tone over the back ground is a cool aerial tint, which gives great relief and strength to the colours of the draperies.

When we contemplate the different characters of the figure, we find in the fiddler the man who has no other pursuit than the occupation of his present trade; in his wife, the care of her child, asleep upon her lap, and the charge committed to her of her little pedlary articles, impresses her countenance with perfect impassiveness as to any enjoyment for the music, and does away all concern but of that which might be the compensation of her husband's talents, and their treatment upon the conclusion of the tune.

The master and mistress of the house seem to have no other pleasure than that which the music is supposed to give to their child.—These are the leading points in one of the most extraordinary pictures, in this line of art, which has ever made its appearance in England by a native.—Whether we consider the ingenious manner of bringing the materials of this picture together, the diversity and justness of the characters and expressions of the figures, with the correctness of drawing even to the most minute parts, light and shade, as well as the truth of colour, and the neatness of execution,—whatever parts we singly consider, it would be matter of difficulty upon which we should most fix our admiration.—We must congratulate Mr. Wilkie upon his most perfect success in this second effort of his pencil; and our congratulations are no less due to the worthy Baronet for whom this picture, we understand, is painted.

(To be continued.)

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE TOAST.

ADDRESSED TO THE LITTLE CIRCLE OF MY
FRIENDS.

THE glasses fill'd, a truce to care,
Misfortune at our heels attends ;
A toast? I have but one, I swear,—
“The little circle of our friends.”

And who is he that sighing takes
The glass, while thought its anguish lends?
He thinks what havoc sorrow makes
In the small circle of his friends.

Estrang'd from home, with tearful eyes,
Who o'er his glass in absence bends?
With aching heart he trembling cries,
“The little circle of my friends.”

And who the toast in sadness hears,
While grief his heart in silence rends?
The glass receives his bitter tears,
For he no circle has of friends.

And who, in life's sad knowledge vers'd,
Declines the glass which temp'rance tends?
He thinks how death has long dispers'd
The little circle of his friends.

Oh! rather be this heart entomb'd
Untimely, where its sorrow ends;
Than in this world of care be doom'd
To beat the last of all its friends.

Then D—— let the bottle sink
As round our little sphere it winds;
Come fill, for I will deeply drink,
“The dear small circle of my friends.”

Wolverhampton. Q IN THE CORNER.

THE ROSE.

ON EMMA'S fair bosom a Rose in full blossom
Expanded its beauties and borrow'd fresh
charm,

The lilies contrasted spread soft bloom upon
them,

And dwelt amidst mountains of snow free
from harm.

Its beauties, though brilliant, in vain strove to
heighten,

Or the fair faultless features of Emma improve,
The soft spotless bosom it dwelt with delight in,
Is sacred to virtue, to friendship, and love.

At morning it bloomed on her beautiful bosom,
With envy repining 'twas drooping at noon:
At ev'ning it died 'midst the sweets it reclin'd on,
And found on her bosom an enviable tomb.
Kingsland. J. M.

TO MY NIGHT CAP.

How oft with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wand'ring a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigued with life's rough storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

Thy form shall clasp my aching head,
When anguish hovers round my bed,
And bid my sorrows slumber;
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the soul, where sin
The conscience doth encumber.

It matters not of what thou'rt made,
Of l unble yarn, or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses;
For vice on down shall not be blest,
But virtue sink to sweetest rest,
Though straw alone it presses.
August 2, 1806. J. M. L.

ON LOVE.

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But Love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal;
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Love; all at once, should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall;
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no Love at all.

• OTIUM DIVOSQUE.

WHEN jolly Jack afar is bound
Some hundred leagues from British ground,
His course rude Boreas stopping;
He looks askew at low'ring skies,
Thinks of his Sally's sparkling eyes,
And longs for ease and Wapping.

In London, Negro Beggars pine
For ease in huts beneath the line,
Remote from beadles sturdy;
The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
In search of halfpence, sighs for home,
And spins his hurdy gurdy.

Ease loves to live with shepherd swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To share an humble dinner—
But would not for a turtle treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or canker'd party-sinner.

Care's an obtrusive craz'd physician
Who visits folks of high condition,
And doses them with bitters;
Claps causticks on the tenderest sores,
And won't be turn'd from great men's doors
By footmen or beef-eaters.

Some to avoid this frantic pest,
Sail to the North, South, East, or West—
Alas! Care travels brisker;
Light as a squirrel he can skip
On board an eighty-four gun ship,
And tweak an admiral's whisker!

The lamp of life is soon burnt out,
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead;—
When Charon takes 'em both on board,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard,
And poet's empty pocket.

THE FLATTING MILL,

AN ILLUSTRATION,

*Written by William Cowper, Esq. (not inserted
in his Work.)*

WHEN a bar of pure silver, or ingot of gold
Is sent to be flatten'd or wrought into length,
It is pass'd into cylinders often, and roll'd
In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.

Thus tortur'd and squeez'd, at last it appears
Like a loose heap of ribbon, a glitt'ring show;
Like music it tinkles, and rings in your ears,
And warm'd by the pressure is all in a glow.

This process achiev'd, it is doom'd to sustain
The thump after thump of gold-beater's
mallet;

And at last is of service in sickness or pain,
To cover a pill for a delicate palate.

Alas! for a poet who dares undertake
To urge reformation of national ill!
His head and his heart are both likely to ache,
With the double employment of mallet and
mill.

If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
Smooth, ductile and even, his fancy must flow,
Must tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,
And catch in its progress a sensible glow.

After all he must beat it as thin and as fine
As the leaf that enfolds what the invalid swal-
lows,

For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
And unless he adorn it, a nausea follows.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
world,

"A heart that is humble might hope for it
here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd
around,

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beech
tree.

And "Here, in this lone little wood," I ex-
claim'd,

"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep
when I blam'd,

"How blest could I live, and how calm could
I die!

"By the side of yon sumach, whose red berry
dipp'd

"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to
recline,

"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any
but mine!"

TRANSLATION OF THE BASIA OF
CATULLUS.

MY Lesbia, let us live and love,
Nor heed the frowns of dull cold age;
Leave fortune to the Powers above,
And wisdom to the frosty sage.

Yon Sun, that shines so lovely now,
Shall sink into the Western Sea,
But soon, with bright unclouded brow,
Again shall gild each flow'r, each tree.

But we, alas! when murky night
Has spread her dark wings o'er our day,
No more to rise—far from our sight
Receding pleasures flit away.

Give me again that melting kiss;
 Give, oh give, ten thousand more.—
 Now, now, repeat the balmy bliss—
 Now kiss me swifter than before:
 And when the power of numbring's gone,
 Each honied kiss we will recal,
 And tell the envious, when they're flown,
 A little precious kiss—was all.

ANSWER

TO A SONG OF ANACREON MOORE,

By Miss Owenson.

Oh! should I fly from the world, love, to thee,
 Would solitude render me dearer?
 Would our flight from the world draw thee closer
 to me,
 Or render my passion sincerer?
 Would the heart thou hast touch'd more tu-
 multuously beat
 Than when its wild pulse fear'd detection?
 Would the bliss unrestrain'd be more poignantly
 sweet
 Than the bliss snatch'd by timid affection?
 Tho' silence and solitude breath'd all around,
 And each cold law of prudence was banish'd—
 Tho' each wish of my heart and the fancy was
 crown'd,
 We should sigh for those hours that are va-
 nish'd.
 When in secret we suffer'd, in secret were bless'd,
 Lest the many should censure our union;
 And an age of restraint, when oppos'd and op-
 press'd,
 Was repaid by a moment's communion.
 When virtue's pure tear dew'd each love-kindled
 beam,
 It hallow'd the bliss it repented;
 When a penitent sigh breath'd our passions wild
 dream,
 It absolv'd half the fault it lamented;
 And so thrillingly sweet was each pleasure we
 stole,
 In spite of each prudent restriction,
 When the soul unrestrain'd sought its warm
 kindred soul,
 And we laugh'd at the world's interdiction.
 Then fly, oh! my love! to the world back
 with me,
 Since the bliss it denies it enhances;
 Since dearest the transient delight shar'd with thee
 Which is snatch'd from the world's prying
 glances;
 Nor talk thus of death 'till the warm thrill of love
 From each languid breast is retreating;
 Then may the life pulse of each heart cease to
 move
 When love's vital throb has ceas'd beating.

LOVE'S MIRROR.

BY A WIDOWER.

THE Mirror once possess'd by thee,
 I found when thou wert gone,
 And fondly hoped thy face to see—
 But only saw my own.

Though long the faithful glass was used
 To show no form but thine;
 The fickle thing that form refused,
 And still reflected mine.

Aside the treach'rous toy I threw,
 And scorn'd its flattering art;
 Then inward turn'd my eyes to view
 Thy image in my heart.

Aug. 1, 1806.

T. Y.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles had sung, 'for the night clouds had
 low'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
 sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground, over-
 power'd,

The weary to sleep and the wounded to die;

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the
 slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,

And twice, 'ere the cock crew, I dreamt it
 again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 For, far had I stray'd on a desolate track;

Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
 To the house of my father, that welcom'd me
 back.

I flew to the pleasant field, 'travers'd so oft

In life's morning watch, when my bosom was
 young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
 reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I
 swore

From my home and my weeping friends never
 to part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud, in the fullness of
 heart—

“Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and
 worn!”

And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd at the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
 away.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, loveliest of the stars of Heaven,
Whose soft, yet brilliant beams display
The mildness of advancing Even,
The splendour of retiring Day!

Star of delight! the rosy sky
Sheds tears of joy for thy return;
Around thy car the Breezes sigh,
Nymphs of thy train, the Planets burn.

All earth is gladdened by thy rays;
And every flower, and shrub, and tree,
Boasts fresher bloom, and grateful pays
A tribute of perfume to thee.

Day for thy partial smile contends;
Night boasts for her thy glories shine;
Before thee tranquil Pleasure bends,
And Beauty whispers, "Thou art mine."

Yes, thou art Beauty's friend and guide;
Conducted by thy means so sweet,
She wanders forth at even-tide,
The chosen of her heart to meet.

All grace she moves—with steps as light
As Rapture's bliss or Fancy's dream;—
More soft her thoughts than dew of night,
More pure than that unwaving stream.

Thy beams disclose the haunt of love,
Conspicuous 'mid the twilight scene;
For Spring its leafy texture wove,
And wedded roses to its green.

Fair Wand'rer of the sunset hour,
Approaching to the ruddy west,
Where fairy forms prepare thy bow'r
With blooms from heavenly gardens drest—

Behold the light that fills her eye,
The flushes o'er her cheeks that move:
Can earth a sight more sweet supply,
Than Loveliness improved by Love?

"Yes far more sweet!" Methinks the while
I hear thy accents whisper low;
"Tis Beauty with her angel smile
"Inclining o'er the couch of woe."

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1806. FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

ON A PRECAUTIONARY PEACE.

Being an Examination of the Conduct of the French, from the Treaty of Luneville, to the Commencement of the present War.

THE desire of Ministers to conclude a peace has been sufficiently convinced by the mission of an Ambassador to Paris. It is the general opinion that this embassy has proved unsuccessful; let us, however, be permitted to call the attention of our readers to the probable situation of affairs, should this pacification, contrary to all present hope, be suffered to take place.

In every crisis the first point of prudence is to consider the peculiar line of conduct which it demands. In a state which has been hitherto untried, this cannot be inferred from analogy, that is to say, by reasoning upon those past states of circumstances which are nearest in the parallel with the present. The course of things, and of men, the actors in them, under the same impulse, are uniform, and with a full knowledge of the wind and tide, and a necessary allowance for currents and lee-way, there will be no difficulty in the solution of the problem, whither such winds, such tides, under such impulses and

such currents, must drive or conduct the vessel. The conclusion is always good, that that will happen again which has happened before.

Let us not be misunderstood in this inquiry. We do not enter into the question of the necessity of Peace.—The Ministry are desirous to conclude it, and the general wish seems to demand it, and so let it be. But we wish to put our countrymen upon their guard,—to impress one truth upon their minds, that even in peace they must but rest upon their arms, and that the peace will be but another step towards the elevation, another post of starting, to the French Chief,—what he shall gain by peace is so much gained, confirmed, and therefore done with,—he has to make new demands, invent new objects, and employ his power already consolidated towards facilitating the attainment.

The state of this country upon a peace will in no one single circumstance differ from its former state upon the Peace of Amiens with England, and the Treaty of Luneville with Austria.—We have the same man, i.e. the same faith, the same ambition, the same political profligacy, to contend with,—there is but one difference, that he is an Emperor instead of a Consul, he has

that power absolute, undivided, which was before weakened in its effects by Colleagues, a Senate, and the want of public confidence.

It is in the conduct of France therefore, whatever it might be after the treaty of Luneville, that we must look to draw our inferences of what we have to expect.—The state of things is precisely the same. There is not a perceptible point of difference.

The conduct of France, immediately after the peace of Luneville, may be distributed according to its objects into three points,—Infractions of the peace with regard to Germany,—Infractions with regard to Switzerland, and Infractions with regard to Italy.—It is only by this distribution that the mind can be enabled to take a general review of what party and ignorance have equally concurred to confound.

1. In the first place, with regard to Germany, the infractions of the treaty were direct and positive.

It was stipulated in the seventh Article of the Treaty of Luneville, "That, as several of the Princes of the German Empire had lost a part of their territories in consequence of the cession of a part of Germany to France, that this loss should be distributed in equal proportion upon the whole, and that the Empire in its Diet should adjudge such indemnities."

• It was moreover stipulated in the fifth Article of the same treaty, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany should receive a complete indemnity in Germany for the loss of his Italian States.

Here were two plain Articles,—how were they executed?

In the first place, by France assuming the right, standing upon the ground of this Article, of completely revolutionising Germany, and annihilating her Constitution. Instead of observing the stipulation of the article, that the Empire itself should adjudge the indemnities, France by an intrigue procured the consent of Prussia,—drew up a complete project of her own,—this project was in the instant transmitted from the French Consul to a deputation of the States of the Empire, and that nothing might be wanting to the full measure of inequity, The term of two months fixed for its completion.—This conduct was called **MEDIATION**.

Such was the execution of the seventh Article of the treaty.—Let us see what was the fate of the fifth.

It was this,—that in the system of the indemnities a lot was adjudged to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, containing about one half of the territorial surface,—a fifth part of the population, and four-tenths of the revenue of his former possessions. Such was the complete indemnity promised to him by the treaty of Luneville. But the Grand Duke was a member of the Imperial House, and

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to have fulfilled the article with regard to him in good faith would have been to have, in some degree, repaired the ruin of the Austrian power.

Whilst the Princes faithful to the Emperor, and therefore objects of distrust to France, received these disproportionate equivalents, the Princes in its interest received double, treble, and in many cases even ten times to the amount of their loss.

Thus was the treaty observed with regard to Germany. Perhaps the history of nations does not present another example of such complete and undisguised tyranny, and profligate injustice, as was exhibited before the eyes of Europe in the memorable affair of the German Indemnities.

2. This was nothing, however, to the infractions of the same treaty of Luneville with regard to Switzerland. Let us examine it, and learn what we are to expect from the amicable sentiments, and return to the relations of peace, of the French Emperor.

The eleventh article of that treaty was as follows:—"France guarantees the independence of Switzerland, Holland, and the Cisalpine and Ligurian Republics, and the full power of the inhabitants to adopt that form of government which they may deem most eligible."

Now, what was the clear meaning of this stipulation, except that France thereby surrendered all pretensions to prescribe laws to the Swiss,—to fix their Constitution by its direct interference, or substitute its own will and laws in their independent election. Assuredly, moreover it could not but acknowledge the integrity and sacredness of the territory of a state as fundamental parts of its independence.

Let us examine how this stipulation was fulfilled with the most slight attention to good faith.

Switzerland, in consequence of the Revolution which France had effected in 1798, was divided into two parties at the period of the Treaty of Luneville,—the one of which sought for its object the re-establishment of the old Constitution as far as was possible in the actual circumstances, the other decided for a pure Republic.—The first party may be denominated the Old Swiss, and comprehended an infinite majority of the people. The other party were called the Republicans. At the period of the Peace of Luneville, Switzerland had but a provisional Constitution, and was engaged in forming one.—Each party wished to give its own.—France in the Treaty of Luneville acknowledged their independence, and apparently at least left them to themselves.

The Republicans, though infinitely inferior in number, and still more so in character and respectability, had obtained, through the assistance of France, the possession of the Provisional Government.—This gave them a powerful ad-

vantage.—They formed a constitution suited to the taste of themselves and their friends,—the Court of Paris,—and having seized what they deemed a favourable opportunity, called a Diet of the Swiss Nation, and submitted it before them. The Diet, however, rejected it almost unanimously; and having gained the upper hand supplanted the Provisional Government, and put an end to the Diet.—A new Senate of twenty-five persons was appointed, and amidst the general acclamation of his countrymen, Reding, the head and leader of the Old Swiss, nominated Landamman.

The constitution submitted by the first Provisional Government, and rejected as above stated by the Diet, was called the Constitution of the twenty-ninth of May, (1801),—it was rejected, and Reding appointed Landamman, on the 28th of October in the same year.—For the sake of precision these things should be remembered.

The Republican party was of course the favourite at Paris.—Reding knew this, and likewise suspected what would be the good faith of Bonaparte.—To avert if possible this object of his dread he made an immediate journey to Paris,—the 30th of November 1801,—saw Bonaparte, was treated with hypocritical kindness, till it was at length deemed time to drop the mask, and make the peremptory demand that Reding should consent to divide the authority with the heads of the opposite party.—Reding returned with this answer, and in the consciousness that all opposition must be fruitless, punctually obeyed the command.—Six Members of the Republican Party were immediately added to the Senate, and the office of Second Landamman created to admit a Chief of that party.

Who would not have thought that Bonaparte was now satisfied?—Not at all.—It was resolved at Paris that Reding should be destroyed, and that Switzerland should not be independent, even in appearance. On the 13th of April, 1802, the Senate had adjourned its sittings for eight days, to celebrate the Easter Festival, and Reding suspecting nothing, had set off to his family in a distant place. The chief authority for the interim, was entrusted to the Select Committee, and by the imprudent departure of one or two of the Old Swiss Party, the whole power was in the hands of the opposite faction.—They availed themselves of this unexpected conjuncture,—reversed every thing that had been done towards forming the constitution of the 29th of May.—Having done this, they adjourned the Senate *sine die*, “till it should please the Secret Committee to assemble it again.”

It might have appeared doubtful from what quarter this revolution was effected, had not the French Resident Minister rendered this doubt impossible, by a letter congratulating them, “that

they had made so wise a use of their legislative power.”

The assembly of 47, convened by the select Committee, met at the appointed time, *i. e.* within one fortnight after their summons, and being all in the French party, accepted the Constitution of May 29th, which had been formerly rejected by the Diet of the nation.—Reding, and the true Swiss Party, in vain remonstrated; by a daring artifice, which had been frequently and successfully practised during the French Revolution, their protests were considered as resignations, their seats declared vacant, and others of the victorious party elected immediately in their place.

Switzerland now rose in one general insurrection against this infamous faction, which had thus seized the Government, and imposed its own will as a Constitution. The true Swiss Party prevailed, and effected a second return to the old order of things. The Convocation of the Diet at Schweitz completed and confirmed this their beloved Constitution,—*i. e.* a Constitution which with a due consideration of the change of times and circumstances, preserved as much as was possible of their ancient federal and individual Government. This Revolution occurred in September, 1802, making three Revolutions in one year.

It was now that Bonaparte discovered his good faith, and honourable observance of the treaty of Luneville. The French army was ordered to march into this independent country,—to march for what? to imprison the Diet,—to impose the constitution of the Select Committee,—to levy a contribution of 600,000 livres,—to seize the strong posts of the country. Such, added to the general disarmament of the whole nation, were the object and effects of this flagitious invasion, this direct violation of the treaty of Luneville. The Convocation of the Swiss nation met again at Schweitz, and with the simplicity and dignity of virtue, under uncontrollable misfortune, resigned their power, and submitted, according to the language of the Protest on the occasion, to the force of foreign arms, which, contrary to the treaty of Luneville, had invaded their country, and imposed upon them a law which they were unable to resist. Such was the French faith with regard to those articles in the treaty of Luneville, which guaranteed the independence of Switzerland.

S. With regard to Italy, it would be an injustice to this subject of importance to enter upon it at present.—We shall resume it in our next Number.* If the spirit of the French Government is to be collected from any thing, it is from its conduct to all the governments of Europe in the interval of the treaty of Luneville and the commencement of the present war.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

FASHIONS

For SEPTEMBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

GALA FASHIONS IN AUGUST.

PLATE I. FIG. 1.—PLAIN MUSLIN DRESS.

Plain Muslin Dress a walking length; bodice of white sarsnet, cut low, and ornamented in the back; a hollow roll of muslin round the armhole; a scarf of coloured sarsnet, thrown over one shoulder, and only confined by the hands, as they fall naturally to secure it; a shirt of patent net, gathered into a deep standing frill of lace; sarsnet cap the same as the scarf, with lace border put on plain, and formed into a rose in front; bow, with long ends, on the left side; straw-coloured gloves and shoes.

FIG. 2.—A WALKING DRESS.

A Walking Dress of India muslin, with double flounce round the bottom; spenser waist, trimmed round the back and down the sides to correspond, the front made high and gathered in the centre of the bosom into a long gold broach; the throat covered with a sort of stock, with a frill of lace on the top; a straw hat of the turban form, turned up, deep before and behind, and bending downwards on the sides with a narrower curve; gloves, shoes, and parasol, of silver grey.

PARISIAN SUMMER FASHIONS.

PLATE II. FIG. 1.—FULL DRESS.

A round train dress of Moravian worked muslin, with correspondent border, worn over white satin; white satin sash, tied in front; long waist, with robing back; round bosom, cut low, embroidered border round; no neckerchief; a short full sleeve, gathered into a puckered roll the size of the arm; the hair parted near the forehead, the front in close curls, divided from that which forms the crown by a tiara of frost-work studded with antique medallions in the centre, the rest of the hair formed into various horizontal braids,

twisted into a knot on the crown of the head, and fastened with a gold comb, the ends formed into curls; necklace and ear-rings of amethysts, linked with wrought gold; India muslin scarf, richly embroidered with an embroidery of purple and gold; white satin shoes; and white kid gloves.

FIG. 2.—EVENING WALKING DRESS.

Plain muslin dress, a walking length, a ribband laid flat round the bottom; a patent net apron, with an embroidered border in stars, and a lace put full all round; the bosom of the dress cut rather low, and a full plaiting of net all round; a short sleeve rather full, confined with a plaited band of muslin the size of the arm; a small straw hat, a little turned up on one side, no rim on the other, but the vacancy occupied by field-flowers, or roses; a band of yellow sarsnet is passed under the chin, and tied in a bow on the top of the crown; no hair is seen but on the sides; a half square of lilac muslin, embroidered with a border of laurel leaves in white, is thrown negligently round the neck, and confined simply with the right hand; necklace and ear-rings of pearl; gloves of yellow kid, tied above the elbow with a bow of lilac ribband; sandals of the same, laced with lilac; lilac ribband round the waist, and tied with a small bow and long ends behind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

Our fair correspondents will be aware that at this season of the year, there is little necessity, or opportunity for a lengthened description of full dress. The retirement of many of our fashionable women to their country seats, where an elegant simplicity of attire takes place of

splendour, or to watering-places, where a sort of equilibrium between the former and the latter, is considered as the criterion of a good taste, will confine us more immediately to that style of costume which by many is considered as the most becoming garb in which our fair countrywomen can be exhibited.

There is a sort of interesting negligence in a well-chosen half-dress, which attracts more than the eye. The brilliancy of full dress, with all its splendid decorations, will dazzle by its lustre; it is the studied ornament which has custom and rule for its guide; and is often necessarily adopted in conformity to some established law, and to keep up that nice distinction of order in a community which is the regular and separating quality in politics and morals.

But in the half dress, which is only methodized by the taste and elegance of the wearer, you read something of the real character, and a penetrating observer will trace many of the properties of the mind and of the heart. "Show me a lady's dressing-room," says an author well acquainted with human nature, "and I will tell you what manner of person she is;" surely then a more decisive opinion may be formed from the general attire of a female.

After these remarks, it is but justice to observe, that the majority of our present race of females need not shrink from the scrutinizing eye of enquiry on this head; for in looking back to the various habits of their predecessors, we cannot but acknowledge their improvement in simplicity and elegance.

Never was there a period which exhibited a greater variety of female decoration; and it is almost as difficult to find a costume to condemn, as to describe that to which we give a decided preference. Our general observation of style and effect, differs little from the communications of last month. Short dresses continue as a morning habilliment. They are either made high in the neck with collars or ruffs; or cut low, and worn with an embroidered shirt of the same. The shirt handkerchief is now invariably worn without a collar, by those females whose throats will bear exposition; the shirt, however, sets close round the throat, and is finished either with a border of needle-work, or a plaiting of net. Dress gowns are made with long trains, and generally high in the bosom, so as to preclude the necessity of a handkerchief. The perfectly square fronts prevail over every other; and are particularly becoming to a round well-made bust. The backs are still very low, and the shoulders quite exposed, except where the ever graceful veil falls tastefully from the head which it ornaments, and, kindly considerate, casts over them the shade of modesty. The long

sleeve of worked muslin, or spider net, is sometimes worn in an evening, but the short sleeve is more general, as well as more consistent; they are worn rather more full on the top than formerly, and are sometimes looped up almost behind with broaches of various descriptions, at other times so short as to admit a falling of lace. We have observed the sash adopted lately by many *élégantes*, some flowing from the edge of the waist behind, others tied with a small bow in front, and the ends of the ribband put into a sort of tassel of floss silk, formed like a tube, and finished with a cone, or round button, of the same, which passes through, and is suspended from it. The Gipsy cloak still retains its place in the estimation of our fashionable females, but the ribband is not, as formerly, passed through the hem, but is now laid flat all round; and is generally of the changeable, or mistake ribband. The spenser *à la Turk*, as described in our last Number, is much worn in a morning. The coloured silk bonnet, formed of handkerchiefs, are very general, as are those of sarsnet, covered with leno, or muslin; these are mostly of the turban, or Minerva shape. Caps of lace, muslin, or spider net, are much in vogue; they are worn either with a plaiting of net round, which is often continued under the chin, a flower is sometimes introduced in front, or on the side; the mob cap is on the decline.

The coloured tambour, or shawl bordering, is making rapid advances in the sphere of fashion; when attached to a printed dress, the latter ornament must ever be considered as a redundant and vulgar addition, but a border of tambour or embroidery in well-chosen and well-arranged colours, on cambric muslin, or even a delicate printed border on plain jacquet, or mull muslin, has an animated and pleasing effect. We are led to believe that this last mentioned decoration will be generally adopted in the winter, as also white and coloured bugle trimmings.

The Turkish robe of lavender coloured sarsnet, is a very new and elegant habit; it is lined with white, and has a plaiting of net round a falling collar, continued down the sides of the robe, which flows open, and discovers a chemisette of the same material as that of which the robe is formed. Straw hats are not so distinguishing an ornament as formerly; those of the gipsy and double turban form are the only ones admitted by females of the *haut ton*. Bouquets are but partially adopted, and are never seen but on women of taste; we could wish to observe this simple and native ornament more prevalent; a rose, a sprig of geranium, myrtle, or jessamine, either separate, or blended, has a most lively effect, and attracts by its simplicity. Large silk shawls have been seen on many of our women of

fashion; they were lately the distinguishing ornament of two young brides, celebrated for their rank and beauty; who wore them thrown over one shoulder, and the contrary end brought under the opposite arm, and flowing in a kind of Grecian fold over a dress of white muslin. These elegant and interesting females wore their hair in simple curls on the forehead; the one had a diamond brooch in front, and a comb to correspond; the other wore the comb only. The pea blossom of foil is a new and attractive ornament, it is generally worn in front of the hair, or on the side of the temple over the left eye. We observe very few females with plain bands of hair, they are now relieved with a few curls; the common mode of wearing the hair is by parting it near the forehead; and that which ornaments the back of the head is twisted in the form of a cable, or formed into a small bow, and fastened with a diamond, pearl, or gold comb; the velvet band is often seen, and ornaments of various kinds. Shoes and gloves of Melbourn brown, dove-colour, or straw. The prevailing colours are lavender blossom, pink, yellow, and lemon. The mistake ribband is much used in trimmings on the gipsy cloak, or at the bottom of a plain muslin dress it has a particularly striking and pleasing effect. Work and lace is introduced in all parts of the dress; and the feathered border of tufted cotton, or lamb's wool, in colours, is quite a new invention, and is likely to become very prevalent.

LETTER ON DRESS.

MATILDA TO CAROLINE, FROM HER RESIDENCE
IN LONDON.

From the contents of my last letter, dear Caroline, you will doubtless be surprised at the date of this. But as I am yet only a pupil of fashion, I am not much shocked at being seen in London in the middle of August. What a contrast to the beautiful, soul animating scenery of Windsor Park. Since my last letter, I have passed a delightful three weeks in this enchanting spot with my fair friend and her enamoured spouse.—Yes, enamoured spouse, my dear Caroline; accuse me not, I beseech you, of either a vulgarism or a solecism, in forming these words into a compound epithet; I acknowledge it would not be at all times a consistent expression, but we are told, you know,—that wonders will never cease, that there is no rule without an exception, &c.; however this may be, I can now assure you, that were you to see the conduct of Lord George to Lady Louisa, you would, I think, relax a little of your severity in favour of husbands, or at least allow it possible for a bridegroom to remain enamoured three weeks after marriage.

My time passes, with this lovely and amiable pair, in the most pleasant way imaginable. Soon after our arrival at the country residence of Lord George, we received the complimentary visits of the neighbouring nobility and gentry; and we attended a few dinner parties prior to our trip to the metropolis, where we arrived on the tenth. Lord George having business of moment to transact with his solicitor, we shall be detained here a few days longer, when we are to proceed to some watering-place for the autumn.

Now I am sensible that my dashing little friend is running over this part of my letter with the utmost rapidity, in expectation that each succeeding line will commence with the fulfilment of my preliminary articles, and give her an insight into those little changes which have taken place in the fashionable world since my last. It is in pity only, my dear Caroline, to your misfortune in being doomed to vegetate the whole year round in the neighbourhood of a country town, that induces me to fulfil my task with any degree of cheerfulness. You tell me, however, that you do occasionally attend a dinner party at the Squire's and the Vicar's; and that owing to the fashionable intelligence contained in my last, you was allowed to be the most elegant dressed woman at the last Session ball. Now this is merely a little flattering finesse of my friends, a sort of complimentary coaxing, to induce me more willingly to aid you in the cruel intention of eclipsing the rival beauties of your neighbourhood at the ensuing county election. Ah! cruel and unconscionable friend! why, why so bent upon conquest which is seldom worthy the exercise of your artillery? If you must commence a siege, look out for the man of probity and honour, the man of integrity and worth; and then if (as is sometimes the case) an attractive external will lead such to investigate and acknowledge those amiable qualities which are (with all her little vanities) the property of my friend, I shall be happy in contributing my part, to render that external not only the magnet that attracts, but the loadstone which points out the sphere of merit.

Now then, dear Caroline, if you should have infringed on your next half-year's allowance, you will be pleased to hear that your gipsy cloak may still be considered as fashionable; but if, on the contrary, you have ready cash at command, and are inclined to provoke the envy and ill-nature of the surrounding Misses, purchase immediately about two yards of the finest worked leno, patent net, or muslin. Let it be ell or yard wide. Trim one end with a thread lace, put on easily full, from a nail to half a quarter deep. Bind, or lay a ribband flat on the reverse end, and the two sides, placing a floss tassel, of the tube form,

at those ends which are not finished with the lace. Let it be thrown over one shoulder, so that the corner, which have the tassels fall in drapery just below the knee. Bring the other end across the back, under the opposite arm; let it meet the other side of the scarf at the corner of the bosom, and fasten it with a diamond pin, or brooch.—Thus it forms the square front of your dress; and the end which is trimmed with lace sits close round the figure, and gives the appearance of a short wrap, while the other flows in loose negligence on the opposite side. This is an article entirely new; I have only seen it on one female, who was of high rank and beauty. It is the most distinguishing ornament, both for novelty and grace, displayed this season.

On the 12th of August, dear Caroline, I made one of the grotesque assembly, collected at Vauxhall Gardens, to commemorate the anniversary of the Prince of Wales's birth-day. Lord George dined out; but Lady Louisa's brother, with his friend Colonel N——, came in about half past nine, and persuaded us to accompany them to this crowded scene. We were vulgarly early; but I, who love to observe nature in her various gradations, and to contemplate characters as they differ from education, situation, or circumstances, found abundance of occupation for my cogitating powers. A little before twelve we were going to the carriage, being sufficiently gratified with the brilliant spectacle which the gardens exhibited, (and which was to me a new and splendid scene) and highly diverted with the numberless and all-devouring parties who had judiciously secured to themselves every vacant box, and were in the actual enjoyment of the good things of this life.

Here we saw a voracious city dame, whose high-led corpulency was a letter of recommendation to her husband's credit. There a race of happy-looking graziers, swaggering over a bowl of rack punch; thread and tape men, strutting in dashing consequence, with their opera-hats and canes; and foreign merchants drawing, on the credit of their characters, to entertain a ruinous tribe of extravagant Cyprians; while, possibly, some chaster object of their former love, (like Maria, in *George Barnwell*), were mourning over their sensual estrangement in secret sorrow.

Waiting a few moments near the grand entrance, while the barouche drove up, we observed the family carriages of the Viscounts E—— and M——, together with the equipages of some few Earls and Barons. This circumstance gave fresh animation to our party; we, therefore, joined that of Lady B——, and returned to the

scene of pleasure. A number of genteel people were now assembled; and we passed an hour in agreeable observation, and pleasant amusement.

The evening being damp from the preceding rain, the Turkish robe was worn by many fashionable women. The veil was also prevalent; but the head-dress, which most attracted my attention, was formed of a half-square of net, with a rich tambour border; it was made to sit close to the crown of the head, showing the hair through, which was very smooth and bright. The ends of the handkerchief were brought from behind the ear-rings under the chin, and tied towards one side in a bow. A puffing of white or coloured ribband, very full, of an oval form, confined it immediately over the left eye. On the opposite side, the hair appeared in flat curls, and exhibited the border of the handkerchief to a becoming advantage.

The Flora cap is also very new, but of too singular a style to suit any but a very beautiful or very elegant woman, and is too fantastic to bear description.

Work is now let into dresses in the form of a wrap, rather than up the middle; broad white satin ribband is, however, introduced up the front, and in full dress has a very distinguishing effect.

Do not put the coloured bordering I sent you upon a cambric dress—it has a vulgar and heavy appearance. The muslin which best receives a coloured border, should not be clearer than a mull, nor thicker than a jaconet. The fashion for trinkets continues agreeable to my last description. The brooch, the necklace, and ear-rings, the armlet and bracelet, &c. all universal and various.

Adieu! *ma chere* Caroline! After having said thus much, I need not add more to assure you how sincerely and affectionately I am,

Yours,

Aug. 20, 1806.

MATILDA:

DIED

August 21st, in the forty-third year of her age, Mrs. ASPERNE, wife of Mr. JAMES ASPERNE, Bookseller in Cornhill, who, with two sons and six daughters, have deeply to lament their irreparable loss. She possessed as good a heart as ever inhabited the human breast; and the whole study of her life was to discharge faithfully the respective duties of wife and mother.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE, .

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE;

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable Portrait Likeness of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK, finely engraved after the Original Picture, by Sir WILLIAM BEECHY.
2. Four beautiful whole length Figures of Fashions for October, viz —the DUCHESS OF ROXBOROUGH's Full Dress and Half Dress, as worn by her Grace on her late nuptials; also a Full Parisian Court Dress and Walking Dress.
3. An Original Song, set to Music expressly for this Work, by Mr. DAVY.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS,

WITH whatever favours we may be honoured by Juvenis, the signature he desires shall certainly be affixed to it.

The Analysis of Mr. Jefferys' attack upon the Prince of Wales, and the Confutation of his Charge, even upon the grounds of his own reasoning, a favour for which we acknowledge ourselves indebted to our Correspondent L. C. is earnestly recommended to the careful perusal of our readers.—The sobriety and delicacy with which the question is argued, so different from the unmeaning flippancy and scurrility with which it has heretofore been treated, can not fail of their full impression upon every candid and polished mind.

We acknowledge ourselves highly indebted to the Correspondent who has favoured us with a First Essay, towards forming a “Philosophical Grammar upon all Sciences,” for the instruction of the Female World in the higher branches of education.—This was the original and leading feature of our plan, and we hope to see it completed.

Our readers will perceive, from an article on Music, which appears in our present Number, that we have committed this department of our work to very able hands, and that it will henceforward be treated in a manner at once original and instructive,

The Encyclopædia of Beauty will appear in our next.

To many of our Correspondents who are perpetually sending us (with sufficient kindness indeed on their parts) flippant Tales, Novels, Essays, &c. we beg leave to remark, that such writings and such styles do not fall within the design of this Work; the intention of which is to form the Female mind and character, and, uniting the useful and instructive, to become the vehicle of those elegancies of dress, manners, and literature,—the grace of the body, and what may as properly be called the grace of the mind. We invite, therefore, a superior class of readers; and we hope we may add, without offence, either a superior class of writers, or superior efforts in those who favour us.

To our Poetical Correspondents we likewise beg leave to observe, that no Poetry, but of a very high quality indeed, can obtain admission into this Work,



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUTCHESS OF YORK.

and printed by J. W. P. 1840. See notice to the public.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For SEPTEMBER, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Eighth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

FREDERICA CHARLOTTA ULRICA, wife of his Royal Highness Frederick, the present Duke of York, is descended from the Blood Royal of Prussia, and sister to the reigning Prince of those realms. She was the eldest daughter of the late King of Prussia, by his Majesty's first consort, Elizabeth Christina Ulrica, Princess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, and was the only offspring of that union.

Her Royal Highness was born May 7th, 1767; and educated, under the eye of her mother, in those strict principles of the Protestant faith which govern the Ecclesiastical Constitution of Prussia. She had been seen by the Duke of York, in an excursion which he made abroad some few years previous to their union. His Royal Highness, in his German tour, had paid a visit to the Court of Berlin, and had there imbibed those elements of military knowledge which prevail in the school of the Great Frederick. He had, at that period, formed an attachment for the Princess Royal of Prussia, who then shone in the full splendour of her beauty, and whose numerous accomplishments, and many

mild and amiable virtues, were the common theme of admiration.—There was not, however, at this time an opportunity of cementing the union; but, in the summer of the year 1791, his Royal Highness again visited the Court of Prussia; and, by consent of his Royal Parents, demanded the Princess in marriage. The preliminaries were soon settled, and upon the 29th of September in the same year, the ceremony of marriage was performed in the presence of the Royal Family of Prussia, and the principal ministers of state.

We understand that it was stipulated in the preliminaries, on the part of the King of Prussia, that his Royal Highness the Duke of York should, upon no failure whatever of issue in the royal line of the present family, assert any claim upon the throne of Prussia. This exclusion, which was reasonable enough, was readily assented to.

Their Royal Highnesses left Berlin upon the 27th of October, and arrived at Hanover on the 28th. Having spent some weeks in Germany, they conti-

nued their tour to England, where they arrived on the latter end of the ensuing month.

The ceremony of a re-marriage in this kingdom between the Duke and Duchess of York, according to the ritual of our church, was rendered necessary by the Royal Marriage Act, 12 Geo. III. cap. 11. sect. 1. which directs, "That his Majesty's consent shall not only pass the Great Seal, but shall also be set out in the licence and register of marriage." His Majesty's consent did pass the great seal previous to the marriage at Berlin, but the latter direction of the statute could be complied with in this country only; for our archbishop could not have granted a licence for the marriage at Berlin, nor can a marriage be registered but in the parish or place where it is solemnized.

This ceremony took place on Wednesday, November 23, at the Queen's House.

When the marriage, of his Royal Highness was announced to Parliament, a more splendid provision was immediately voted to him, and an honourable settlement made upon his illustrious consort.

Since her marriage her Royal Highness has mostly resided at her favourite villa of Oatlands, which she has decorated in a style of most exquisite simplicity and taste. The Grotto, which has grown to its present elegance chiefly under her Royal Highness's hands, is reckoned one of the principal curiosities in this kingdom, and perhaps in any part of the world. It is constructed with no less taste than magnificence; and notwithstanding the great expence it has occasioned, every thing about it is simple and unostentatious.— This celebrated Grotto, which may truly

be said to surpass the fabled residence of a Calypso, or the Fairy Queen of Spencer, is estimated to have cost a sum not less than fifty thousand pounds.

Her Royal Highness has very condescendingly opened it for public inspection, every Sunday evening during the summer season. It is shewn, free of all expence, to the visitants, and a servant, who should dare to receive any money, would instantly be discharged.

Her Royal Highness has established many charity schools at Oatlands and in the neighbourhood, and her humanity and tenderness for the poor are the theme of all who approach her.

Her Royal Highness's stature is somewhat below the common height, and her figure elegantly formed in proportionate delicacy and slightness. Her countenance has so far the best beauty, that it is made to win tenderness, esteem, and affection. Her complexion is exquisitely fair, and the bloom with which it is enlivened is rather a tint appearing through the skin, than that sort of colour which seems to exist in it. Her hair is light, and her eye-lashes are long and nearly white, resembling those of our Royal Family, to whom, indeed, she is not much unlike in features. Her eyes are blue, and of uncommon brilliancy.

Her character is in every respect amiable and virtuous. Her accomplishments are those which adorn her sex, and though not attached to the fine arts as a student, she is nevertheless a skillful amateur. The general tone of her mind is equable and serene, and she is most ambitious of the reputation of domestic virtues.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE UTILITY OF PUBLIC CENSURE BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

"WHERE a man's vices only hurt himself, and terminate in his own person, there we have no right to publish them, because we can answer no good end thereby; but where they affect, or may affect others, it is our duty to warn as many as we think proper, a due regard being had to our own safety. Only let us take this caution along with us—before we endeavour to undeceive others, let us be sure we are not deceived ourselves"—*New Whole Duty of Man*.

As one of the most excellent uses of knowledge consists in the proper and impartial application of it with a view to promote the general, the truest, and the most durable interests of mankind, so the most salutary advantages of public censure consist in the effect it is calculated to produce by lessening the number of crimes, weakening the force of bad examples, and preventing the repetition of such conduct as, with justice to the world, safety to ourselves, and respect to society, it is necessary publicly to reprobate and condemn. When public censure is thus applied it is difficult to assign any other reason for the condemnation of it than that which arises from the feelings of those who are not insensible to its application, or wholly uninterested in the fate or patronage of those to whom it may apply. Whatever may be the remarks and observations of a writer on modes of conduct which bears hard on society, and are contrary to the plainest rules of rectitude, of common honesty, and of common sense, he should be careful so to submit them to the consideration of the world, that they may be as acutely felt by the offending parties as clearly understood by the world at large. Should a specification of crimes lead in any way to a discovery of persons, the fault, in this case, rests not with the censor, but with the parties by whom the respective offences were committed. And it appears but just that those who daringly, however craftily, attempt to impose on others, should enjoy the full share of that credit in the world which their conduct richly entitles them to. If a public censor is just he represents no character worse than he finds them; if he is generous he represents none so bad as they really are.

When a cap that is presented by a censor is so constructed as to fit a variety of heads, and to produce uneasiness in all whom it fits, it is a

convincing proof that it was neither prepared nor presented before the interests of society absolutely required it. It is no part of the business of a censor to cut up characters; it is fully sufficient for all the purposes of public good that he relates, without malice and without exaggeration, what absolute and undeniable facts oblige him to notice. A character that is faithfully delineated undergoes no alteration in the representation; it is, in itself, neither the worse nor the better for being known. When, however, the duty of a censor is discharged with fidelity, pretenders to charity may reward with hypocrisy the zeal of humanity; but as the love of mankind is inconsistent with the practice of deceit, the exposure of the latter may fairly be considered as a proof of the salutary operation of the former.

When, indeed, the charge of hypocrisy is permitted to be levelled with impunity against those who publicly reprobate practices that, infolded in deceit, are inimical to the general good, the contagion of vice must be expected to become general, and its influence, in many respects, uncontrollable. As when the feebleness of nature supersedes the vigour of exertion, the challenge of indolence and indifference must be cruel and unjust; so when the bravery of truth supersedes the secrecy of fraud the challenge of hypocrisy and pride must be daring and presumptuous. To society none of the vices to which we are exposed are so odious in their nature, so malignant in their operations, so dangerous in their progress, nor so alarming in their effects, as the vice of deceit; but deceit opposed by hypocrisy is satan casting out satan. To be free himself from the faults which he condemns in others, should be the first and principal care of a censor; without this qualification he wounds none so deeply as himself; and with it he merits the applause of every friend to virtue and religion.

Writers on morality and religion never appear in a light less favourable than when they attempt to mould and refine general rules to answer particular purposes. Whenever attempts of this kind are made, the fallacies and inconsistencies which await them are too absurdly conspicuous to require refutation. The same conduct that induces them to censure with unjustifiable severity any attempts that may be made to disarm mischief of its power, and defeat of its sting,

where those attempts are inimical to their interests, their connections, or their expectations, or to the interests, the connection, and expectations of their family, their friends, their neighbours, or their acquaintances, will, with equal zeal, marked approbation, and voluntary applause, induce them unequivocally to countenance and commend the very same line of conduct when it is applicable to those only whose tenets are of a description different from their own, and from whom, and with whom, they are in other respects totally estranged and unconnected. By characters of this description the beneficial purposes of censure are counteracted and misapplied, and the decisions of judgment superseded by the influence of interest, the prospect of patronage, the prejudice of envy, the instigation of malice, the gloom of disappointment, or the force of inclination. Too frequently we dream we are virtuous only because detection hath fortunately omitted to stamp on our conduct the signature of disgrace. Trifling, indeed, is our adherence to principle, cold and feeble our exertions in the cause of virtue, when, by professions of charity and of tenderness, we cease to countenance, to acknowledge, and enforce the jurisdiction of virtue in the mind, the controul of religion on the heart, or the necessity of truth and sincerity in the conduct of men.

The world is made up of characters dissimilar and incongruous; none without beauties, none without deformities. To a mind rightly formed, the display of the beauties of character is always pleasing, always amiable, always gratifying; the promulgation of its deformities is always painful, but occasionally necessary. But for such promulgation individuals and society may be injured in a variety of instances far more atrociously than by what the law considers either as a fraud or a robbery; and the principal benefit that can be expected to arise from the publicity of vice, is its restraining and correcting influence on those who are fraudulently or viciously disposed, added to its peculiar tendency to awaken to a sense of common danger and gross imposition, and to a spirit of speedy exertion and indefatigable caution, the innocent, the inexperienced, and the unsuspicious. When accurate narratives of facts in which the interests of the community, the property of individuals, and the justice and welfare of society are deeply involved, and by which the defects of all legal institutions are recognized and felt, are faithfully represented, and such representations are pointed out as being obnoxious to the genuine principles of Christianity and common honesty, and inconsistent with the duties of a rational being, it cannot but be inferred that bare statements of vice, founded on facts, are more atrociously offensive than real acts

of criminality. How far this doctrine will hold good in divinity I shall not at this moment presume to enquire; should it in the eye of reason, be considered as sound logic, the inference will exhibit the perpetrators of crimes in a much less unamiable point of view than those who record them on the page of history or morality, as warnings to some, and benefits to all men. When the salutary exposure of vice, and the proper reprobation of deceit, shall be found to give way to sentiments of pretended delicacy, counterfeited tenderness, and refined politeness, and when the precepts of Christianity shall be urged as a cloak for fraud and the tyranny of power, and the chicanery of learning shall give laws to the language of truth and the voice of humanity, liberty and religion, virtue and harmony must soon retire from the abodes of refinement to inhabit the purer air of an unadulterated atmosphere. When the enemies of deceit are crowned with the badge of hypocrisy, vice will be rescued from the mansions of privacy by the smile of approbation, and released from the penalty of shame and the punishment of contempt, by the suffrage of sophistry.

The use of public censure is to restrain and deter men from the commission of such crimes and impositions as the legislature cannot legally punish with impunity; or, in the words of an anonymous writer of uncommon excellence, it "is not only beneficial to the world, as giving alarm against the designs of an enemy dangerous to all social intercourse, but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive to others, of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy."

Censure, properly directed and enforced, makes no disclosure; it only exhibits and comments on what is already known; it attacks the vice independent of the person; but where there is a connection that is recognised, felt, and understood, the attachment and the application can neither be avoided nor prevented.

Censure is calculated not only for the use and advantage of the present age, but for succeeding generations; its salutary influence is confined to no particular individual; and the punishment it inflicts is equally severe on all who are guilty of the enormities it condemns; it bespeaks a silent and incontestible respect for truth and for virtue to find men seriously displeased with a view of their own likeness, when in those likenesses they cannot but discover their own deformities. The primary and most general admission of vice is through the channel of deceit; it is therefore necessary for the good of society, and for the harmony and welfare of mankind, that this channel should be as clearly pointed out, and all its angles and its bearings, its sound-

ings and its windings, its sands and its shoals as accurately taken, and as minutely described as the knowledge, the talents, the experience, the skill, and the judgment of moral, religious, and rational pilotism will permit. The general peace and safety of society requires this; the permanent happiness of domestic life demands it; the support of the dignity of the clerical, and of all professional characters authorizes it; the general security for the proper regulation of conduct in every situation in life justifies it; and the practice of the inspired writers of every description may be adduced as undeniable precedents and assurances of its general salutary efficacy and moral and religious utility.

All censure which is not intended as a tax on men for being eminent, must and ought to be considered as a punishment on them for being vicious. And even in this respect it is administered with a hope, and an intention, that it may operate more as an example to deter others, and even the parties concerned, from mal-practices in future, than as a rod peculiarly prepared for the back of a particular offender.

Practices which the law cannot reach, may often times be within the power of the pen to remedy and correct. In public life shame has a powerful effect, and it is certain that there can not exist a more impotent creature than a knave convict. Without the efficacy of the pen the advantages of wisdom, of learning, of knowledge, of observation and experience, would be frequently in a very great degree useless and futile; but when this instrument is employed on the side of religion, of virtue, and of truth, the character it obtains in the world is never likely to counteract the plan of its operations. Weak indeed must be the mind of that writer who can permit the unmerited censure of a partial, an inconsiderate, and mistaken judge, to arrest his career in the general exposure of vice. A fear of the application and subsequent consequence to particular persons of any enormities that public censure may lead to an exposure of, should rather be adduced and impressed as an argument in favour of the absolute necessity of the practice than advanced as an objection to it; it is the duty, and the most substantial and permanent interest, of each individual in society, so to conduct himself that no such exposure may in any way affect his character, injure his reputation, wound his feelings, awaken any unpleasant reflections in his mind, or disturb his repose.

Public censure is abused when it is applied to conduct that is only equivocal, to characters that are only doubtful, or in a way that is indirect and unmanly. Public censure should ever be open to public reproof; supported by truth it

should be secure from refutation, and alive to forgiveness. Animated by principle it should be firm in the condemnation of vice and fraud, and alert in the discovery of the revival of virtue; warmed with a generous indignation at the discovery of every secretly studied attempt to impose on the community, it should be manfully prepared to meet with fortitude, to resist with valour, and to repel with vigour, the reproaches of the guilty, the revenge of the malicious, and the assaults of the envious. To be useful it must be felt; to be just it must be generous; it must conceal what is most odious when a disclosure is only calculated to justify the censor; the severity of its remarks must be attached to conduct alone; and when that has happily experienced a change, the lash of censure will cease to be felt; or if felt, its utility will justify the feeling, and welcome the restoration or conversion it may accomplish. True censure is pointed at crimes, not at persons; vices are its objects, but as vices are referable to agents, the application when made is by adverting to facts and not to words; where the former apply not, the latter are dead letters without efficacy and without meaning. To minds free from disease just censure occasions no pain; to hearts free from deceit the charge of hypocrisy must occasion smiles of pity rather than sentiments of regret. Accusations that truth cannot support condemnation cannot realize; rash judgment is no unusual symptom of mental weakness, of indolence of investigation, incompetency of information, or partiality of decision. The labour of enquiry is retarded by fatigue, and the prepossessions of prejudice are strengthened by delay. Opinions of characters founded on the experience of many years, are, not unfrequently sacrificed to please the favourites of a day, to strengthen the influence of interest, or gratify a thirst for popularity. Great is the number of those who write rather to please than instruct, and to amuse rather than enlighten; morality is sacrificed for profit, sincerity for politeness, wisdom for novelty, virtue for fashion, and religion for pleasure.

To brand sincerity with hypocrisy is a custom of so ancient a date that no merit can be attached to the revival of it; it is a practice that can be adopted without labour, and without ingenuity; its success depends neither on talents nor knowledge; it is within the reach of all capacities, and within the grasp of all conceptions; the ignorance and the inexperience of youth, the infirmities and the imbecilities of age, are as fully capable of performing this work of love as those in whom are united all the vigour of manhood, all the energies of knowledge, and all the advantages of wisdom. It is at all times so easy erro-

neously to state what is clear, purposely to censure what is commendable, and invidiously to doubt what will admit of no denial, that we are oftentimes at a loss to account for the sentiments and decisions of mankind on points that admit of no difficulties, and that give rise to no doubts, even where perspicuity itself daringly affixes to error the force of truth, and the assurance of conviction; but reproof has no sting where vice has no countenance, and censure has no venom where deceit has no existence.

Those who are disposed to question the propriety and utility of public censure in consequence of the probability of its being capable of being personally or pointedly applied, under a supposition that the practice is contrary to the pure principles and precepts of genuine Christianity, and the benevolent spirit of universal love, would do well not only to study our Saviour's sermons, but to advert to his example. The love of mankind induced even him to publish vices in a way that brought reproaches on himself. He even particularizes the impositions he condemns, and the practices he reprobates, in so pointed a manner that the proper application of his public censures could not but be felt and understood. In the breast of one of the lawyers who heard him it awakened feelings that proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the censure thus publicly delivered was as severely felt as it was judiciously directed. "Master, thus saying thou reproachest us also." This accusation of reproach produced an effect which the lawyer was not prepared to expect. Galled with the keenness and severity of the remark that preceded the accusation he had made, in which the prevalence and mischief of deceit was pointed out in a manner the most refined, the most delicate, the most inimitable, and the most severe that could possibly be imagined, ("ye are as graves, which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them;") he could not conceal the displeasure he felt. With him, however, the proof of innocence consisted not in the expression of anger; on the challenge of reproach awaited a statement of facts, exhibiting an explicit detailed exposure and condemnation of particular vices which had before been only alluded to in a more general and less direct man-

ner. Such a procedure on the part of the great teacher of religion and morality, could not but convince the irritated lawyer that had he received the first censure with silent submission he would not have subjected himself to the mortifying reflection of witnessing a recital of facts which only proved that he had been much less severely treated than he deserved. Here then was united justice and generosity, truth and publicity, censure and charity, and a publicly pointed reprobation of vice, fraud, imposition, and deceit, with a real and dignified love of, and a sincere fellow-feeling for all mankind.

The frailties, the defects, and the infirmities of men should never, but on very extraordinary occasions indeed, be made the subject of either public or private censure. Every enquiry into the inmost recesses of our own hearts will strongly call for tenderness in this respect from every one. And should there be occasion at any time to advert to the momentary cowardice of a Peter, or to the temporary mistaken zeal of a Paul, the task ought ever to be confined to the hand, and entrusted to the care of a master; for where the heart is not evidently depraved, and falsehood and deceit are not made the vehicles of vice, fraud, and imposition, there the man is entitled to all the tenderness that love, generosity, and benevolence can possibly conceive, exercise, or bestow.

As I prefaced these observations with, and introduced them to the eye of my readers by the assistance of an extract from the *New Whole Duty of Man*, so I shall close them with another extract from the same work.

"Deliberate or contrived frauds is in itself a crime of the deepest malignity, and of the most pernicious consequence, a sin which tends to destroy all human society, all trust and confidence among men, all justice and equity which is the support of the world, and without which no society of men can subsist. And the breaking through this obligation by a deliberate fraud, is of all other sins one of the most open defiance of conscience, and the most wilful opposition to right reason that can be imagined."

L. C

STRICTURES ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER AND WRITINGS

ANACREON MOORE;

WITH AN ANALYTICAL REVIEW OF HIS LAST PUBLICATION ENTITLED
"EPISTLES."

[Continued from Page 349.]

THE sea being a net of smiles, is to us perfectly incomprehensible:

"Entangled in its net of smiles,

"So fair a group of Elfin isles."

Elfin isles appears to us as bad an epithet as pigmy isles; it is a personal and not a local diminutive.

"I felt as if the scenery *there*,"

Where? what does this "there" refer to? The poet describes himself as if present, and yet employs this word of distance. The lines beginning "Twas one of those delicious nights," are picturesque and vigorous, and continue so through two stanzas.

In the poem which follows this "Dream of Antiquity," the author bids farewell to his favourite island Bermudas; and in a note thus speaks of the Bermudian girls; as we allow him a supreme judge, and willingly abide by his opinion as to female beauty, we here quote it:

"The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their looks and manner which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *amante*, seems very much the character of the young Bermudan girls,—that pre-disposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness which never fails to fascinate."

His farewell lines are spirited and not inelegant:—

"Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom

"Of the lemon and myrtle its alleys perfume,

"May Spring to eternity bellow the shade

"Where Ariel has warbled, and Waller has strayed;

"And thou, when at dawn thou shalt happen to roam

"Through the lime-covered alley that leads to thy home,

"Oh think of the past, give a sigh to those times,

"And a blessing for me to that alley of limes."

Mr. Moore, in a note to these lines, falls into an error with regard to the name of this island. He says that from the name of the discoverer it should be properly spelt and pronounced *Bermuda*. Now if the island were discovered by *Bermudez*, a Spaniard, its present name *Bermudas*, or *Bermudez' Island*, is certainly its most suitable appellation; but this is, in truth, of little consequence. We know not what to make of the following lines:

"Oh magic of love, unembellished by you,

"Has the garden a blush, or the herbage a hue,

"Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art

"Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart."

What is a blooming prospect in art? Do we say that a temple blooms, or that a church looks verdant? The word "pearliest" is not English, Mr. Moore is the first who ever used it. "A bloom of delight" is cant.

In this, as in many of his other poems, Mr. Moore, in common with many others of our present poets, has shown a disposition for coining words suited to his purpose, that is to say, suited to his rhyme. The characteristic of our language is its strength, which enters even into the literal structure of our words. Thus, from our dislike to weak syllables, whenever the usual method of forming our adjectives would introduce feeble terminations, it has become the use of our best writers, *i. e.* the law of our language, either to form them in a different manner, or to substitute participles in their place. Thus the participle *blooming*, is used as an adjective when we want to express the quality of bloom; Mr. Moore, however, universally uses *bloomy*.

The poem which follows—"If I were yonder wave, my dear," is the best in the whole collection; the thought, suited to the general nature of the subject, is at once natural, elegant, and beautiful. We give this poem our most unqualified praise. The "Infant in Nea's arms," is less pleasing, but not without its merits. The "Snow Spirit" we do not understand, or at least the connection of it. This is followed by the poem beginning, "I stole along the flowery

bank," in which Mr. Moore displays his usual excellence in the amatory ode, and with an equal portion of his usual faults. Such words as sparry, bloomy, &c. are not legitimate; they will be found no where but in the strains of Rosa Matilda, and Laura Maria; they are an effeminate innovation on the natural dignity of our language. The author, moreover, appears particularly fond of blessing every thing. If the good Catholic in Sterne cursed every created thing, Mr. Moore, with more Christian charity, if not with more propriety, is equally universal in his blessings; he blesses his hammock, blesses his stars, and blesses the kingdoms; his lyre is blest, and his roses are blest; there is too much levity in this for a Christian poet. But Mr. Moore, perhaps, means as little by his blessings as he does by his oaths to his mistress. "The dimpled Child," is one of those unmeaning epithets of which we find too many in this poet. A sun-beam glancing a kiss is too *dilletantish* for good poetry, and it is still worse to make it tremble with bliss.

In the lines which follow this poem, entitled "On the loss of a Letter intended for Nea," the line

"In Fancy's fire dissolve away,"

is common-place; "wishes wild and dear," have no distinct meaning; "the worldly doubt, the caution cold," is prosaic, and the inversion of the adjective "cold" is inelegant. There is another instance of this a few lines forward, "promise bland;" surely Mr. Moore was not so put to it by his metre that he could find no better place for his adjectives. The poem on Vacancy which follows, has the same defects and the same merit, viz. a *prettyism* of thought, a manner which may be borne in this style of poetry, but is not tangible enough for the file of criticism.

"The Kiss a *Montique*," is very indifferent; the following lines are a good specimen of the whole:—

"Look, darling, what a sweet design,
"The more we gaze, it charms the more;
"Come, closer bring that cheek to mine,
"And trace with me its beauties o'er."

This is inanity with a vengeance; we will readily believe him if he should say that when he wrote these verses his head was as free from thought as his heart from care. This may excuse him to Nea, but the public is not his mistress.

This is followed by the "Epistle to J. Atkinson, from Bermuda."

"The day-light is gone, but before we depart
"Here's a brimmer of love to the friend of
my heart;

"To the friend, who himself is a chalice, a
bowl,
"In which Heav'n has pour'd a rich bumper
of soul."

"A brimmer of love" is as poor an image as we have ever met with, and "a bumper of soul" is, if possible, worse. "A calabash tree" does not sound amicably; "a luminous hour" is common-place; the thought, moreover, in the lines to which we allude is too obvious in itself, and is rendered still more weak by being dilated from a single epithet into an allegory,—

"—When the heart is in flower,
"And shoots from the lip under Bacchus' dew,
"In blossoms of thought ever springing and
new."

"Bacchus' dew" is conceit; "the heart is in flower" might have done, but to make the flower shoot, and to follow up the shoot to its cause in Bacchus' dew, is to convert an epithet into an allegory, and a very weak allegory.

"Love and Reason" has considerable merit. The three poems to Fanny, which follow it, are unmeaning. "The Snake" is better. The poem "Twas a new Keeling," is inanity itself. "Aspasia," is what Socrates would have blushed at. "The Dream of the Grecian Girl," is made up of such verses as follow:

"Quick to my heart I press'd the shell divine,
"And with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
"I kiss'd its chord, while every kiss
"Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
"Then soft to thee I touched the fervid lyre,
"Which told such melodies, such notes of fire,
"As none but chords that drank the burning
dews,
"Of kisses dear as ours could e'er diffuse."

If this be not emptiness we know not what emptiness is. What is meant by a *dewy* print impressed on a chord by a burning kiss? in short, what is meant by the whole, except that she kissed the chords of her lyre. And is this a thought to be hammered out into near twenty lines? We have to observe once for all, that even for an amatory poet, Mr. Moore is too fond of burning kisses; a kiss is to him what a *lyre* is to a counsel.

In the "Fragments of a Journal," the poet has fallen into an error, not very unfrequent, that of mistaking oddity for wit, and nonsense for humour. If wit be the connection of dissimilar ideas, and images apparently contradictory, the connection must be just and fanciful, it must be founded in truth and nature. Humour, as applied to a writer, consists, in the same manner, in the natural display of the ridiculous, it does

not consist in making himself ridiculous, he must not himself be both Bear and fiddle.

We shall now take our leave of Mr. Moore by endeavouring to sum up his merit as a poet.

From the peculiar taste of our country, a taste arising from our manners, we have made less progress in the attainment of elegance than of substantial excellence. Our writers on law and morals, and our poets of the higher order, bear the palm of the modern times; whilst in music we are confessedly inferior both to the French and Italians; and in the lighter species of poetry cannot enter into any comparison with the latter.

Of these lighter species of poetry the amatory is in the first rank. In this we are absolutely without a single poet. An ode, or a few verses here and there, by some of our best poets, is no exception to this remark, as it is still true in its general acceptance, that a Marini, a Metastasio, or a Petrarca, is not to be found on the roll of our English poets.

It seems to have been the ambition of Mr. Moore to supply this defect. So far he is entitled to our praise, as having chosen a peculiar walk for himself, and aiming at an originality which is the first step to excellence, and to which we have for nearly half a century been so little accustomed.

It is therefore as an amatory poet that Mr. Moore must be considered, and his merit is greater or less accordingly as he has attained the peculiar graces which constitute the excellence of this species of poetry.

Now the characteristics of this poetry are chiefly three:—

1. Simplicity in diction.
2. Grace in images.
3. An easy harmony in versification.

The simplicity in diction refers not only to the words, but to their arrangement in syntax. Poetry, from the necessity of its measure, requires some inversion of language, some distortion from the natural order, but amatory poetry requires that this inversion should be the very least possible. Simple diction, and a simple structure of sentences and their members, is essential to the ease and grace which is the chief characteristic of this poetry. But the qualities of simple diction, ~~that~~ the words should be those of common life, i. e. not technical, not abstract, not philosophical. The errors into which the pursuit of this simplicity may lead are—vulgarity, colloquial barbarisms, and terms trivial, unmeaning, and indistinct.

It must be confessed by the warmest admirers of Mr. Moore, that, in the course of our criticism, we have pointed out many defects in this point of simplicity. He occasionally employs words which are very far distant from simplicity, such

as compound and even technical words; he is particularly fond of such words as exquisite, extatic, essential, &c. all of which are not only words merely prosaic, but would be exceptionable in point of simplicity even in pure prose. We perhaps do not say too much when we assert, that simplicity of diction requires a peculiar and literal composition of the words, but this we will venture to say without fear of contradiction, that short words, in point of simplicity as well as harmony, are preferable to long words, and words uncompounded to words compounded. In the verses of Waller, the best model in this kind of poetry, it will be difficult to find any exception to this rule; he seems carefully to have weeded his lines, and accordingly his poems will be found almost wholly composed of dissyllables.

As Mr. Moore's diction thus errs upon the part of simplicity, so in other places the pursuit of simplicity seems to have led him into all the defects of its excess. He is not indeed frequently vulgar, but we have produced many instances in which his terms are trivial, unmeaning and indistinct.

Mr. Moore appears to us equally deficient in the second requisite of the amatory ode.

Imagery is the life and spirit of poetry; without it, it drops dead-born into the world.—Imagery, defined according to metaphysical exactness, is the representation of abstract ideas by their substantive resemblances; it embodies the abstract idea in the most pleasing image in which it finds it to exist as a concrete, and thus substitutes a visible picture for that faint ideal representation which exists in the mind not only with regard to ideas purely abstract, but such as approach to abstraction.

Imagery, however, as more practically defined, consists in fanciful similitudes, in the exchange of one idea, or even image, for another, in a substitution which at once enforces and illustrates, at once gives new beauty to the original idea, and presents it to the mind in a fuller point of view. In this point of light metaphor has the effect of a magnifying glass, which renders the object of its view more conspicuous by enlarging its dimensions. Thus, in metaphor, the original idea is represented under a form in which its action is stronger and, of course, more conspicuous than in itself.

This quality of metaphors is necessary in all poetry, being in the very nature of metaphor itself. Independent of this, every species of poetry has a species of metaphor peculiarly adapted to itself.

Thus the metaphors of an epic poem and the metaphors of an ode, should be very different. The images of the one, according with the gene-

ral character, should be grand; those of the other, for the same reason, should be elegant, light, pleasing, and domestic.

We refer to our extracts, how far Mr. Moore has observed this rule.

With regard to the third requisite of the amatory ode, that is to say, harmony of versification, we conceive it unnecessary to say more than to refer, as above, to our extracts, and the comments which are made immediately upon them.

The general character of Mr. Moore's versification is, that it is very weak and lagging, but occasionally not without harmony. The general character of Mr. Moore as a poet is, that there is always something of the *petit maître* about him. His verses are verses of compliment, and his gallantry is below the standard even of Parisian absurdity.

We must now take our leave of him.

ANALYSIS OF THE MERITS OF THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL;

A POEM, BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

THIS Poem which, in the short time it has been before the public, has passed through several editions of different sizes; and which, as the work of a Scotchman, has been commended with the most profuse adulation in the Edinburgh Review, demands some enquiry into its merits; and as such we shall proceed to examine it,—with what impartiality our readers will see.

It is well known, that before the union of England and Scotland, under the same crown, and in the earlier times of that monarchy, there existed from age to age a bitter national enmity, and that this enmity raged in its greatest excess upon the points of contact of the two kingdoms. Thus our earlier annals are filled with the mutual incursions of the Scottish and English borderers. This class of men, something between the ancient knights of chivalry and Tartan marauders, were daily upon the watch to surprise each other; they lived in a continued state rather of plunder than warfare. Their contests were terminated only by success or defeat, and then were only terminated for a time; they knew nothing of treaties; the plunder of a former incursion was no sooner shared, than they prepared themselves for a new enterprise.

Mr. Scott justly observes, that this kind of life furnished scenes and incidents which were well calculated for poetical ornament. One of these incidents, partly authentic, and partly fabulous, he has accordingly chosen as the subject of his poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." He asserts that his chief purpose is the description of the scenery, rather than a combined and regular narrative, and that from this cause he has selected the style of the ancient metrical romance, as admitting the irregularity which best suits his subject.

We cannot but observe that this is an excuse where no excuse was wanting, and what is worse,

is a very bad excuse. If Mr. Scott undertook his poem with the purpose of describing the Scottish minstrelsy, and the scenes and incidents in the times of the Borderers, in what other way could he possibly describe them than in the style of the ancient metrical romance? He seems to insinuate that he had thought of an epic poem; we have only to congratulate him that his better judgment corrected his first resolution.

For these reasons, however, the poem, according to the author, is put into the mouth of an ancient minstrel—the last of his race. It is divided into Cantos, six in number, which are so many resting places for the minstrel and his audience. Perhaps these divisions are not made with any great propriety, but we will not here anticipate what we shall hereafter reach in our progress. In a poem, professing to be an ancient metrical romance, we should naturally expect to meet with a language of the ancient style, we do not mean uncouth diction, or black-letter spelling, but that character of style which, by something easier understood than expressed, conveys to the mind an impression of the antique. We would exemplify our meaning by referring to the Bard, and other poems of Gray. The words are here purely modern, but from their texture, and the general imagery, they do not appear unsuited to their ancient subject.

Mr. Scott is somewhat deficient in this art; his diction, imagery, and versification, are almost wholly modern. This, indeed, is the chief fault of his poem.

The poem begins by an Introduction in verse, separated from the first Canto.

This is an error which has become too frequent with our poets of the present day; they should know, or be taught, that a poem is a poem, *i. e.* a whole, which should be perfect in all its parts. A poem with an introduction is as bad as a

pamphlet with a poetic address. In a word, the whole subject of the poem should be comprehended in the poem itself. The romance is but an inferior kind of epic. But neither Homer nor Virgil begin with an introduction separated from the body of the poem.

The introduction brings the minstrel forward.

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
 "The minstrel was infirm and old;
 "His withered cheeks and tresses gray,
 "Seemed to have known a better day.
 "The last of all the bards was he,
 "Who sung of border chivalry."

These verses are very weak. Infirm and old, are common place. The description of the bard is nothing but the description of an old man,—there is nothing characteristic of the bard,—nothing which the painters would call figure and character. Simplicity is no excuse for inanity. The best poets have proved that it is consistent with energy, and every kind of poetical beauty, both of meaning and imagery.

The introduction proceeds, after a long interval of equal nothingness,—

"He passed where Newark's stately tower
 "Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.
 "The minstrel gazed with wishful eye,
 "The duchess saw," &c.

The minstrel is accordingly invited in, feasted, &c. when his wants being satisfied he tunes his harp and voice, and begins his tale as in the first Canto.

The second stanza of the first Canto is good.—It is a description of the hall of an antient knight or chieftain after the feast of the day was over.

"The feast was over in Branscombe Tower—
 "And the lady had gone to her secret bower," &c.
 "The tables were drawn,—it was illless all,
 "Knight and page and household squire,
 "Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
 "Or crowded round the ample fire.
 "The stag hounds, weary with the chase,
 "Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
 "And urged in dreams the forest chace,
 "From Teviot Stone to Eskdale Moor."

The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth stanzas, mention the number of attendants on the Lady of Branscombe Hall. It seems by this enumeration that there were nine-and-twenty knights, nine-and-twenty squires, and nine-and-twenty yeomen, all kinsmen to the Lady of Buccleugh.

In the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth stanzas, there is a sad confusion between Margaret, the lady, and her mother. We were compelled to read these stanzas several times before we could comprehend, that "the lady" was the

wife of the Lord Walter who was killed in battle, that Margaret was her daughter, and that the poem opened with the mother retiring to her secret bower to meditate revenge for the slaughter of her husband. In narrative, obscurity is the worst of errors.

The lady-mother is described in the eleventh and twelfth stanzas as skilled in the magic art.—An episode of a river and mountain spirit is here very clumsily introduced.—The river spirit is made to relate to the mountain spirit the subject of the Canto, and indeed of the poem,—namely, that Lord Walter, the husband of the lady-mother, has been killed in battle with the Cars, a rival Clan; that the Lady Margaret, her daughter, is in love with the Lord Cranstoun, one of the heads of the Cars; that her mother has retired to the secret bower to practise her magic.—This episode is very clumsy, very unmeaning, and a perfect interruption to the action, and of course to the interest. It has no other connection with the poem than that the lady-mother (we must mention her thus to distinguish her) overhears their dialogue in her secret bower, and vows that Cranstoun shall never be her daughter's husband. The following is a specimen of the inanity of this part of the poem:—

"The unearthly voices ceast,
 "And the heavy sound was still,
 "It died on the river's breast,
 "It died on the side of the hill.
 "But round Lord David's tower,
 "The sound still floated near,
 "For it rung in the lady's bower,
 "And it rung in the lady's ear."

Surely such rhymes as these might be continued to all eternity. This is wire-drawing with a vengeance.

The lady-mother, having formed her resolution, calls Sir William of Deloraine, and dispatches him, in the following equally inane verses, to the Monk of St. Mary's, at Melrose Abbey:—

"Greet the father well from me,
 "Say that the fated hour is come,
 "And to-night he shall watch with thee,
 "To win the treasure of the tomb.
 "What he gives thee, see thou keep,
 "Stay not thou for food or sleep;
 "Be it scroll, or be it book,
 "Into it, knight, thou must not look."

This may serve as a sample of the narrative, which seldom rises above it. It would be no bad method of forming a suitable judgment of this kind of style by reducing it to prose,—what is it then but a loquacity of which a village gossip would be ashamed. The remainder of this Canto contains the knight's journey and arrival

at Melrose. The bard then pauses in modest diffidence, till the praise of the Duchess and her ladies induces him to renew the strain.

The three first stanzas of the second Canto relate the circumstances of the knight's entrance into the Abbey. This is an error on the side of minuteness. The art of narrative consists in passing over, without disconnecting the thread of the action, all those minute circumstances which add nothing to the main image, and which, as links of necessity, will always be best supplied by the imagination of the reader. We know that a man cannot enter the gate without he lifts the latch, but surely in narrative it is not necessary to enter into a detail how he inserted his finger in the crevice, and lifting the wooden latch opened the door which was shut, and entering through it, carefully shut it after him. It is this wearisome circumstantiality which distinguishes the vulgar from the artificial narrative. Sancho, indeed, could not tell his story without keeping account of the sheep as they passed singly. Our reader will remember at the same time, that, however eager to hear his story, Don Quixote declined to purchase it at the expence of so much patience as he foresaw that, thus related, it would cost him. We recommend this story to Mr. Scott.

William of Deloraine having delivered his message to the monk, the monk leads him into the chancel by midnight, and thus addresses him, sitting down upon one of the tombs:—

"I was not always a man of woe,
 "For Pagan countries I have trod,
 "And fought beneath the cross of God;
 "In these far climes it was my lot
 "To meet the wondrous Michael Scott.
 "A wizard of such dreaded fame,
 "That when in Salamanca's Cave,
 "He listed his magic wand to wave,
 "The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

We cannot exactly assign the cause,—but these lines, which the poet intends to be solemn, excited in us rather a risible affection. We have the same fault to find with them as with all Mr. Scott's description; here is no character. Michael Scott is an old man, as the bard is an old man,—they have nothing marked, peculiar, *sui generis*, about them.

The fourteenth stanza has these inane lines,—

"When Michael lay on his dying bed,
 "His conscience was awakened;
 "He bethought him of his sinful deeds,
 "And made me a sign to come with speed"

• We will readily allow that these lines are simple,—they are as simple, and every whit as full of meaning, as our street ballads. What can Mr. Scott mean by thus rhyming through three hun-

dred octavo pages. Dilworth and Dyke are good poets if this be poetry.

The monk proceeds to inform William of Deloraine that Michael Scott commanded him to bury his book with him in his tomb, and never to tell mortal man where it was hidden, till the Chief of Branscombe, *i. e.* the lady mother, should require it in her utmost need.

From the fourteenth to the twenty-fourth stanza is a description of the knight's descent into the tomb of Michael Scott to take the book.—There is nothing in this description but the common place of all similar descriptions, *i. e.* raising a mighty stone, descending into a tomb where a lamp was burning, taking the book from the hands of the dead man, and departing with it for Branscombe.

The twenty-fourth stanza shows the knight on his way to Branscombe, having accomplished his purpose.

The twenty fifth, the best in the second Canto, is as follows:—

"The sun had brightened Cheviot gray,
 "The sun had brightened Bowden's side,
 "And soon beneath the rising day,
 "Smiled Branscombe towers and Teviot's tide.
 "The wild birds told their warbling tale,
 "And wakened every flower that blows,
 "And peeped forth the violet pale,
 "And spread her breast the mountain rose;
 "And lovelier than the rose so red,
 "Yet paler than the violet pale,
 "She early left her sleepless bed,
 "The fairest maid of Teviot dale."

This is the Lady Margaret who is here introduced as leaving her bed at the dawn of day, and gliding down the secret stairs into the castle woods, to meet Henry of Cranstoun, her lover—

"The knight and lady fair are met,
 "And under the hawthorn boughs are set;
 "A fairer pair were never seen,
 "To meet beneath the hawthorn green."

The second Canto ends thus, leaving the action thus far in its progress, *i. e.* William of Deloraine on his return through the woods to Branscombe, and the Lady Margaret and her lover amusing themselves under the hawthorn. This part of the narrative is well managed. We had forgotten to add, that the young baron's dwarf, who is a goblin, under that disguise keeps a watch over the lovers during their meeting, holding the young baron's horse at some distance.

The third Canto begins with the incidents of the lovers being surprised by William of Deloraine,—the Lady Margaret escapes unperceived, but a rencontre ensues between the two knights. The event is, that William of Deloraine is left for dead upon the field. The goblin dwarf is

commanded by his master to bear the body of the dead knight to Branscombe Castle. The dwarf obeys, and enters the hall invisibly. He sees the young heir of Branscombe playing in the hall amongst the knights. He allures the boy to follow him into the woods of the castle, in which having succeeded, he leaves him. The boy strays into Cumberland, where he is seized by an English borderer. In the mean time the beacons give notice to the knights of Branscombe of an enemy's approach. The third Canto ends in preparation for the ensuing contest.

This Canto has the same errors as the preceding; the narrative is tedious, full of minute circumstances, and totally devoid of any impressive images. The stanzas are but one sentence dilated into a weak versification.

The first stanza of this Canto begins thus—

"And said I that my limbs were old,
"And said I that my blood was cold,
"And that my kindly fire was fled,
"And my poor withered heart was dead."

This is another instance of that inanity of which we have all along complained. We regret to say that it pervades this Canto likewise. The characteristic of the whole poem is feebleness of language, thought, sentiment, and imagery. The narrative is intolerably tedious. We can find no excuse for the quotation of another line in this Canto.

The fourth Canto commences with a description of the English Border army, which is approaching to the attack of Branscombe. This is, in fact, but a string of barbarous names, in which there is as little poetry as sense. It is easy to string by the thousands such lines as follow,—

"Whitslade the Hawk, and Headshaw came,
"And warriors more than I may name,
"From Yarrow-Clench to Hindhaugh swain,
"From Woodhouseslie to Chester Glen,
"Trooped men and horse and bow and spear,
"Their gathering word was Bellenden.
"Belted Will Howard came marching there,
"And hot Lord Dacre with many a spear."

The lady-mother here calls her son, who, it will be remembered, was allured away by the goblin page of Lord Cranstoun. The goblin himself had in the mean time assumed the boy's shape, and under this disguise played many mischievous pranks in the Castle of Branscombe.—The goblin fearing to face the lady-mother, counterfeits childish fear, and the lady-mother, indignant at his cowardice, sends him away from the castle behind one of her yeomen, Watt Tinlin. This is the best part of this Canto:

"A heavy task Watt Tinlin had,
"To guide the counterfeited lad.
"Soon as his palfrey felt the weight,
"Of that ill-omened elfish spright,
"He bolted, sprung, and reared amain,
"Nor heeded bit nor curb, nor rein.
"It cost Watt Tinlin ruckle toil,
"To drive him but a Scottish mile.
"But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
"The elf amid the running stream,
"His figure changed like form in dream."

Our limits, nor indeed the comparative merit of the poem, will not allow us to enter into longer detail. Suffice it to say, that it is an ancient romance related by a modern poet, and therefore in a style and manner but little suited to the ideas of the ancient minstrelsy which exist in the mind of those who are conversant with the ages of barbarous chivalry.

The narrative, as we have before observed, is minute and circumstantial, it proceeds, as it were, in too straight a line, and without any of those interruptions which by suspending, augment the interest of the main story. In a word, it is a narration totally devoid of all art, and therefore tedious, and of little interest.

The diction is equally defective. The words are all of the last coinage, and such as could not have been known to a minstrel of the sixteenth century. The arrangement of the words in sentences is equally modern, it is full of inversions, and very distant from the simplicity of style in the age of Elizabeth. This would not have been a fault had these words, thus arranged, not have been introduced as the song of the last minstrel.

The poetry, or rather versification, is sometimes simple, and descriptive, and therefore suitably adapted to the subject; but, as we have already shown in our preceding extracts, the simplicity is too frequently a most unpardonable unmeaningness, a tedious chain of inanity through a stanza lengthened at pleasure. We believe it is Dr. Blair, in one of his superficial lectures, who lays it down as a rule, that a sentence, however long, should contain but one thought. This may suit a Scotch reader, and a Scotch poet, but it will not do on this side of the Tweed. Besides, Mr. Scott's sentences, or stanzas, are usually of the full length of an octavo page.

The imagery is a point of importance in every kind of poetry, but more particularly in one which by its very nature professes to be descriptive. Mr. Scott is here unusually happy. Perhaps we have a little too much of the Greenwood Tree.

The machinery of the poem, the lady's magic

and secret art, is neither one thing nor other; it is neither the wild witchery of the Northern Heath, nor the more elegant magic of the Italian groves.—It is neither of the school of Shakespear nor of Ariosto. It is a confusion of both—very incoherent, very useless, and totally devoid of every thing which can impress the imagination.

The goblin Page must not be excepted from this censure.

ON THE USE AND ORIGIN OF PERFUMES.

NOTWITHSTANDING many of the charms of the beautiful female are the acquisition of her own industry and taste, yet the luxury of perfumes is the gift of nature herself. It is her hand which scatters the earth with flowers, the sweetness and grateful exhalations of which no art can imitate—Upon the return of every spring, the earth offers to its Creator the incense of flowers. The Alps boast their aromatic herbs, the northern zone its perfumes; even the ocean is tributary to the adornment of the female person in its amber and more precious weeds; but it is chiefly in warm regions that the sun concocts those volatile spirits which are, as it were, the essence of vegetable odours, and which have hitherto escaped all chymical analysis.

In the torrid zone, an odour is found upon every tree and herb; it penetrates and forms itself into the substance of every gum; it perspires in all the fruits and flowers; it embalms the rosin which oozes from the trunk of every tree. Our roses, pinks, and violets, exhale, in a short time, all the aromatic virtues which their feeble nature possesses; but they have nothing of the true substances of odours; for it is the virtue of a herb, gum, or flower, which is truly aromatic, to preserve its qualities to the last atom, and, in a word, to become imperishable.

The south of Italy, Sicily, and Greece, are fertile in numerous substances which are employed in perfumery; for example, the rosin of Storax, and the gum named ladanum, the mastic and turpentine of Chios, and the manna which exudes from the trunk and branches of the ash-tree in flower, in Calabria. With these substances the perfumers of Italy combine many essences extracted from common herbs, roots, and flowers; and thus their perfumes may be said to be of European origin. It is certain, indeed, that the better sort of storax comes from Carnania, the ancient Cilicia. The galbanum, which is a gummy extraction of an umbelliferous plant, is brought from the coasts of Barbary and Syria, and it is not to be doubted but that the Italians are imposing upon us, when they boast that they commonly use in all their perfumes the three original substances of odours, under

the name of incense, myrrh, and the balm of Mecca.

The true balm of Mecca, or that extraction of gum from the *Amypis opo balsamum*, is one of the most rare and expensive of perfumes. The Kings of Judea cultivated this precious balsam in two gardens of small extent; and after the destruction of Jerusalem, according to Pliny, the Jews, through hatred and despair, destroyed the nursery of this costly odour, and effectually rooted it out of Palestine. The plantation of Beder Housseir, the ancient Petra, in Arabia, is the only spot which is known to this day as furnishing the balm of Mecca. A tribute of this balm is yearly paid to the Grand Seignior; he receives annually three pounds; one he bestows upon the Pacha of Cairo, the other upon the Emir Hadsî, or the conductor of the caravan of Mecca. A flask of this balsam is preserved in the "Garden of Plants" at Paris, as a rarity of unattainable price. The balm, which is extracted by an incision upon trees, has nothing of the same quality with the balm of Mecca. That which is sold under the name of the balm of Mecca is extracted from certain grain, herbs, flowers, and barks of trees. The *carpo balsamum*, as it is called by botanists, is the *xylo balsamum* of the ancients. It is said that the balm of Mecca was first brought into Judea by the queen of Sheba, according to the historian Josephus; but the name of Sheba is unfortunately common to two countries and cities, the one in Arabia Felix, the other in Ethiopia. Thus we are unable to decide which is the country of Sabœa, that country in which, according to historians, gold and silver adorn every house, in which every garden is scented with the balm of Mecca, with myrrh, and yet more costly incence.

In regard to the no less celebrated odour, which is distinctively termed Incence, it is certain that a shrub is produced in Arabia Felix, which emits a kind of gum called in that country Oliban, and which is commonly believed to have been the *libanos* of the Greeks, and the *Thus* of the Romans; but this shrub flourishes but in small numbers in the little province of Hadramant and on the neighbouring coasts. It could

never have furnished the immense consumption which the ancients are known to have made of incense. Nevertheless, Herodotus and Strabo expressly tell us, that it was a region of Africa that produced the incense which the Greeks used. It is not probable, therefore, that Bruce deceives us, when he affirms, that the country which produces incense is situated to the south of Abyssinia. The tree which originally produced it has doubtless been transplanted into Arabia, where it has degenerated into a shrub. We know that after the expedition into Æthiopia, one of the Ptolemies carried a tree of incense into Egypt, but the transplantation did not succeed. When other travellers and writers speak of this incense as brought from India, it is certain they confound India with Æthiopia, a common error with the ancients. Garcias, the most intelligent of the Portuguese writers, expressly denies that India produces any vegetable which yields incense.—But all the moderns are agreed upon this point, and the scents of India almost vie with those originally of Africa.

It is not thus with Myrrh. The ancients have affirmed that it comes from the country “of incense.”—It is true that Pliny says there comes from India a species of myrrh, of a quality greatly inferior to that which is brought from Arabia Felix.—Bruce assures us that myrrh is brought from the countries which lie to the south of Abyssinia. The Africans of the interior come to the port of Einfrass to dispose of it, from thence it is forwarded to Azab, upon the right of Babel-mandel. Unfortunately, Bruce was never able to see the tree itself, nor could he procure a single branch of it. It was expected that the researches of Mungo Park would have discovered the real province which produces incense. To a commercial country like ours the discovery of this province would be another Mexico and Peru.—We are sorry to hear that this illustrious and spirited traveller has fallen a sacrifice to his intrepidity; and it remains for some more fortunate adventurer to open to us the interior of Africa, and to ascertain, perhaps, the celebrated province of incense.

To return to our subject.

In what Bruce tells us of the form and nature of myrrh, it is not altogether so evident that the myrrh of which we are speaking, was the real incense of the ancients. Loureiro, a Portuguese botanist, assures us, that he discovered in Conchinchina, upwards of twenty-five hundred leagues from Africa, a kind of laurel, which, according to his opinion, produced the true myrrh of the ancients. These fluctuations of opinion with respect to the origin of myrrh may be pursued to a philosophical length which would become tiresome to our fair readers; suf-

fice it to say, that we must wait in patience for the result of those researches which our Government has directed to be made upon the eastern coasts of Africa.

Let us pass to the banks of the Euphrates, to Babylon and Suza, the two principal seats of luxury and perfumery.—Assyria and Mesopotamia furnished an oily extraction of the species of the *amomum*, which, I believe, was not known with certainty to the moderns. It was one of the most powerful perfumes, and commonly used in funerals. The oil of Assyria, used by perfumers, according to Nonnus, lib. xxxiii. was, I believe, the present oil of Sesame. The ointment (in Latin *nardus*), that precious perfume which, according to Juvenal, the Roman ladies preserved for the anointing of their lovers, was said to come from Persia. It is no longer to be doubted but that this was the *nardus indica*, or of a resembling species of ointment. This herb has been described by Sir William Jones in his Asiatic Researches, and by Blanc in his Philosophical Transactions, vol. cxxx. part 2d, in which he gives the figure of the plant after Loureiro.—The root of the *Costus Arabicus* produces a sweet and powerful perfume, and is manufactured into a most precious ointment; but, notwithstanding its name, this plant is properly of an Indian origin.—It is probable that Meckran and Kernan, the southern provinces of Persia, produce the *costus* and *nardus indica*. Arrian and Strabo assure us, that the merchants of Phoenicia, who followed the army of Alexander across the province of Meckran, recognized in those parts many kinds of aromatic herbs which they had been accustomed to receive as the produce of Arabia Felix.

The climate of Persia is favourable to aromatic plants. The roses of Chyray and Kernan exceed all others in the fragrance and permanence of their odours; they are not excelled even by the famous roses of Cachemyr, from which that precious essence is extracted which the Eastern Princes esteem so valuable, and which a French philosopher, M. Langles, has celebrated in half a folio volume.

Cinnamonum and *Cassia* were doubtless of the number of ancient perfumes, and India, in strictness, furnished to perfumers the wood of ebony; but this term is vague, as it comprehends, in general acceptance, many kinds of wood which diffuse an agreeable odour whilst they are burning. The ancients speak likewise of certain odoriferous flowers native to India, with which the inhabitants stuff their beds, and the women make garlands.

The peninsula above the Ganges and the neighbouring islands surpass all the world in rich aromatic herbs; but it is here that doubt accu-

mulates, and the obscurity of conjecture is heightened.

I might here enumerate many perfumes which our acquaintance and commerce with India has long since introduced to our knowledge.—The precious woods and barks which are found in the islands of Sumatra and Java, and in the south of China and Japan.

The perfumes which are derived from animals are of three sorts, musk, civet, and amber. Musk is produced from an animal which is very common in Tibet, in the western parts of China, and to the south of Tonquin. This animal is of the species of the hedgehog, but it has two tusks like a boar, and is covered with quills like a porcupine.

The musk is formed in a kind of bag under the tail of the animal; the best sort comes from Tonquin.

Naturalists and travellers are not agreed as to the existence of the civet in Asia; this animal, which resembles a large rat, is common in Senegal, on the coast of Guinea, and in the interior of Africa. The civet and the musk are de-

scribed in perfumery as emitting an odour prodigiously strong, overpowering, and nauseous; it is an odour brought to what it is now by a chymical process.

Amber grease is found in every place under the torrid zone; it abounds in Japan, the Moluccas, Borneo, and on the coast of Guinea.—The best kind is that which is brought from Madagascar and Sumatra. The nature of this substance is much questioned, but, according to the most accredited conjecture, it is produced by a kind of whale.

Such are the tributes which the ancient world has offered to the perfumery of the modern.—We might add many substances of the new world, such as otto of roses, gum of Senegambar, and other perfumes of the East, with which the industry of modern travellers has enriched the toilette of the beauty; but it will best suit another occasion to illustrate the progress and origin of the different perfumes, which, as the most harmless of modern-luxuries, prevail in the different countries of the world. J. J.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSAZIONE.—CHRISTMAS GAMES.

[Continued from Page 247].

LETTER II.

HAVE you seen Mrs. Camden's drawing-room? said Mrs. Meade to Colonel Fairfax. She has got the prettiest curtains in the world, and I am making this brown and yellow fringe for them.

Indeed, said the Colonel, I am ashamed to say that I have not called on Mrs. Camden these three months. How neatly you are doing it!

Mrs. Meade. Are you a judge of netting? Come, you shall make yourself useful. Here, Colonel, is a needle for a you, and a mesh. Let me see how well you can work; and, perhaps, if you do it prettily, Mrs. Camden may forgive your abominable inattention.

Dr. Abington. How much the Colonel ought to be obliged to Mrs. Meade for giving him something to do? Employment must be quite a novelty to him, I should think.

Miss Mordaunt. I am sure I very often pity you poor unhappy men, sitting with your hands before you. Now a woman has twenty resources, such as knitting, netting, spangling, making tea, or looking in the glass; and when conversation is heavy, there is no conceiving the comfort one feels in making one's fingers pay for the idleness of one's brains! Shall I give you tea or coffee,

Lady Caroline? Either of them is here, if you will but give it a name, as the people say.

Give it a name, cried Sir Henry Rushwood! Give it a name? Why, Lady Caroline, will you stand godmother to a coffee-pot?

There now, said Anna Mordaunt, is a proof how useful employment is! If one gave you something to do, you would not be so satirical upon us unfortunate innocent girls.—Robert, you may take away the tea things.

Mrs. Meade. Now tea is over, suppose we play at some game by way of employment, since employment seems so popular among you all. What say you to cross questions and answers?

Lord Belmont. Cross questions, if you please, my dear aunt, but not cross answers. Come, begin with me, and let the questions and answers go round as we sit.

Now at this game each lady or gentleman is asked a question by his or her left hand neighbour, to which he or she returns an answer, and, in turn, has the privilege of interrogating the neighbour on the right. So, when the questions and answers have thus gone round the circle, each relates the question put to him or her by

the left hand neighbour, and the answer returned to his or her own question by the neighbour on the right; suppressing the answer made and the question put by himself or herself. Thus a whimsical and heterogeneous answer to each question appears for the diversion of the company. When every body had answered and asked,

• *Lord Belmont* said, the question asked me by *Mrs. Meade* was, what is the honour of a peer? and the answer made was, a star.

Colonel Fairfax. Lord Belmont's question to me was, what is Mars? and the answer was, a flash in the pan.

Miss Mordaunt. The question was, what is snapdragon? and the answer, good reasons with spirit and fire.

Lady Belmont. The question was, what is most difficult for a lady to get over? and the answer was, an attack on our sex.

Captain Colclough. Lady Belmont asked me what is coquetry? and the answer of *Dr. Abington* to me was, vaue.

Dr. Abington. I was asked, is there any synonymy for a weathercock? and the answer was popularity.

Mr. Conolly. The question asked me was, what is the object of an orator? and the answer made was, place.

• *Mrs. Ovey*. I was asked, what unity was of-tenest dispensed with? and I was answered, marriage.

Lady Caroline Howard. I was asked, what is love? and I was answered, a profession.

Sir Henry Rushwood. I was asked, which is better, a profession or a trade; and the answer was, in these times, a trade.

Mr. Frederick. The question was, what is the stage? and the answer was, a looking-glass.

Miss Abington. The question was, what pleases a lady most? and the answer was, a secret.

Mr. Ovey. I was asked, what is the Venetian system of colouring? and the answer was, an imposture.

Mrs. Meade. The question was, what do you think of a ghost? and the answer was, a shadow.—Upon my word these questions and answers turned out in a most whimsical manner—let us try some fresh game.

Miss Mordaunt. Shall we play at what is my thought like?—First, I will think of something which you must none of you know till you have all mentioned something which you guess it to resemble; then I shall tell you my thought, and you must each give a reason why my thought is like yours. Whoever makes the best guess has a right to chuse the next game. Now, *Colonel Fairfax*, what is my thought like?

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Colonel Fairfax. It is like—it is like an old coat.

Miss Mordaunt. Lady Belmont, what say you?

Lady Belmont. Why, I will say a coffin.

Sir Henry Rushwood. A Swiss.

Mrs. Meade. A supper ticket.

Dr. Abington. A plaister.

Lord Belmont. The Irish Parliament.

Lady Caroline Howard. A lady's toilette.

Mr. Ovey. A picture, like a man taking a walk.

Miss Abington. A pin.

Captain Colclough. Dancing.

Mr. Frederick. Garrick.

Mrs. Ovey. A novel.

Mr. Conolly. Gunpowder.

Miss Mordaunt. My thought is patriotism. Now, *Colonel*, why is patriotism like an old coat. Not, I should suppose, because it has been worn out.

Colonel Fairfax. Indeed you have found out a much better reason for difference than I am afraid I shall find out for resemblance. I was going to say, patriotism is like an old coat, because it is out of fashion.

Miss Mordaunt. Very well, *Colonel*. Lady Belmont, you compare patriotism to a coffin. Now as patriotism is only a jest, it seems very difficult to trace in the absurd any connexion with the grave.

Lady Belmont. And yet patriotism is like a coffin in this respect, that it is generally the last refuge.

Miss Mordaunt. Such a sarcasm from your ladyship's gentle lips! *Sir Henry Rushwood*, the eloquent and the severe, patriotism is the qualification of a Swiss, now tell me why it is his likeness.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Because with all its roughness and austerity, with all its zeal for liberty, it will fight for any party that chuses to be at the trouble and expence of bribing it.

Miss Mordaunt. Oh you scorpion! *Mrs. Meade*, why is it like a supper ticket?

Mrs. Meade. Because it leads to the loaves and fishes; but I am afraid that reason is not convincing in these times, when it is so lean and hungry. Indeed the moment it is fed, it loses its original nature, and forfeits the very name of patriotism.

Miss Mordaunt. Nay, I am supreme judge now, and will hear no such melancholy pleas against the soundness of your reason. *Dr. Abington*, have you the skill to heal the bruises that every body has been inflicting upon poor patriotism, who has been standing still like a game-cock on Shrove-Tuesday, as a mark for all the cudgels of malice and wit? You told us of a plaister.

Dr. Abington. Why, indeed, patriotism is in the body politic, a little like what some kinds of plaisters are in the body natural; for it irritates, where it is meant to cure.

Miss Mordaunt. Nay, patriotism shall come no more to you for a cure. Lord Belmont, why is it like the Irish Parliament? Is there any analogy between Parliaments and patriotism?

Lord Belmont. Between patriotism and the Irish Parliament there is—for both are now no more.*

Miss Mordaunt. So there is an end of poor patriotism, my patient. Dr. Abington refuses to cure it, and you kill it at once. But I defy you all. By my magic power I restore it to life, and it shall run the gauntlet through the seat of its enemies.—Lady Caroline, can you tell in what respect it is like a lady's toilette?

Lady Caroline. Why, yes? it is so full of patches and paint, you know.

Miss Mordaunt. Hush, do not betray the secrets of our prison-houses.—Mr. Ovey, what was your thought?

Mr. Ovey. A picture; and indeed patriotism, like painting, is seldom without colour, or without design.

Miss Mordaunt. It seems, indeed, the perfection of art. My dear Miss Abington, you thought of a pin; and as punning seems all the fashion this evening, I must say I shall expect a point in your explication.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Whatever it was Miss Abington's intention to explain, you have saved her some trouble by making a point of it.

Miss Abington. I think both a pin and patriotism may serve sometimes to conceal a hole.

Miss Mordaunt. Captain Colclough, I wait for you. Patriotism, like dancing, is all fiddle-de-dee.

Captain Colclough. Indeed, Miss Mordaunt, as to dancing, you are wrong in *to to*. The real reason is because they both make a man warm.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Honestly spoken, Captain, and like an Irishman.

Miss Mordaunt. Mr. Frederick, the ball is in your hands. Why is it like Garrick?

Mr. Frederick. Because it is in its nature versatile; and besides, in its outward appearance, it is sometimes Tragedy and sometimes Comedy.

Miss Mordaunt. Yes; and sometimes off, and sometimes on. But, Mrs. Ovey, I must call on you for your clue.

Mrs. Ovey. Nothing can be plainer than the likeness between patriotism and a novel: the one is a story, and so is the other.

Miss Mordaunt. Now for the last, Mr. Conolly, my client, patriotism looks to you as its last resort. You compared it to gunpowder.

Is it for the brilliancy of its fire, or the might of its effects?

Mr. Conolly. Why, patriotism, in its birth, life, and death, is nothing but gunpowder. It begins in flash, goes on in noise, and ends in smoke!

Miss Mordaunt. When the tournament was finished, say the romances, the fair lady who sat upon the throne, was entitled to bestow the prize on the victorious knight. I am the lady; and you, Mr. Conolly, I consecrate as my favoured and victorious knight.

Mr. Conolly. I must pray for moderation to bear my great honours meekly. Now, as I am to invent a game for you, I will tell you a diverting play enough. Lady Caroline, if you will step out of the room, we will think of something which you must guess on your return.

Lady Caroline. How am I to guess it if I go out of the room.

Mr. Conolly. Why, thus. Every body shall tell you what he would do with the thing of which we speak, if it were his to do as he chose with.

So Lady Caroline went out of the room, and we settled among ourselves the article which she was to discover. When she returned, Mr. Conolly said, perhaps I should discover it.

Mrs. Ovey. I should conceal it.

Lord Belmont. I would put it on you.

Colonel Fairfax. I would pull it off you.

Miss Abington. It would be too warm.

Miss Mordaunt. It might be too cold.

Captain Colclough. I would keep it.

Mrs. Meade. I would give it away.

Mr. Lansdowne. I would keep it near me.

Sir Henry Rushwood. I would hang it on the curtain-rod out of the way at once.

Mr. Frederick. I would love the giver.

Dr. Abington. I cannot help laughing at it.

Lady Belmont. I should look upon it as a net spread for me.

Mr. Ovey. Nay, your Ladyship uses it hardly—it is worsted; and as I am bound to say something, I only quote the proverb—great cry and little wool.

Lady Caroline. Is it love? which one would discover and another conceal? which one thinks too warm and another too cold?

Miss Mordaunt. No, it cannot be that—for Colonel Fairfax talked about pulling it off, and I know he will not abandon love, though some malicious people say the ungrateful urchin has long since abandoned him.

Colonel Fairfax. I hope I am not sunk so low in the opinion of the fair. I shall take your abuse by way of contraries.

Miss Mordaunt. Pray do. Lady Caroline, you must guess again, I am afraid.

Lady Caroline. Why, what can it be? Is it flattery? that one would hang up, of which another would love the giver, which a third would laugh at, and a fourth consider as a net?

Mrs. Meade. Indeed you are extremely ingenious. Try again; I hardly think it possible to guess a third time without guessing right.

Lady Caroline. Perhaps it is prudence; for Mrs. Meade could impart it, and Mr. Lansdowne would keep it; Lord Belmont would put it on, and Colonel Fairfax only would now venture to pull off; while Sir Henry, who has long since cast it away, is determined to hang it up at once; but then Dr. Abington would not be very likely to laugh at it.

Mr. Conolly. Admirably imagined, indeed. I am tempted to say of your ladyship what a friend of mine used jocosely to tell all his acquaintance, your wit is to be equalled only by your beauty, which is very conspicuous.

Lady Caroline. Pray spare me, my dear Sir, and tell me, in short, what is it that I ought to guess.

Mr. Conolly. Indeed you deserve to be told. In short, then, it is an invisible petticoat—which I should perhaps discover, but which Mrs.

Ovey very wisely intends to conceal; Lord Belmont's gallantry would lead him to assist you in putting it on, and Colonel Fairfax's gallantry would urge him to pull it off you. Miss Abington might find it too warm, but Miss Mordaunt, whose prudence has encumbered her with too much cloathing, thinks it, on the other hand, a little too cold. Captain Colclough would keep it as a relic; and Mrs. Meade, who, I suppose, has plenty of her own, would generously make it a present to her maid. Mr. Lansdowne would keep it near him as a constant memorial; and Sir Henry would make it the constant inhabitant of his chamber, by assigning to it a place upon the bed. Mr. Frederick loves the giver; and my satirical friend, the doctor, laughs at it. Lady Belmont, considering its texture, regards it as a net; and as worried has assumed the place of flannel in the composition of petticoats, Mr. Ovey's puns are justifiable.

Lady Caroline. Oh, I see it all clearly now.

Supper was announced, and we all went down stairs. I came away at half after eleven, and wrote this account, to which I now subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

F. L.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

OR,

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 298.]

Or the Sheshians! exclaimed Shah Gebal; methinks I know that name. Is it not that Sheshian of which Hiauf-Tel&-Tantzai was king, whose cursed skimming ladle you lately wanted me to swallow, if I had not as stoutly struggled against it as the high priest Saugrenutio?

Probably, Sir, said the black-eyed Circassian, who for some time had now ceased to be young, but from the decay of her charms, had reaped, among other advantages, that of an agreeable voice, and had thence taken occasion to amuse the Sultan as well as circumstances on both sides would admit; doubtless, Sir, said she, it is that very Sheshian; for nothing obliges us to suppose two of them, as we may be very well satisfied with one; which, by the account of certain ancient geographers, in the times of its greatest

prosperity, was nearly as large as the kingdom of your majesty*, and eastwards—

The geography of it is nothing to the purpose, interrupted Shah Gebal, if thou wilt only vouch for it, Nurmahal, that where thy history begins the times were past when the fairies governed the world; for I declare, once for all, that I will hear nothing of disastrous wedding-nights, of old withered cucumbers, with their impudent arithmetic, of blind moles, which, with fine turned periods, and in the most flowery language in the

* The truth is, that it was a great deal larger; but the fair Circassian had too much knowledge of the world to be guilty of such a piece of rudeness to the Sultan as to say so. Nearly as large, is as much as one may venture to say on such occasions.—*Remark of the Chinese translator.*

world, say nothing at all; and, in short, let me have nothing about love affairs, like the witty Musticheos and her dull Cormoran, who makes such fine epigrams, and strikes such famous circles; in one word, Nurmahal, and I speak it in downright earnestness, no Neadarnes, and no skimming ladies!

Your majesty may depend upon it, returned Nurmahal, that the fairies shall have nothing to do in this history; and as to genii, your majesty knows that we may usually reckon six or seven kings, in regular succession, before we can light on one that has any pretensions to that name.

Nor any satires, madam, if you please; begin your history without further perambulation. And you (said he to a young mirza that had the honour to sit at the foot of his bed), do you mind how often I yawn; as soon as I have yawned three times, then shut the book, and good night.

For any nation (thus began the fair Nurmahal to read) to endeavour to investigate the history of its remotest condition, is as if we should require of a man to remember what happened to him in his mother's womb, or during the first years of his infancy.

The inhabitants of Sheshian found no exception to this rule; they, like all other nations in the world, filled up the gulf that lay between their origin and the epocha of their authentic history with fables; and these fables with all nations are so like one another that we may suppose them the invention of beings on the first step of humanity. He among them who first made the discovery that an ananas had a better flavour than a pumpkin, was a deity in the eyes of his descendants.

The old Sheshianese believed that a great monkey had taken the trouble to communicate to their ancestors the first intimation of convenience, of the arts, and of social life.

A monkey! cried the Sultan; your Sheshianese are very humble to attribute to monkeys this advantage over them.

They who entertained this belief probably thought not so deeply, replied the beautiful Nurmahal.

Doubtless, said the Sultan; but what I want to know, is exactly what sort of people they were who could entertain such a belief?

On this head, Sir, the chronicle says nothing; but if a person of my sex may be permitted to hazard a supposition on so learned a subject, I should say, that nothing seems more comprehensible to me. No article of belief was ever so absurd that had not something true for its basis. Might not a monkey have taught the ancient Sheshianese something, if it were but the art of climbing a tree and cracking nuts;

for easy as these arts may appear to us, yet it is much rather to be supposed that mankind learned them of monkeys, than that monkeys were taught them by men.

The fair Sultana reasons very justly, said the doctor, Danishmende, who, of all the philosophers of the court, the Sultan could most endure to have about him, as indeed he was one of the best hearted souls in the world, and who therefore enjoyed the grace of being present at these readings, with the before-mentioned mirza. It is not to be imagined, added he, that the primitive men in Sheshian were more sharp-witted than Isanagi-Micotto, one of the deified kings of Japan, of whom their history asserts, that he had learned the art of proceeding with his consort, Ysanomi, after the manner of mortals, from the bird Isiatadakki †.

Shah Gebal (nobody knows why) shook his head at this remark; and Nurmahal, without vouchsafing one blush at the conceit of the philosopher Danishmende, proceeded thus:

In the first period, when the history of Sheshian begins to be authentic, the nation was partitioned into a multitude of petty states, with each of them a subordinate prince at its head. Two or three of these potentates were constantly combining to plunder a fourth; when they had finished him, they as usually quarrelled about the division of the spoil; and then a fifth generally interfered to terminate the dispute, by taking the object of their dispute into his custody.

These confederacies lasted, to the great detriment of the poor Sheshianese, till some of the weakest proposed that all the khans and rajahs should, for the general safety, submit to one common chief. The most powerful approved of this proposal, as each entertained a hope that the choice would fall upon himself; but scarcely was the election over ere they declared that the best means for restoring tranquillity had not been adopted.

The new king was deserving of the preference conferred on him by the nation. The esteem in which his personal merits were held during a considerable time, supported his endeavours, and Sheshian enjoyed a temporary happiness, which he employed in framing laws, that emulated even those of Confucius himself; laws deficient in nothing except, as was said of the statues of a certain artist of antiquity, that they would not go of themselves; that is, that it was in the choice of the subjects whether they would keep them or not. For though severe penalties were annexed to the transgression of those on

† See Kempfer's description of the kingdom of Japan, Vol. i. cap. 7. sect. 112.

the observance whereof the peace and welfare of the nation absolutely depended, the king had no authority to enforce them. If one of his rajahs was to be reduced to obedience, he was obliged to commission another to compel him; and accordingly the most righteous sentences were constantly left unexecuted. For no crow will peck another's eyes out, said king Dagobert*.

Who was this king Dagobert? said the Sultan to the philosopher Danishmende.

Danishmende, with all his pretended or real excellencies, had one fault, which, however insignificant in itself, yet in particular circumstances is enough to confuse the strongest head; never could he find an answer to a question in which he was not mistaken. This failing might perhaps have been overlooked in him, but he commonly magnified it by another, which, indeed, was not to be pardoned in a man of his talents. For instance, if the Sultan asked him any thing that was unknown to him, he stammered, blushed, opened his mouth, and stared, as if he was thinking on it; it was expected, from one moment to another, that he was about to break forth, and it was thought the less pardonable in him, as at last he disappointed the expectations that had been kept up so long, by a poor—"that I cannot tell;" because it was thought he might as well have said it at the first moment. This was now exactly the case in which he was; no man in the world was more unknown to him than king Dagobert.

I was in the wrong to put such a question to a philosopher, said the Sultan, somewhat displeased; let somebody fetch my Chancellor.

The Chancellor was a huge thick man, who, among other honourable qualities, had just so much wit as was necessary for always having an answer ready for any question.

Lord Chancellor, who was king Dagobert? interrogated the Sultan.

Sir, answered the Chancellor, with great gravity, placing his right hand on his waist, and with the left stroking his whiskers, he was a king, who, in days of yore, reigned in a certain country that is not to be found in any map of Indostan, probably because it was so small that

it was not possible to say which was the north, and which was the south side of it.

Very well, Lord Chancellor. And what said king Dagobert?

Generally nothing, replied the Chancellor, unless it was in his sleep, which sometimes happened to him in his divan. His Chancellor, being short-sighted, was not always aware whether the king was awake or asleep, and sometimes took what he had said in his sleep for commands, and executed them on the spot; and what is most remarkable, the historians assure us, that these very ordinances were the wisest of all he published during the whole of his reign.

Good night, Lord Chancellor, said Shah Gebal.

(It must be confessed that at times Sultans ask curious questions.)

It is a fine thing to have a sensible chancellor, continued the Sultan, when he had dismissed him. I know, Nurmahal, that you never liked him; and if I think more favourably of him, it is certainly not because I am unacquainted with him. I know that, with all the rotund formality of his person, which is a living compendium of all the laws, ordinances, ancient usages, and modern abuses of my kingdom, he is at bottom only an intriguer, a false, restless, insatiable, vindictive fellow, and a secret enemy to all whom his instinct tells him are more deserving than himself. Moreover, I know that he suffers himself to be governed by a rascally little fakir, who has made him believe that he possesses a secret of carrying him safe over the bridge which is no broader than the edge of a razor. But even though he were ten times worse than he is, I must be gracious to him, on account of the talent he has of shaking an answer out of his sleeve to any question, however unexpected and inconvenient, which he gives you for a good one with such gravity and effrontery, that, whether one will or not, it is impossible not to be satisfied with it. But while we are so complaisant to king Dagobert and my chancellor, we are forgetting the poor king of Sheshian; and that is not right. I pity the good man; though, in fact, it was his own fault if his people made sport of him, as the frogs did of king Log. How could he consent to be king on such terms?

Your Highness, said Nurmahal, would perhaps think better of him, were you to recollect that the nation would have a king, and that, all things considered, it is always better to be king than to leave the office to another. It might, with some probability, be expected that opportunities would not be wanting for extending and confirming his authority, how limited soever it might be at first; besides, he was a man of more than ordinary capacity, his own principality was

* Either the beautiful Nurmahal, or her chronicle, is mistaken in the person. If she had been pleased to have taken the pains to turn to honest Gregory of Tours, she would have found in the sixth book (we do not recollect in what chapter) that it was king Chilperic; though it must be owned, that to her, and to Sultan Gebal, and to all India, it might be of no consequence whether it were Dagobert or Chilperic.—*Remark of the Latin translator.*

one of the most considerable; and, at the head of the party that placed him on the throne, he might reasonably hope to succeed in whatever he might attempt.

And yet he was too sanguine in his hopes, said the Sultan.

How could it happen otherwise, replied the Sultana. His adherents expected greater rewards than he had to give; their demands knew no bounds. He thought he had a right to require services and submission from those who had made him king; and yet for that very reason they thought he owed all to them. Such a difference of opinions must be attended with consequences that would render both king and people equally unhappy. Being resolved to act well the part he had undertaken, he must necessarily be at variance with his rajahs, who would rather see him play any other part than that of king. His whole reign was turbulent, weak, and confused. But under his successors matters went on still worse. Every new advantage the princes gained over their kings increased their arrogance, and raised their demands. Under pretext of securing their liberty (of which, however, they seem never to have had any determinate idea), and the right of the nation (which were never properly defined) against arbitrary pretensions, the royal authority was gradually so narrowed, that, as we read in the fable of a certain nymph, it dwindled at length into a mere shadow. (Here the Sultan yawned for the first time.) Till at last even of this shadow nothing remained but an empty voice, that had just power enough to re-echo what was said to it.

Sheshian during this period was in a most wretched condition. Of more than three hundred districts of various dimensions, the far greater part resembled a country recently desolated by war, famine, pestilence, and drought; nature exhibited not that smiling aspect, that charming diversity, that inviting face of happiness and plenty with which she captivates the senses and the heart in every country that is governed by the paternal care of a wise prince.

Here the countenance of the Sultan brightened up again; he thought of his pleasure-houses, his delightful gardens, the lovely prospects that extended on all sides round them, the walks laid with mosaic pavement, and bordered on each side with a double row of orange-trees, and for some moments enjoyed the delightful sentiment of being perfectly satisfied with himself.

This was not what the two omrahs wished him to think of on this occasion! Proceed, Nurmahal; said the delighted Sultan.

On every side the heart of every traveller that was not entirely destitute of feeling for the condition of his fellow-creatures, ached at beholding

sad pictures of want and pitiless oppression.—

The petty tyrants, to whom the king of Sheshian was obliged to give up nineteen out of twenty of his subjects, as a prey, had, in regard to the administration of their charge, a way of thinking like that of certain savages of whom we read, that they know of no readier way of gathering the fruit than cutting down the tree. Their first maxim seemed to be to use the present moment for the gratification of their irregular appetites, without concerning themselves for the consequences that must naturally follow. These gentlemen found neither in their heads nor in their hearts, that poor humanity had any thing to plead. In their eyes the people had no rights, and the prince no duties. They treated them as a herd of living machines, who, like other brute animals, were cast forth by nature to work for them, and had no claim to rest, conveniency, or pleasure. Difficult as it may be to conceive so unnatural a mode of thinking possible, yet nothing is more certain, than that they at length considered themselves as a superior class of beings, who, like the gods of Epicurus, had not blood, but only somewhat resembling blood flowing in their veins; to whose arbitrary commands every thing ought to submit; to whom all was lawful, and of whom no one could demand the performance of any obligation. The slavery of the wretches who sighed under their yoke was so great, that when, by a particular exception, the most common rights of mankind were granted them, they were obliged to consider it as an unmerited favour. The consequences of so senseless a conduct naturally arise to the mind. A general listlessness gradually relaxed all the springs of improvement; genius was stifled in the bud, industry dismayed, and the place of the passions, by whose animating breath nature unfolds the man, and makes him the instrument of her great designs, was occupied by corroding grief and stupifying despair*.

* Here, says the Chinese translator, I found a remark of the Indian editor of this work, which I cannot persuade myself to omit, though my reader can make no immediate use of it. I wish (these are the words of the Indian) that all our grandees and nobles would condescend to make the application of this sentence (from the words, "A general," to "stupefying despair"), in examining the fakirs to whom they intend to entrust the education of their sons. To this end they have nothing farther to do than to read the sentence to the fakir, and to require of him an explanation of it, with a development of the ideas contained therein. In order to be more sure of their aim, they might invite some philosopher of undoubted sagacity to be present at

Slaves, who have no hope of rising above their misery, otherwise than by some singular chance that scarcely happens to one in ten thousand, only work while they are forced to it, and cannot be forced to do any thing well; they lose all sentiment of the dignity of their nature, all sentiment of the generous and beautiful, all consciousness of their inherent rights,—(The Sultan here yawned for the second time.)—and sink in their sentiments and manners to a level with the cattle with whom they are obliged to share the stall and the provender; nay, under the impossibility of bettering their condition, they at length lose the very idea of such a condition, and consider happiness no otherwise than as a mysterious prerogative of the deities and their

masters, to make the slightest claim to which would be impiety and high treason.

This was the abject state of humiliation and misery in which the poor inhabitants of Sheshian were immersed. They would shortly have fallen into the savage state from whence the great monkey, according to their traditional conceit, had delivered their progenitors, a state wherein they might at least have comforted themselves with the impossibility of falling lower, had not an unexpected revolution in the government—

Here the mirza made signs to the beautiful Nurmahal, that the Sultan, during the last periods, was fallen fast asleep.

[To be continued.]

AN ACCOUNT OF A SUTTEE AT BARODA.

WE have been obligingly favoured by a correspondent with the following curious and authentic account of a SUTTEE, which took place at Baroda on the 28th of July, 1805:

The victim's husband was a Bramin of the Desust cast, an inhabitant of Nasick, but removed his family to Baroda about two years ago. He was invited by the Rajah of Kota to visit Malwa, for the purpose of reading to his Highness the Bhagwat, or Shaster. Having executed this task to the satisfaction of the Rajah, he was dismissed from the Durbar with rich presents of shawls, &c. and 1500 rupees in money, for which he obtained a bill of exchange on Baroda. He then took the road to Guzerat, but on coming into the Grassiahs' country, he was attacked by a party of these depredators, plundered of all his wardrobe, &c. and thrown into a dungeon. In a miserable state of imprisonment he remained for three months, receiving one seer of grain each day, and constantly undergoing the most severe and cruel tortures, till he consented to pay a fine, and give security for 1500 rupees (the little sum he had earned during fourteen months' absence from his family) and which he fondly expected to enjoy with them on his return. He was however obliged to go to Rutlam, where he sold his bill of exchange, and paid to the Grassiahs the

extorted fine. The treatment he had met with produced a fever, of which he died within seven days after his arrival at that place.

Some time before his unhappy wife was informed of his death, she had a dream, in which she beheld many women approach, and present her with the red stuff called coonkoo; in consequence of which she regularly dedicated her prayers to the pempul tree, and walked round it one hundred times during the day; on her returning from thence one afternoon, a crow perched upon her head, and carried away her string of beads.—On this she declared to her cast, she was persuaded her husband was dead, and that she was determined to burn herself the moment she received confirmation.

She did not long survive her unfortunate husband, for on the 27th ultimo, she heard of his decease by letters from Rutlam.

Having summoned all her acquaintance she applied to prayer, and addressed Seetaram Rowjee, the Guicawar's Dewan, requesting he would immediately give orders for the necessary preparations to be made for her burning.

On the 28th, the pile was erected at the pagoda adjoining the cantonments. A concourse of people were present. She went to the river with her attendants, called a Bramin, and made an image of wheat-flour representing her husband. She returned to the pile—made the usual presents, and having walked round it five times, stood upon a stone called Dhurram Sella. She looked at her face in a glass, and exclaimed she was burning with her husband! She received the usual compliments and congratulations for herself as well as for friends above.

this examination. If the fakir understands the period;—well! if he understands it not, or reasons upon it like a buzzard, then your excellency, your grace, your lordship, your worship, &c. may rely upon it that he is an excellent object of your choice, if your design be that your son should not be too wise.

She entered—placed the image on her lap; and with her own hands, set fire to the pile.

The victim was about thirty years of age, her eyes black and sparkling; with a mild countenance, expressive of lively anguish and interesting simplicity.

The firmness she displayed is beyond description. Her mind glowed in the hope of meeting her beloved husband, where no tyranny or oppression could reach him. She did not drop a tear, and if she had, it would have been the tear of joy, and not of sorrow.

It must however be said, that although the Suttee is a strong example of fortitude and affection, a custom prevalent with the Bramin cast, and not uncommon with Hindoos in general, it is a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance," and to the credit of humanity it is now less frequently complied with than formerly.

It has been supposed by many that this sacrifice is not voluntary, and that the wife suffers disgrace in not coming forward; but this is a most erroneous idea; for on the decease of a Hindoo personage at Baroda, that worthy and highly respected character who by the suavity of his manners, his justice and wisdom, is so truly beloved by the natives, and to whom we may apply from Terence *Home sum—nihil humani a me alienum puto*—apprehensive that the wife, from the high rank which her husband held, would have devoted her self to his manes, sent his Dewan to endeavour to dissuade her from the act. The Dewan went to her house, but on finding her in tears, immediately returned, and afforded no small degree of satisfaction in declaring, that giving vent to her grief, was a certain proof she had no intention of devoting herself. She is now living, and passes

her time in prayer and meditation. To argue against this Braminical religious tenet with the male part of the cast, would only excite their indignation and surprize; but might we not ask them, if the children have no claim to their mother's protection? Is it more praise-worthy for a wife to burn with her husband, than to remain and afford consolation to her disconsolate children?

The gallant Macduff being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out with an exclamation of four words, the most expressive perhaps that ever was uttered,

"He has no Children."

This is, as Goldsmith says, "the energetic language of simple nature;" but that nature, pure and refined as it is, in the point alluded to, has no influence.

We were present at a Suttee last year, when the daughter of the devotee attended her mother to the pile. The tears and lamentations of the unhappy girl moved every one. The very priests seemed touched with her agony; but her affliction was treated by her mother with a smile, as much as to say "why grieve for me; I am going to enjoy happiness." She had not

The dread of something after death—

That undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns;

She did not believe

The Everlasting fixed his canon 'gainst self-murder.

Baroda, July 29th, 1805.

SINGULAR NARRATIVE OF MARSHAL TURRENE.

THE celebrated Viscount Turrene, in his earlier youth, was a man of pleasure in the innocent sense of that word; it was his constant maxim, that man was formed for two purposes, to be virtuous and to be happy. He did not confine the latter term within the limits of any philosophical theory,—he understood happiness as the world, and not as the philosophers understood it. Being of a gay disposition he gave it free vent; and the levities of his youth were as much the subject of conversation as the heroism of his maturer years has become the theme of history.

He used to relate with much pleasure a kind

of adventure which had occurred to him upon his first introduction into the great world—the court of Louis XIV. We here translate it freely as it is given in a French work of much literary reputation, which has just appeared in Paris, and attracted much attention.

The father of Turrene was persuaded that his son would make his fortune at Paris, but with that kind of blindness not uncommon to parents, he expected this desired event by means very little suited to the character and mind of the young Chevalier. Will it be credited that Turrene was sent to the court of Louis XIV. for the purpose of making his fortune by entering into the Sorbonne?

Accordingly, with ten Louis d'Ors in his pocket, the young Turrene was conducted by his father to the town nearest his paternal chateau, whence the good old gentleman saw his son safely into a provincial stage, and with many blessings left him on his road to Paris.

Turrene, when a few miles on his road, got into conversation with a fellow-passenger; and there being in the vehicle but this gentleman and himself, they soon became as much acquainted as if they had passed the whole of their lives together. Turrene himself was always noted for his candour and pleasantry, and the young Chevalier, his fellow-passenger, seemed much of the same character. There were no limits, therefore, to their mutual confidence. Turrene entered into a narrative of his expectations; and his companion, equally communicative, informed Turrene of all the circumstances of his situation.

Turrene learned by this detail that the name of his companion was the Chevalier Dupaty; that he was the son of an old citizen of Blois, and was going to Paris on a visit to a merchant, the old friend of his father, with the purpose of marrying the old gentleman's daughter. Old Monsieur Dupaty and the Parisian merchant had, it seems, been educated together, and though so separated by the events of their future life, that they had scarcely seen each other for twenty years, they had mutually retained that affectionate remembrance not uncommon in like situations. The old merchant, whose name is given as Monsieur St. George, had therefore sent an invitation to Monsieur Dupaty, to endeavour to unite their families; expressing in the same letter what he would give with his daughter, and what he should expect the young Dupaty would bring with him. The letter concluded, that if old Dupaty agreed to the proposal, the young Chevalier should be sent with a bag of five hundred crowns, and the nuptials be forthwith concluded.

"Have you never seen your intended, Chevalier?" said Turrene.

"Never," replied the young Dupaty.

"Nor the old gentleman?" rejoined Turrene.

"Never, my friend;" re-added the Chevalier.

"It will be a singular union then," said Turrene; "but perhaps these things are not so much the worse for being done blind-folded; fortune may choose perhaps as well as ourselves."

In this conversation between the young friends passed the whole interval of the journey till their arrival at Paris. It was then agreed between the two companions, that they should stop at the same Inn. But scarcely had they reached this Inn, and were left alone in their chamber, when a very unexpected incident occurred. The young Dupaty was seized with a violent complaint in

his bowels. Whether arising from the journey, or from any other cause, the disease was so violent, and instantaneous in its effect, that Turrene had scarcely time to call for help before his companion had expired.

There is a help for every thing but death — Turrene retired to his bed, and revolved the incidents of the day, and his journey. Turrene was at an age when the spirit of mischief is supposed to predominate. Turrene rose in the morning, and going to the trunk of the deceased Chevalier, the keys of which Dupaty had given him previous to his unhappy catastrophe, he examined the contents; and taking the letters and the bag containing the five hundred crowns, sallies forth for the house of Monsieur St. George, having given previous orders for the burial of his friend. It may be here necessary to mention, that, by the regulations of Paris, every one was required to be buried within twelve hours after their decease.

On coming to the house of Monsieur St. George, Turrene ordered the porter to announce his arrival to his master.

"Who am I to announce, Sir," said the porter.

"The Chevalier Dupaty."

The porter had not lived in the family for nothing; he knew the family secrets as well as Monsieur St. George himself. He eagerly, therefore, hastened to announce what he knew to be most agreeable intelligence.

In the meantime Turrene, left by himself in a large parlour, had leisure to look around him; he found himself in one of those houses, or rather palaces, which belong to the higher order of merchants. Every thing bespoke the wealth of its owner. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the old gentleman, who approaching in haste, precipitated himself into the arms of Turrene. Turrene returned his embraces with equal warmth. The old gentleman was enraptured at the figure of his intended son-in-law. He overwhelmed him with family questions, to all of which the candid communication of his deceased friend had enabled Turrene to return most satisfactory answers. Turrene delivered his letters. The old gentleman read them.

"You have brought then," said he, "the five hundred crowns which your father has mentioned in his letter?"

Turrene replied to this interrogatory by putting the bag into the hands of the old gentleman.

"Good, my young friend," replied the worthy Monsieur St. George. "Your father, I perceive, is as much a man of business as myself. You will soon learn that my fortune, and what I shall give my daughter, did not require the addition of five hundred crowns, but I was willing that your father should have some share in the happiness

of setting you going. I am a plain man, young gentleman, your father has done his part, and I shall now do mine."

With these words he rang a bell; and, upon the entrance of a servant, commanded him to summon a priest by a certain hour in the same evening. "In the mean time you shall go and see my wife and daughter. It is fit that a young man should become acquainted with his wife."

Turcenne was accordingly conducted to the drawing-room, and introduced to a matronly woman, and a young girl of great beauty, the wife and daughter of the worthy merchant; who, after the ceremony of introduction, left the young Chevalier to recommend himself.

In this Turcenne so effectually succeeded, that, by the hour of dinner, the ladies had become more than commonly satisfied with their new acquaintance. The good matron looked with pride upon the elegant figure and manly accomplishments of her intended son, and the young lady blushed with more meaning, but with equal satisfaction.

Turcenne equally recommended himself during the dinner and desert. The merchant almost crossed himself with surprise, how his old friend, the citizen of Blois, who was a proverb of niggardly economy, could have given his son so brilliant an education.

It was now becoming late; the priest was expected. Turcenne, upon a sudden, rose; assumed a look of solemnity, and beckoned the merchant to follow him. The merchant, in some surprise, obeyed.

Turcenne descended the stairs, and entered the street. The merchant enquired whither he was going? Turcenne waved his hand.—The merchant, more astonished, continued to follow him.

It was the month of December, and therefore, though the hour was eight in the evening, it was foggy and dark as midnight. Turcenne, holding the merchant by the arm, insensibly led him into the cloisters of the Monastery of the Benedictines, when, suddenly stopping, "My friend," said he, "it is enough, I have discharged that for which it was permitted me to be absent, and must now return. Behold in me the Spirit of the young Chevalier Dupaty. I arrived in Paris at the Hotel de Pont Matre, at six o'clock yesterday evening, and died of the cholera about half an hour after my arrival. I need not tell you that my father had entrusted to my care a bag of five hundred crowns. My senses survived

my speech, and made me anxious that as the match could not be concluded from the circumstance of my death, the money might return safe into the hands of my father. I must not declare further the secrets of the grave,—suffice it that the last wish of my life was the first of my death.—The permission was granted me.—The thing is done, and the money safe.—I must now return to be buried.—This very hour is the time appointed for me to enter the grave.—Farewell."

With these words, whilst the merchant was fixed in motionless astonishment, Turcenne disappeared, availing himself of the darkness of the night, and an obscure turn in the cloisters.

After some moments of mute surprise, the merchant, rubbing his eyes, looked about him. Turcenne, as we have said, had disappeared.—The merchant called,—no one answered. In a word, the merchant became horror-struck, and recovered himself only to hurry home and relate the terrible adventure to his wife and daughter.

Terror has quick steps; he soon regained his own door, and knocked for entrance with unusual violence.

Before the door was opened, a cart with trunks came up to it. The merchant demanded from whence it came?

"From the Hotel de Pont Matre."

"From whom there?" demanded the merchant eagerly.

"They are the trunks of the young Chevalier Dupaty," replied the carter.

"And where is the young Chevalier Dupaty?" rejoined the merchant.

"In his grave by this time," replied the carter. "The bell of Notre Dieu was announcing the burial as I left the Inn."

"What, the Chevalier is really dead then?" said the merchant, his hair erecting itself with increased horror.

"Yes," replied the carter, "dead as Adam. He arrived in the city yesterday afternoon, and died within half an hour afterwards."

The merchant's door now opened: he stayed not to ask another question, but rushed up to relate to his wife the circumstances of the apparition.

The story got about Paris, and as Turcenne was silent, it was almost generally believed that the young Chevalier Dupaty had appeared to the merchant St. George, as has been related.

L. H.

SELICO; AN AFRICAN NOVEL.

If we might suppose, as the Parsis say, that this universe is submitted to two principles, of which one performs the little good we find in it, and the other, all the evil with which it abounds, we should be tempted to believe that, above all in Africa, the evil principle exerts its power. No country produces so many poisonous plants, wild beasts, and venomous reptiles. The little we know of the history of Morocco, of the negroes of Ardra, of the Jaggas, of other nations along the coast down to the country of the Hottentots, must singularly resemble the history of lions, panthers, serpents, so worthy to share that burning soil with those cannibal kings who send the flesh of their prisoners to the shambles.

In the midst of these disgusting horrors, amongst those sanguinary monsters, of whom some sell their children, and others eat their captives, there is sometimes a natural justice found, real virtue, constancy in torments, and a generous contempt of death. Such examples, however rare, are sufficient to interest us for those degraded beings, to remind us that they are men: thus, in a parched desert, two or three patches of verdure, which the traveller discovers from afar, console him and remind him he is still on earth.

In the kingdom of Juida, situated on the coast of Guinea, beyond the Cape of Three Points, not far from the city of Sabi, its capital, there lived, in 1727, a poor widow named Darina. She was mother of three sons, whom she had brought up with a tenderness, happily common in nature, but rare in those climates, where children are regarded as an object of commerce, and sold for slaves by their unnatural parents. The eldest of these sons was named Gubéri, the second Touloué, the last Selico. All three were good and sensible: they adored their good mother, who, grown old and infirm, lived only by their care.—The riches of that family consisted in a cottage where they lived together, and a small contiguous field which produced the maize they fed on. Every morning, each in his turn, one of the three brothers went a hunting, the other laboured in the field, the third remained with his mother. In the evening they all met. The hunter brought home partridges, parrots, and sometimes a honeycomb; the cultivator returned with plantains, bananas, yams, and other roots, with cocoa-nuts, and fruits. He who had remained at home had prepared the common repast: they supped all four together, and strove

who should be most attentive to their mother; they afterwards received her blessing, and lying down on straw, resigned themselves to sleep till the day-break.

Selico, the youngest brother, often went to the city to carry the first fruits of the crops, the offerings of this poor family, to the temple of the principal God of the country. That God, as is well known, is a great serpent, of the species of those named *Fetiches*, which have no venom, do no harm, but on the contrary devour the venomous serpents, and are so greatly venerated in Juida, that to kill a single one would be looked on as a horrible crime: so that the number of those sacred serpents is infinitely multiplied; in the midst of towns and villages, in every part of the houses, these Gods are found, who come familiarly and eat at the same table with their adorers, sleep near their hearth, and bring forth young in their bed; which last favour is esteemed as a most fortunate preface.

Among the negroes of Juida, Selico was the blackest, the best shaped, and the most amiable: he had seen in the temple of the grand serpent, the young Berissa, daughter of the high priest, who, by her figure, her beauty, her graces, surpassed all her companions. Selico burnt for her, and Selico was beloved: every Wednesday, the day consecrated by the negroes to repose and religion, the young lover went to the temple, he spent the day near his dear Berissa; he talked to her about his mother, about his love, and the happiness they would enjoy when united. Berissa did not conceal from him that she longed for that time; and her father, the old Farulho, who approved those tender ties, and promised, while embracing them, very soon to crown their tenderness.

At last the so much wished for period approached; the day was fixed; the mother of Selico, and his two brothers, had already prepared the cabin for the happy pair, when the famous Turo Audati, King of Dahomai, whose rapid conquests have been celebrated even in Europe, invaded the kingdom of Ardra, exterminated its inhabitants; and, advancing at the head of his formidable army, he only halted at the border of the great river which separated him from the King of Juida, who, being a feeble and cowardly prince, governed by his women and his ministers, did not even think of opposing any troops to those of the conqueror: he fancied

that the gods of the country were able to guard it from invasion, and ordered all the *Feliche* serpents that could be found to be conveyed to the river's brink. The Dahomai King surprised, and irritated at having only reptiles to combat, swims across the river with his soldiers, gains the opposite shore; and in a short time all the gods, from whom miracles were expected, are cut to pieces, broiled on charcoal, and devoured by the vanquishers. Upon which the King of Juida, having no hope of being saved by any effort he might make, abandoned his capital, and fled to a distant island, where he secreted himself; and the warriors of Audati, spreading over all his states, with fire and sword, burnt the harvests, the villages, the towns, and without the least pity, massacred every thing they found alive.

Terror had dispersed the few natives who had escaped the slaughter: the three brothers, as the conquerors drew near, had carried off their mother, and hidden themselves in the woods. Selico would not leave Darina while she remained exposed to danger; but he no sooner found her placed in safety, than, trembling for Berissa, he ran back to Sabi, to save her, or to perish with her. Sabi had just been taken by the Dahomais; the streets flowed with blood, the houses were plundered and destroyed; the king's palace, the temple of the serpent, were now only smoking ruins, covered with scattered carcasses, of which the barbarians, as is their custom, had carried away the heads. The unfortunate Selico, desperate, wishing for death, braved it a thousand times among the soldiers drunk with brandy and blood; Selico traversed the frightful ruins, seeking Berissa and Fatchilho, calling them with lamentable cries, yet was not able to recognise their bodies among so many mutilated trunks.

After having devoted five days to this horrid search, and no longer doubting that Berissa and her father had been the victims of the ferocious Dahomais, Selico returned to his mother. He found her in the wood where he had left her with his brothers. The gloomy sorrow of Selico, his air, his wild looks, terrified the afflicted family. Darina deplored his ill fortune; she attempted consolation, to which he appeared insensible; he rejected all food, and resolved to starve himself to death.

Gubéri and Teloué did not seek to dissuade him by reasons or caresses; but they showed him their ancient mother, who had no longer house, nor bread, who had nothing in the world but her children; and asked, if at this sight he did not still feel courage to live.

Selico promised it: Selico strove to think on nothing but on sharing with his two brothers the tender care they took of the old woman.

They retired deeper into the woods, to a greater

distance from Sabi; built themselves a cabin in a remote valley; and by hunting supplied as well as they could their want of maize, and of garden vegetables.

Bereft of their bows, their arrows, and other necessities which they had not time to take with them, they very soon felt the wants of misery. Fruits were very scarce in that forest, and what little there grew, was contended for by the prodigious number of apes and monkeys. The earth produced only grass. They had no instruments to till it with, no seed to sow in it.

The rainy season set in, and horrible famine attacked them. The poor mother, always suffering on a bed of dried leaves, did not complain, but she lay dying. Her sons, extenuated through hunger, were no longer able to go into the woods which were deluged: they set snares for the small birds which came near their cabin; and when they happened to catch one, which was very rarely, as they had not even a bait, they carried it to their mother, and offered it to her, attempting to smile; and the mother would not touch it because she could not share it with her children.

Three months passed without bringing any alteration in this terrible situation. Forced at last to contrive something, the three brothers deliberated unknown to Darina. Gubéri first proposed to journey towards the coast, and there, at the first European factory, one of them should sell himself for a slave, in order to purchase with the money maize, bread, instruments of agriculture, bows, arrows, and what might be necessary for their mother. The two brothers remained in sullen silence.

To part, to quit each other for ever, to become a slave to the whites! those ideas made them shudder. Who shall be sold? cried Teloué, with a sorrowful accent. Chance shall decide it, replied Gubéri; let us cast three unequal pebbles into this clay vase; let us mix them together; he who draws the smallest shall be the unfortunate. No, brother, interrupted Selico: chance has already pronounced; it is I whom it rendered the most unfortunate: you forget, then, that I have lost Berissa, that you hindered me from dying, by telling me that I should be useful to my mother. Keep your word; now is the time; sell me.

Gubéri and Teloué in vain opposed the dangerous design of their brother: Selico repelled their prayers, refused to draw lots, and threatened to set off alone, if they would not accompany him. The two eldest at last yielded. It was agreed that Gubéri should stay with his mother, that Teloué should go with Selico to the Dutch fort, where he would receive the price of his brother's liberty, and that he should afterwards re-

turn with the provisions and other things which were necessary.

• During this agreement, Sélico was the only one who did not weep; but what pains did he not take to retain, to hide his tears, when he was to leave his mother, bid her an eternal farewell, embrace her for the last time, and yet deceive her, in swearing he would soon return with Teloué; that they only went to visit their old dwelling, and see whether they might return thither.

The good old woman believed them; she could not however tear herself from the arms of her sons; she already trembled at the dangers they were going to brave; and, from an involuntary foresight, she attempted to run after Sélico when he was out of sight.

• The two young brothers, of which it was not easy to distinguish the most to be pitied, arrived in a few days at the city of Sabi. Murders had ceased, peace began to be restored; the King of Dahomai, now the tranquil possessor of the shores of Juída, was desirous of making the trade with the Europeans flourish, and for that purpose invited them within his walls. Many English and French merchants were admitted to the court of the monarch, who sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided the lands of the vanquished among his soldiers.

Teloué soon found a merchant who offered him a hundred crowns for his young brother.

Whilst he was hesitating, troubling in all his members, and disputing about this horrible bargain, a trumpet is heard in the square, and a public crier proclaims, with a loud voice, that the King of Dahomai promises four hundred ounces of gold, to whoever would deliver up, living, a strange unknown negro, who, the preceding night, had dared to profane the Seraglio of the monarch, and had towards day-break escaped through the arrows of his guards.

Sélico hears this proclamation, makes a sign to Teloué not to conclude with the merchant; and, drawing his brother aside, says to him, in a firm tone:

Thou art to sell me; and I have willed it, to enable my mother to live; but the moderate sum that white man has offered thee, cannot make her rich. Four hundred ounces of gold would insure a handsome fortune to Darina and you: we must earn them, brother; you must immediately bind me, and take me to the king, as the culprit he seeks. Do not be frightened; I know as well as thou dost, what cruel punishment awaits me, I have calculated its duration, it can hardly exceed an hour: when my mother brought me into the world, she suffered longer.

Teloué, trembling, could make no answer;

penetrated with terror, with tenderness, he falls on his knees, presses him, supplicates him in the name of his mother, of Benissa, by all he ever loved, to renounce that terrible design. Of whom speakest thou? replies Sélico, with a ghastly smile. I have lost Benissa; I wish to rejoin her; I save my mother, I enrich my brothers for ever, I spare myself a slavery which may last forty years. My choice is made, do not thwart me any longer, or I shall go and surrender myself. Thou wilt lose the fruit of my death, and thou wilt cause the misery of her to whom we owe life.

Intimidated by the air and the tone with which Sélico pronounced these last words, Teloué dares not reply; he obeys his brother, procures cords, fastens both his arms behind his back, and in tying the knots waters them with his tears; and then marches with him to the king's palace.

Stopped by the outer guard, he demands to speak to the monarch. He is introduced. The King of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious stones, was reclining on a sofa between two of his favourite women, who were dressed in petticoats of brocade, and from the waist upwards naked. The ministers, the grandees, the captains superbly clothed, were lying prostrate about twenty paces from the king; the bravest were distinguished by necklaces of human teeth, every one of which testified a victory; manly women, with muskets on their shoulders, stood sentry at the doors of the apartment: large jars of gold, filled with palm-wine, brandy, and other strong liquors, were placed confusedly at a little distance from the king, and the hall was paved with the skulls of his enemies.

Sovereign of the world, said Teloué, bending his forehead to the earth, I am come according to thy sacred commands to surrender into thy hands — He cannot proceed, his voice expires on his lips. The king interrogates him, he is not able to answer: Sélico then speaks.

King of Dahomai, says he, thou seest before thee the culprit who, hurried on by a fatal passion, penetrated last night into thy Seraglio. He who holds me in chains, was for a long time my friend, so that I trusted him with my secret. Out of zeal for thy service, he has betrayed friendship; he surprised me in my sleep, loaded me with bonds, and is come to demand his reward; give it to him, the wretch has earned it.

The king, without deigning to answer him, makes a sign to one of his ministers, who seizes him, delivers him to the armed women, and gives the four hundred ounces of gold to Teloué; who thus loaded with gold which he shudders at touching, runs to purchase provisions, and

returns precipitately to carry them to his mother. —Already, by the monarch's order, preparations were made for the dreadful punishment which in Juida is inflicted on those who commit adultery with any of the king's wives. Two wide ditches are dug close together. In that which is intended for the guilty spouse, the unfortunate woman is bound to a stake, and all the women of the Seraglio, in their best array, carrying large jugs of boiling water, empty them all over her head, to the music of flutes and drums, till she expires. The other ditch contains a pile of wood, over which is fixed a long iron bar, supported by two elevated posts: the criminal is chained along that bar, the pile is set fire to; and as the flames only just reach him, he perishes in extreme torment, gradually burning.

The place was full of people. The whole military force, armed with guns and darts, formed a square battalion. The priests were waiting for the two victims, in order to impose hands on them, and devote them to death. They arrived from different parts, conducted by the armed women. Sélico, calm and resigned, walked with upright head. When he got near the priest, he could not refrain from casting his eyes on his unfortunate partner. With what surprise, with what grief did he not recognise Berissa! He cried out, attempts to rush towards her, but is prevented by the executioners.

This movement soon gave place to indignation. Wretch! says he to himself, whilst I was bewailing her, whilst I sought death, with the hope of rejoining her, she was of the number of those vile mistresses who contend for the heart of a tyrant! Not contented with betraying love, she was at the same time unfaithful to her master, she deserved the opprobrious appellation of adulteress, and the punishment which awaits her crime! Oh, my mother! for thee only I die, I think only on thee.

At that moment, the miserable Berissa, who has just recognised Sélico, shrieks, calls the priests, and with a loud voice declares that the young man who is going to suffer is not he who penetrated into the Seraglio! she swears it, in the face of Heaven, by the mountains, by the thunder, the most sacred of their oaths. The intimidated priests suspend the execution, and send to acquaint the king with the event, who immediately repairs to the place.

The monarch approached Berissa with anger and indignation: Slave, says he, with a terrible voice, thou who disdainest the love of thy master, thou whom I wished to elevate to the rank of my favourite spouse, and whom I have suffered to live, notwithstanding thy refusal, what can be thy intention in daring to deny the crime of thy accomplice? Dost thou hope to save him?

If he be not thy lover, discover him, guilty woman; surrender him to my justice and I will release the innocent.

King of Dahomai, replies Berissa, already tied to the fatal stake, I could not accept thy heart; I had none to bestow: I did not fear telling thee so. Thinkest thou that she who has not told a falsity to share a crown, can tell one on the point of dying? No, I have owned every thing; I renew my avowal. A man last night did penetrate into my apartment, and did not retire till day-break, but it was not this man. Thou requirest me to name him. I ought not, nor will I: I am prepared to die; I know that nothing can save me, and I only prolong these terrible moments to hinder thee from committing a crime. I again swear to thee, King of Dahomai, the blood of this innocent will be upon thy head. Let him be freed, and punish me. I have nothing more to say.

The king was struck with the words of Berissa, with the tone in which they were spoken; he gave no orders, he hung his head down, and was surprised at the secret repugnance which for once he felt to shed a little blood. But reflecting that the negro had accused himself; attributing the interest which Berissa had testified for him, to her love, his fury is rekindled. He makes a sign to the executioners: the pile is set fire to, the women approach with their vessels of boiling water; when an old man, panting, out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, suddenly breaks his way through the crowd, and falls at the feet of the king.

Stop, says he, stop; it is I that am the culprit, I scaled the walls of thy Seraglio to carry off my daughter. I was formerly the chief priest of the God who was adored here; my daughter was torn from my arms, and conducted to thy palace. I have ever since sought an opportunity to see her again. Last night I attained my end. She in vain attempted to follow me, thy guards perceived us. I escaped alone from among the arrows which have wounded me as thou seest. I offer thee thy victim, and am come to die with her, for whose sake only I wished to live.

He had hardly concluded, when the king commands the priests to loosen the two supposed criminals, and bring them before him. He interrogates Sélico; he wants to know what powerful motive could engage him to seek such a painful death. Sélico, whose heart palpitated with joy to find Berissa constant, boldly reveals every thing to the monarch: he recounts his misfortunes, the indigence of his mother, and his resolution to gain the four hundred ounces of gold for her. Berissa and her father heard him with tears of admiration; the chiefs, the soldiers, the populace were affected; the king felt tears flow.

ing, which had never before bathed his cheeks: such is the charm of virtue, it is adored even by barbarians.

After having heard Sélico, the king holds out his hand to him, raises him up; and turning himself towards the European merchants who were present at this spectacle; you, says he, whom wisdom, experience, the lights of a long state of civilization, have so well taught how much, within a crown-piece, a man may be worth, at how much do you estimate that man? The merchants blushed at that question. A young Frenchman boldly cried out: ten thousand crowns of gold.

Let them be given to Berissa, replied the king

directly, and with that sum not purchase, but espouse Sélico.

After these orders, the King of Dahomai retired, wondering at feeling a pleasure which he had never before known.

Farulho on the same day gave his daughter to Sélico. The happy pair accompanied him the next day with their treasure on their return to Darina. She thought she should die with joy, as did the two brothers of Sélico. That virtuous family was never more parted; enjoyed its riches, and, in a barbarous country, were long the most noble example which Heaven can bestow upon earth, that of opulence and happiness produced solely by virtue.

CHARACTER OF MR. NATHANIEL JEFFERYS.

A View of the Character of Mr. Nathaniel Jefferys, as it is exhibited to the Public by himself, through the medium of a Pamphlet, entitled "A Review of the Conduct of the Prince of Wales in his various Transactions with Mr. Jefferys," &c. &c.

THE character of a man can never be accurately and fairly estimated, unless we can by his conduct ascertain how far he is influenced by motives in preference to principles. Every investigation that is undertaken with a view to estimate the value of character ought to be conducted with all possible candour, accompanied with the strictest attention to truth. To trifle with character betrays a spirit of mischievous wantonness that nothing can justify. To misrepresent it bespeaks a very high degree of moral turpitude; but to vilify and defame it exhibits the very highest pitch of mental depravity that a rational being can possibly be capable of arriving at. Little, indeed, does that man know of the human heart who perceives not that when he forsakes truth and candour he forsakes himself, and is preparing for his own back a punishment ten fold greater than any one else could inflict on him.

Properly to estimate character, nothing more is absolutely requisite than a knowledge of motives, professions, and actions. And never was a knowledge of these more clearly revealed to the world, than in the pamphlet published by Mr. Jefferys. Here we perceive that interest was the first object of the author's consideration. And from the moment he was honoured with the smile of his Prince, he vainly imagined his fortune was made.

That depth of enterprize had often led to destructive consequences Mr. Jefferys must have

been well aware of. But it assuredly does not often happen that an enterprising genius is so entirely devoid of all generosity as to place the blame of his failure, and to attribute the cause of it, whatever might be the object of his pursuit, on those who were his earliest patrons and benefactors.

Negligence of general business may indeed account, and that very rationally, for many unpleasant circumstances and events on the part of Mr. Jefferys; but it can never be admitted as a plea in his favour, nor as an evidence against the conduct or character of his employer.

Because the constant and encouraging approbation and praises of a Prince diverted Mr. Jefferys from the benefit of profiting by the advice of friends more experienced and prudent than himself, it cannot in any way be inferred that the charge of misconduct in this particular is to be laid at any one's door but his own. He who at noon day is resolutely determined to encounter difficulties which he might with ease have avoided, must expect to reap the punishment due to courage unaccompanied with skill, with judgment, and with discretion. Of the consequences of such conduct, however fatal, the wonder is how a man should have the effrontery to complain!

Every strong hope of security, which is unfounded in principle, is vain and fallacious, and must eventually lead to disappointment and ruin. The general consequences attached to immo-

rality, neither rank nor station, neither prince nor people, can possibly counteract. Their impetuosity may be diminished; and their arrival in some degree protracted; but neither can be ultimately avoided. Whereas true respectability of character rests on a foundation that is permanent;—that is, neither to be shaken by the storms of adversity, corrupted by the adulations of praise, influenced by a desire of gain, abashed by the tongue of censure, nor misled by the power of ambition.

Delusions flow not from principles. Had Mr. Jefferys held this truth in the high estimation it deserves to be held in, he would not have been induced to have unnecessarily exposed his indiscretions to the eye of the world. Acting as he has done, he has most cruelly condemned himself. By him the salutary influence of principle was rejected. The utility of prudence was superseded by the hope of patronage; and the necessity of diligence by expressions of approbation and encouragement. Substances were readily rejected for shadows. And the prospect of arriving at greatness and at power, by sacrificing the plainest principles of honour and of duty in the pursuit of wealth and of patronage, shew, in colours the most glaring and forcible, the weakness of the head, the unsoundness of the mind, and the corruption of the heart. For the honour of human nature, of which we are all partakers, let us hope and believe "that under similar circumstances" none "would have acted a similar part."

Honour is founded in principle. It is the guardian of confidence. The publication of private confidential conversations, or transactions, is the highest breach of honour that a man can possibly be guilty of. The very nature of the conversation that took place between his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Mr. Jefferys, concerning Mrs. Fitzherbert's embarrassment, was of itself sufficient to denominate it to be a confidential communication and request. Whether the application then made had been granted or rejected, it was equally the bounden duty of Mr. Jefferys, and would have been also equally the bounden duty of any one else to whom the Prince might have condescended to have mentioned the circumstance, and to have preferred the application, to have kept both the one and the other faithfully and devotedly recorded in his own breast. No subsequent behaviour of any man living can justify a breach of confidence. To a man of principle and of honour, what is thus reposed in him must die with him. What is the burthen of poverty, what is the power of contempt, what is the sting of ingratitude, what are the reviling of the malicious, the envious, and the scornful, when compared to a defalcation of

principle like this? How could the grossest improprieties of Mrs. Fitzherbert, how could the most unbounded indiscretions of the Prince of Wales; how could the most consummate virtues, and amiability of character, of the Princess of Wales, palliate guilt like this? In every subsequent page of the pamphlet, this enormity of guilt forces itself on our recollection in a manner truly odious and disgusting. It implies a temerity that bids defiance to justice, and scorns the obtrusions of candour.

"Inclined," as Mr. Jefferys is, "to think that the repayment of money borrowed will not be considered by the world as discharging the obligation, however it might do the debt," I cannot but believe he will find himself mistaken. The interest of the world is the interest of the majority of its inhabitants. And it is to the interest of this majority that no obligations whatever should be returned, or considered as due, for money borrowed, over and above what justice and the law demands. As members of a community, our privileges, as to the obtaining of money by the way of a loan, should be in every respect the same. This principle was happily recognized and acted upon when a rate of interest not to be exceeded, for money borrowed, was passed into a law. But the men who could penetrate into the events of futurity, from the countenance of a lady, might with equal ease and certainty have anticipated misfortunes from the consciousness of demerit.

Unbounded promises of future support, limited to no precise period of time, should only have been considered as additional motives and incitements to diligence, patience, perseverance, and secrecy. Throughout the whole pamphlet, I cannot but observe, with peculiar pleasure and satisfaction, that nothing like duplicity, treachery, deceit, or falsehood attaches, in any way whatever, to the character of the Prince of Wales. Either of these would indeed have sunk him in the esteem of the wise and the good of every denomination.

Great as might be, in Mr. Jefferys' estimation, the favour he had conferred on the Prince, it cannot but be admitted, that the moment that the favour thus conferred had passed the door of the lips of Mr. Jefferys, that moment both the favour conferred, and the consequent obligation, totally ceased.

To relieve the mind of another from anxiety must, to a mind rightly formed, afford the highest degree of pleasure. But when the relief that is thus administered has interest for its motive, it ceases to be an act of virtue, and is consequently devoid of all merit, unentitled to any obligation, and becomes merely a matter of speculation.

"Can it be said," asks Mr. Jefferys, "that I have not been deceived, and most cruelly and ungenerously disappointed?" The man who expects more for his services than he has a right to demand, will always be deceived if he receives less than he desires. And he who acts from motives instead of principles, must always be prepared for disappointment when his character is properly analyzed and correctly ascertained. In every concern, and in every occurrence and transaction of life, the secure and the honourable side is the side of duty. Arm in arm with virtue and diligence, neither misfortunes nor disgrace can appal or terrify. And he who complains of events in consequence of having departed from the line of duty cannot certainly complain without a cause; nor can such a challenge be urged against him with fairness and truth.

A public statement of private, social, or domestic concerns, with a view to depreciate particular characters, discovers a littleness of mind, and a maliciousness of disposition, that no language has words sufficiently strong properly and significantly to reprobate.

The observations and the knowledge which we may derive from individuals, in their private intercourse with us, as professional men, or as tradesmen, we may with great propriety convert to our own use and advantage, as far as may relate to the improvement of our own moral and religious character; but purposely to expose to the world any information, circumstance, or transaction, that has so come to our knowledge, is most assuredly demonstrative of an inherent disposition to mischief. Nor does the publication of what transpired between Mr. Jefferys as a tradesman, and Mrs. Fitzherbert as a customer, reflect any credit whatever on the character of the former. If a practice of this kind was to be generally adopted by tradesmen, I presume the sale and disposal of many of the luxuries, the ornaments, and the gaieties of life, would cease to take place. Many there are who object not to the very high profits that are sometimes charged on articles, by way of interest, for an expected length of credit, who would never condescend, by giving an order, to make themselves liable to have their name ushered into the world in consequence of the non-payment of their bills within a certain limited period; or if paid by any one else, have the particulars of the circumstance published to the world. Credit and secrecy, or reciprocal confidence, ought ever to go hand in hand. Nor should any thing be suffered to disunite them as long as the claims of justice are fully recoverable, but an actual defection of deceit, treachery, or fraud.

As charges conscientiously made will never be rigorously disputed, so neither will favours

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virtuously and honourably conferred, ever be construed into obligations of unbounded value. And when a disposition to confer favours is accompanied with views of obtaining patronage or interest, it ceases to be an object of public enquiry whether a man, on such occasions, is aggrieved or not? Favours so conferred are destitute of all public utility, and are, of course, no object of public investigation. In the instance before us, the enterprize was a voluntary one; and it is published only because it did not prove to be a fortunate and a successful one. It is to the interest of the country at large to hope that all similar enterprizes will meet with a similar termination.

In tracing the character of Mr. Jefferys, as exhibited in his own colours, and in his own language, we clearly perceive it to rest on no solid foundation. As a tradesman, his hopes were founded on calculations of a visionary kind; as a Member of Parliament, his conduct was regulated by his motives; and these were both of an ambitious and an interested nature. As a rational being, we behold him pursuing a conduct diametrically opposite to the acknowledged rules of prudence and discretion. In all his transactions, we behold the animal without the mind. The dignity of moral excellence never once appears to have been an object of his slightest concern. He seems not to have recollected that the short but expressive character, "Honest man, in the ear of wisdom, is a grander name, is a more high-sounding title than peer of the realm, or than prince of the blood."* And if character is to be estimated by virtue, it may fairly be doubted whether Mr. Jefferys can possibly appear far advanced on the list of precedence.

Almost at the commencement of Mr. Jefferys' pamphlet, (page 9†), we find him bewailing, as a most unfortunate circumstance, the favour his Royal Highness had conferred on him by honouring him with orders for goods to a large amount; and in page 30, after a lapse of ten years, we find him soliciting his Royal Highness's favour and protection. If there is truth contained in the assertion of Mr. Jefferys, page 9, there must evidently be much imprudence and inconsistency exhibited in the application contained in a letter addressed to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, dated the twenty-fifth of October, 1799.

As all subsequent applications to the Prince proved to be equally unsuccessful with the one just now alluded to, it will be unnecessary to notice them with any other view than to elucidate the political integrity and patriotic zeal of the neglected applicant.

* Fawcett.

† Eighth edition.

Where it is the first wish of a man's heart to pay his debts, it will be the first wish of his heart to acknowledge his obligations. And although he may be, from necessity, unable to discharge the former, he can never experience a treatment which will justify him in disavowing the latter. The patronage of a Prince can be valuable in expectancy only in proportion as it is actually and voluntarily attracted by merit. When it is exacted as a return for favours conferred, it ought ever to be withheld. The patronage of Princes should be extended to none but to men of principle and integrity. The country requires this at their hands; and the permanent welfare, security, and good order of its inhabitants demand it — Were a contrary system to be adopted and persisted in, nothing less than a general depravity of conduct and corruption of manners could be expected to ensue. Favours of a temporary nature would be easily conferred with a view of obtaining a tenfold advantage, which advantage must be ultimately derived from the contributions of the public. For such advantages, no man can possibly have the least right or pretensions whatever to prefer a claim who has not faithfully and conscientiously discharged his duty to that public from whom he expects favours, reward, and protection. And the man who professedly acts with a view to his future interest, in preference to the good of his country, and the proper discharge of his duty, is, of all others, the least entitled to its notice and attention.

He who, as a senator, is capable of always dividing with the opposition upon every occasion, except where instructions from his constituents demanded a different line of conduct, is entitled to neither patronage, countenance, nor support. To him his country owes no obligation; to him it is indebted for no assistance. A character like this sacrifices judgment to expectation, duty to interest, and honour to servitude. The moment a man is made choice of for a representative in parliament, and is sworn in, he becomes a guardian of the whole country, and not of any particular part of it. He ought from that moment to be subservient to no authority or interest on earth. He ought zealously to study the general welfare of his country; and the particular welfare of the place he represents should be no further an object of his preference and attention than is consistent with that general welfare. A member of parliament ought ever to enter the House of Commons unfettered by the commands of any one; and uninfluenced by any motives but those that flow from the operation of principles calculated for the universal and substantial welfare of his country, according to the best of his judgment and opinion, founded on the most accurate knowledge he can possibly ob-

tain; with respect to the possible and probable effects which the adoption of any particular proposals that may be offered for consideration, may, if determined on, ultimately lead to, or be productive of. The bounden duty of a senator is not merely to say *yes* or *no*, as may be requested of him, or as may be agreeable to any particular party or set of men. He should endeavour to obtain as full an insight as he possibly can into the subject in discussion, in order that he may know and understand whether *yes* or *no* will be the most likely to procure peace, harmony, prosperity, security, honour, and liberty to the people at large, whose representative he is; and to exercise the privileges delegated to him for the express purposes of public advantages. His duty, as a senator, is of a public and general, and not of a private, a local, or an individual nature. And the man who is not fit to be trusted with a power of free-agency, as a senator, is not a proper person to be chosen as a representative. And those constituents who should attempt to bind a man to act under the influence of their direction, would be but rightly served if the privilege of voting for representatives were in future for ever denied them. Let them make choice of men of principle only, and they will never have reason to regret that they have delegated their power to another. A man of principle will submit to no restrictions on his knowledge, his understanding, his judgment, or his liberty. Nothing thus base and dishonourable will ever darken the amiable brightness of his character. Virtue is the nobility of the mind. And the leading effort of virtue will ever be to retain its own liberty, dignity, and consequence. The moment this effort ceases, danger becomes perceptible. And the sooner it is provided against, the less pernicious and the less dangerous will be the consequences flowing from it.—*If you will serve me on this occasion, I will serve you on a future one*, is a proposition derogatory to every thing that wears the character of virtue and honesty. As well may a petty juryman compromise and vote away, as far as in him lies, the life of a prisoner at the bar, as a senator compromise and vote away, as far as his power goes, the duty he owes to himself and to his country.

Had Mr. Jefferys, as a senator, acted from principle, and by so doing conscientiously discharged his duty to himself and his country, he would indeed, under misfortunes more especially, have had a real and a fair claim to the notice, the assistance, and the protection of that country which he had been assiduously striving to serve, without aiming at favour, preferment, or reward. The proper and diligent discharge of duty should ever be the first object of attention with every

one. Where this is not the case there is something wrong within. Some hope of reward, some expectation of patronage, some peculiar bent of inclination, some latent seeds of ambition that may not be easily detected, may imperceptibly have gotten the mastery of us, and subjected judgment to the influence of motives undervived from principles. And all such influence must inevitably destroy all true patriotism.

From a careful perusal and re-perusal of the pamphlet before me, I cannot view the character of Mr. Jefferys in any point of representation that can entitle him to the favourable notice, the respect, or the protection of the public. And it is with the most heart-felt concern that I find it necessary to remark that one principal object of his publication appears to have originated from a determined resolution to place the character of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the very worst point of view that he was capable of placing it in. How far such a resolution, and the manner in which he has executed it, will add to his income, I shall not attempt to enquire; but sure I am that it can add nothing to his popularity, his honour, or his reputation. No candid, ingenuous, and impartial reader can,

from the examination of his pamphlet, help conceiving a much more unfavourable opinion of Mr. Jefferys than he would have done had no such pamphlet appeared in the world. Had Mr. Jefferys given only a simple, candid, plain, accurate narrative of facts, without comments or reflections of any description, and without betraying a confidence reposed in him, or unnecessarily advertg to transactions of a public nature not strictly within the line of his duty, or connected with the subject of his grievance, he might have obtained the commiseration and the assistance of many affluent and well-disposed persons; but acting as he has done, I know not with what pretensions he can either at present or in future, expect the attention he so strenuously solicits.

A change of administration appears to have given hopes which disappointment has converted into malignity. And as long as the influence of example can be of any service to the world, let us hope that a conduct like Mr. Jefferys' will find neither patrons nor imitators in this or any succeeding age.

L. C.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

DEMONSTRATION OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD

FROM THE

WONDERFUL WORKS OF NATURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF AUG. CHATEAUBRIAND; BY F. SHOBERL.

THIS book which, as the title expresses, is a translation from the French of Chateaubriand, is thus commended by the worthy Prelate to whom it is dedicated by the author:

"The work (says he) is not calculated for the instruction of philosophers, but it will enlarge the views of the ignorant, it will arrest the attention of the thoughtless, and it will give an impulse to the piety of sober-minded men: there are passages in it which emulate the eloquence of Bossuet."

It is translated in a manner at once correct, elegant, and flowing; and does great credit to the taste of the gentleman who undertook it. We flatter ourselves we shall deserve the thanks of our readers for the following extract:—

PHYSICAL MAN.

"To complete these views of final causes, or proofs of the existence of God, deduced from the wonders of Nature, nothing more remains for us than to consider physical man. We shall here permit those masters to speak who have profoundly studied this subject.

"Cicero describes the human body in the following terms:

"With respect to the senses, by which exterior objects are conveyed to the knowledge of the soul, their structure corresponds wonderfully with their destination, and they have their seat in the head as in a fortified town. The eyes, like sentinels, occupy the most elevated place, whence, on discovering objects, they may give the alarm. An

eminent station was suitable to the ears, because they are destined to receive sounds which naturally ascend. The nostrils required a similar situation because odors likewise ascend, and it was necessary that they should be near the mouth, because they greatly assist us to judge of our meat and drink. Taste, by which we are apprized of the quality of the food we take, resides in that part of the mouth, through which Nature gives a passage to solids and to liquids. As for the touch, it is diffused generally over the whole body, that we might neither receive any impression, nor be attacked by cold or heat without feeling it. And as an architect will not place the sewer of a house before the eyes or under the nose of his employer, so Nature has removed from our senses every thing of a similar kind in the human body.

"But what other artist than Nature, whose dexterity is incomparable, could have formed our senses with such exquisite skill? She has covered the eyes with very delicate tunics, transparent before, that we might see through them, and close in their texture to keep the eyes in their proper situation. She has made them smooth and moveable, to enable them to avoid every thing by which they might be injured, and to look with facility to whatever side they please. The pupil, in which is united all that constitutes the faculty of sight, is so small, that it escapes without difficulty from every object that is capable of doing it mischief. The eye-lids, which are the coverings of the eyes, have a soft and polished surface, that they may not hurt the latter. Whether the fear of some accident obliges us to shut them, or we choose to open them, the eye-lids are formed in such a manner, as to adapt themselves to either of these motions, which are performed in an instant; they are, if we may so express it, fortified with palisades of hair, which serve to repel whatever would attack the eyes when they are open, and to envelop them that they may repose in peace when sleep closes and renders them useless to us. Our eyes possess the additional advantage of being concealed and defended by eminences; for, on the one hand, to stop the sweat that trickles down from the head and forehead, they have projecting eye-brows; and on the other, to preserve them from below, they have checks, which likewise advance a little.—The nose is placed between both like a partition wall.

"With respect to the ear, it remains continually open, because we have occasion for its services, even when asleep. If any sound then strikes it, we are awakened. It has winding channels, lest, if they were straight and level, any object might introduce itself into them.

"And then our hands, how convenient are

they, and how useful in the arts! The fingers are extended or contracted without the least difficulty, so extremely flexible are their joints. With their assistance the hands use the pencil and the chisel; they play on the lyre and on the lute—so much for the agreeable. As to what is necessary, they cultivate the earth, build houses, manufacture stuffs, make clothes, and utensils of copper and iron. The imagination, invents, the senses examine, the hand executes. So that if we are lodged, clothed, and sheltered, if we have cities, walls, habitations, temples, it is to our hands that we are indebted for all these."

"It must be allowed that matter alone could no more have fashioned the human body for so many admirable purposes, than this beautiful discourse of the Roman orator could have been composed by a writer destitute of eloquence and of skill.

"Various authors, and Dr Nieuwentyt in particular, have proved that the bounds within which our senses are confined, are the very limits that are best adapted to them, and that we should be exposed to a great number of inconveniences and dangers, were these senses more or less enlarged. Galen, struck with admiration in the midst of an anatomical analysis of a human body, suddenly drops the scalpel, and exclaims:

"O thou who hast made us! in composing a discourse so sacred, I think that I am chanting a hymn to thy glory! I honour thee more by unfolding the beauty of thy works, than by sacrificing to thee whole hecatombs of bulls, or by burning in thy temples the most precious incense. True piety consists in first learning to know myself, and then in teaching others the greatness of thy bounty, thy power, and thy wisdom. Thy bounty is manifested in an equal distribution of thy presents, having allotted to each man the organs which are necessary for him; thy wisdom is seen in the excellence of thy gifts, and thy power is displayed in the execution of thy designs."

INSTINCT OF COUNTRY.

"As we have considered the instincts of animals, it is necessary that we should take some notice of those of physical man; but as he combines in himself the sentiments of different classes of the creation, such as paternal tenderness, and many others, we must select from among them one that is peculiar to him.

Now this instinct with which man is pre-eminently endued, the most beautiful, the most moral of instincts is the love of country. If this law were not maintained by a never ceasing miracle, to which, as to many others, we pay not the smallest attention, all mankind would crowd

together into the temperate zones, leaving the rest of the globe deserted. To prevent this calamity, Providence has affixed the feet of each individual to his native soil by an invincible magnet, so that neither the ices of Greenland nor the burning sands of Africa are destitute of inhabitants.

"Nay, farther, it is worthy of remark, that the more sterile is the soil, and the more rude is the climate of a country, or what amounts to the same thing, the greater is the injustice and the more severe the persecution we have suffered in that country, the more strongly we are attached to it. O strange and sublime effect! that misery should create attachment, and that those who have lost but a cottage should most feelingly regret the paternal habitation! The reason of this phenomenon is, that the profusion of a too fertile soil destroys, by enriching us, the simplicity of the natural ties arising from our wants; when we cease to love our parents and our relations because they are no longer necessary to us, we actually cease also to love our country.

"Every thing tends to confirm the truth of this remark. A savage is more powerfully attached to his hut than a prince to his palace, and the mountaineer is more delighted with his native rocks, than the inhabitant of the plain with his golden corn-fields. Ask a Scotch highlander if he would exchange his lot with the first potentate of the earth. When far removed from his beloved mountains, he carries with him the recollection of them wherever he goes; he sighs for his flocks, his torrents, and his clouds. He longs to eat again his barley-bread, to drink goat's milk, and to sing in the valley the ballads which were sung also by his forefathers. He pines if he is prevented from returning to his native clime. It is a mountain plant which must be rooted among rocks; it cannot thrive unless it be battered by the winds and by the rain; in the soil, the shelter, and the sun-shine of the plain, it soon droops and dies.

"With what joy will he again fly to his roof of furze! with what delight will he visit all the sacred relics of his indigence! And who can be more happy than the Esquimaux, in his frightful country? What to him are all the flowers of our climates compared to the snows of Labrador, and all our palaces to his smoky cabin? He embarks in spring with his wife on a fragment of floating ice. Hurried along by the currents, he advances into the open sea on this throne of the God of tempests. The mountain waves on the deep its luminous peaks and its trees of snow, the sea-wolves resign themselves to the influence of love in its valleys, and the whales accompany it over the black bosom of Ocean. The hardy sa-

vage, on his moving rock covered with the spray of the billows, amid tempestuous whirlwinds and driving snows, presses to his heart the wife whom God has given him, and finds with her unknown joys in this mixture of perils and of pleasures.

"Think not, however, that this savage has not very good reasons for preferring his country and his condition to yours. Degraded as his nature appears to you, still you may discover either in him, or in the arts he practises, something that displays the dignity of man. The European is lost every day in a vast ship, the master-piece of human industry, on the same shores where the Esquimaux, floating in a seal's skin, laughs at dangers of every kind. Sometimes he hears the ocean which covers him roaring a hundred feet above his head: sometimes mountain-billows bear him aloft to the skies; he sports among the surges, as a child balances himself on tufted branches in the peaceful recesses of the forest. When God placed man in this region of tempests, he impressed upon him a mark of royalty: "Go," said he to him from amidst the whirlwind; "go, wretched mortal; I cast thee naked on the earth; but that, miserable as thou art, it may be impossible to misapprehend thy high destinies, thou shalt subdue the monsters of the deep with a reed, and thou shalt trample the tempests under thy feet."

"Thus in attaching us to our native land, Providence justifies its dealings towards us, and we have a thousand and a thousand reasons for loving our country. The Arab never forgets the well of the camels, the antelope, and the horse, the companions of his journeys in his paternal deserts; the negro never ceases to remember his cottage, his javelin, his banana, and the track of the tiger and of the elephant in his native sands.

"It is related that an English cabin-boy had conceived such an attachment to the ship in which he was born, that he could never be induced to leave her for a single moment.—The greatest punishment the captain could inflict was to threaten to send him ashore; on these occasions he would run with loud shrieks and conceal himself in the hold. What inspired the little mariner with such an extraordinary affection for a plank battered by the winds? Assuredly not consonances purely local and physical. Was it a certain moral conformity between the destinies of man and those of a ship; or did he perhaps find a pleasure in concentrating his joys and his sorrows in what we may justly denominate his cradle? The heart is naturally fond of concentrating itself; the more it is compressed, the snaller is the surface it presents to wounds: this is the reason why persons of delicate sensibility, such as the unfortunate in general, love to inhabit humble retreats. What

sentiment gains in energy, it loses in extent.—When the Roman republic was bounded by Mount Aventine, her children sacrificed their lives for her with joy; they ceased to love her, when the Alps and Mount Taurus were the limits of her territory. It was undoubtedly some reason of this kind which cherished in the heart of the English youth that predilection for his paternal vessel. An unknown passenger on the ocean of life, he beheld whole seas placed between him and our afflictions; happy in viewing only from a distance the melancholy shores of the world!

“Among civilized nations the love of country has performed prodigies. In the plans of God there is always an end; he has grounded upon Nature this affection for the place of our nativity; the animal partakes, in a certain degree, of this instinct with man; but man carries it farther, and transforms into a virtue what was only a sentiment of universal conformity: thus the physical and moral laws of the universe are linked together in an admirable chain. We even doubt whether it be possible to possess one genuine virtue, one real talent, without the love of a country. In war this passion performs prodigies; in literature it produced a Homer and a Virgil.—The blind bard delineates in preference the manners of Ionia, where he drew his first breath, and the Mantuan swan feasted on the remembrance of his native place. Born in a cottage, and expelled from the inheritance of his ancestors, these two circumstances seem to have had an extraordinary influence on his genius; they gave it that melancholy tint which is one of its principal charms. His memory is continually recalling these events, and you perceive that he never forgets that Argos where he passed the years of his youth.

Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

“But it is the Christian religion which has imparted to the love of the country its proper measure and its real beauty. This sentiment produced crimes among the ancients, because it was carried to excess. Christianity has made it a principal love and not an exclusive love; it enjoins us above all things to be just; it commands us to cherish the whole family of Adam, since we ourselves belong to it, though our countrymen have the first claim to our attachment.—This morality was unknown before the mission of the legislator of Christians, who has been unjustly accused of attempting to extirpate the passions: God destroys not his own work. The gospel is not the death of the heart, but its rule. It is to our sentiments what taste is to the fine arts; it retrenches all that is exaggerated, false, common, and trivial; it leaves them all that is

fair, and good, and true. The Christian religion, rightly understood, is only primitive nature washed from original pollution.

“It is when we are at a distance from our country that we feel the full force of the instinct by which we are attached to it. For want of the reality, we seek to feed ourselves with dreams; for the heart is expert in deception, and there is not one who has sucked the breast of woman, but has drank of the cup of illusions. Sometimes it is a cottage which is arranged like the paternal habitation; sometimes it is a wood, a valley, a hill, on which we bestow some of the sweet appellations of our native land. Andromache gives the name of Simois to a brook. And what affecting truth in this little rill, which recalls the idea of a mighty river of her native country! Far away from the soil which gave us birth all nature is diminished, and is but the shadow of that which we have lost.

“Another artifice of the instinct of country, is to attach a great value to an object of little intrinsic worth, but which comes from our native land, and which we have brought with us into exile. The soul seems to cherish even the inanimate things which have shared our destiny: a portion of life remains attached to the down on which our prosperity slumbered, and still more to the straw which counted the vigils of our adversity: the wounds of the soul, like those of the body, leave their impression upon whatever they touch. The vulgar have an energetic expression to describe that langour which oppresses the soul, when away from our country. “That man,” say they, “is home-sick.” A sickness it really is, and there is no cure for it but returning. If, however, we have been absent a few years, what do we find in the place of our nativity? How many of those whom we left behind in the vigour of health are still alive? Here are tombs where once stood palaces; there rise palaces where we left tombs; the paternal field is overgrown with briars, or cultivated by the plough of a stranger; and the tree beneath which we were bred is cut down.

“In Louisiana there was a negro woman and a savage, slaves to two neighbouring planters.—The two women had each a child; the negress a little girl two years old, and the Indian a boy of the same age: the latter died. The two unfortunate women having agreed to meet at a certain place in the desert, repaired thither three successive nights. The one brought her dead child, the other her living child; the one her *Manitou*, the other her *Feliche*. They were not surprised thus to find themselves of the same religion, both being wretched. The Indian performed the honours of the solitude: “This is the tree of my

country," said she; "sit down beneath it to weep." They then placed their children on a branch of catalpa, and rocked them together, singing airs of their respective countries. Alas! these maternal sports which had oft lulled innocence to sleep, were incapable of awaking death! It was thus these two women consoled themselves; the one had lost her child and her liberty, the other her liberty and her country? we derive comfort even from affliction itself.

"It is said that a French man, who was obliged to withdraw during the reign of terror, purchased with the little he had left a boat upon the Rhine. Here he lived with his wife and two children. Having no money there was no hospitality for him. When he was driven from one shore he passed without complaining to the other: and being often persecuted from both banks, he was obliged to cast anchor in the middle of the river. He fished for the support of his family; but men disputed with him the relief sent by Providence, and grudged him a few little fishes which had fed his hungry children. At night he went to collect dry grass to make a fire, and his wife remained in cruel anxiety till his return. This family, which could be reproached with nothing but their misfortunes, had not on the vast globe a single spot of ground on which they durst set their feet. Obligated to lead a savage life, be-

tween four great civilized nations, their only consolation was, that while they wandered in the vicinity of France, they could sometimes inhale the breeze which passed over their native land.

"If we were to be asked: What are then those powerful ties by which we are bound to the place of our nativity: those ties, which are such a strong proof of the goodness of God, and consequently of his existence? we confess we should be at a loss for a reply. It is, perhaps, the smile of a mother, of a father, of a sister; it is, perhaps, the recollection of the old preceptor who instructed us, and of the young companions of our childhood; it is, perhaps, the care bestowed upon us by a tender nurse, by an aged servant; finally, it is circumstances the most simple, or, if you please, the most trivial; a dog which barked a night in the fields; a nightingale which returned every year to the orchard; the nest of the swallow over the window; the village clock which appeared above the trees, the church-yard yew, the Gothic tomb, and nothing more. Yet the insignificance of these means demonstrates so much the more clearly the reality of a Providence, as they could not possibly be the source of great patriotic virtues, unless by the ordination of the Almighty himself."

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY, FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Page 375.]

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I have gathered a plant, whose stem and leaves are so soft and cottony, that it might be compared to a fine white fur on green satin.

This plant is called German Wondwourt, *Stachis Germanicus*; it is a labiate, and belongs to the didynamia gymnospermia.

The stem is lignous, thick, square, and fluted on the four sides.

B. de St. Pierre thinks that the flutings are as many channels to facilitate the watering of the root; without these the foot of the plant might remain dry, for I believe its leaves would be impenetrable even to the storm; they are notched regularly round the edges, veined, like all thick

leaves, doubtlessly for the circulation of the nourishing moisture which abounds in their texture; they grow opposite, on large petioles, flat, cottony, and, while they embrace the stem, almost form a part of the leaf.

The flowers are verticillate, and supported by soft floral leaves; two leaves, alternately opposed, also support each ring of flowers up to the summit.

These flowers, raised in a bed of cotton, are small and delicate; their colours are pink and white.

I tear off the calyx, with the silk with which it is covered, and I discover five notches; the one in the centre is larger and longer than the rest; the other four notches are slit a little in the front.

The superior lip of the flower is slightly bent; the inside is of a bright pink, and the outside is covered with a thick fur.

The inferior lip advances; it has two little wings, and is folded in the middle, striped with red on each side, and has more white than red except on the edges; it is this lip that is lowered when the flower is expanded.

The four stamina have little anthers, which resemble small yellow brushes; they stand erect in a species of little niche formed by the upper lip; the pistil lies respectfully at their feet, but as it is extremely short, the stamina, in their turn, are obliged to bend. Little women have often great power; and those who appear the most humble are often very absolute in their own families.

The four uncovered seeds remain at the bottom of the calyx, where they grow, like Indian children, who rock themselves in their own hammocks. Each stamen knows her own offspring, and no jealousy subsists between them.

LETTER XVI.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I yesterday saw a nasturtium, or *tropæolum majus*, in bloom; I will now endeavour to describe it.

The nasturtium, like all plants which need support, has round stems, which entwine and bend round every thing that comes in its way.

A flower deprived of its necessary support would fall to the earth, and be broken and destroyed by the damp; once fastened it is for ever, like a young pair, the fate of each is fixed during the rest of their existence.

The nasturtium comes from Peru, whose cresses are interesting emblems of the Virgins of the Sun, it always turns to that luminary. Sow some on your window, and from the interior of the house you will only be able to see the under part of the leaves and the spur of the flowers.

After the fall of the sun, and in the morning before it is risen; lightnings have been discovered on the flower of the nasturtium.

Mademoiselle Linneus was the first who made this observation; many of the learned have passed nights in the expectation of descrying these lightnings, and days in describing it. It has been observed also on other plants, but they must be of a fiery red. Is it that this colour being analogous to the rays, partakes of their brightness? The fact is, that the lightnings have been seen; it is thus that the resemblance of the divinity shines by reflection on some of his works.

The nasturtium, like all plants which entwine, has a determined course, either towards, or in a contrary direction from the sun. A plant of hops and one of kidney-beans, placed beside each other, would grow in the form of a cross. The crooked branches of my nasturtium part from the stem, and each supports a leaf or a flower.

The leaves at the base are much larger than the others.

These leaves are very much like a pretty parasol, only the stick is not quite so straight nor in the middle; the parasol is not perfectly round either. From where the branch springs there are several principal veins, which are afterwards ramified. The leaf, or parasol, is cut straight on the side formed by the position of the stem; it hangs over the flower, and, without entirely covering it, shelters it from the heat, almost like the parasol which tends better to keep off the sun.

The flower is exquisitely wrought; and you cannot look at it without experiencing a great admiration.

Supported by a stiff branch, rather long and perpendicular, though a little crooked, it is laid as I suppose the Roman eagle was on the spike by which it was carried.

It opens facing our eyes, and presents five petals well expanded, large, but becoming shorter so as to be supported on a large claw.

The nasturtium has a broad calyx, divided into five parts, and terminating behind the stem upon which it lays, in a species of hollow cornucopia, which is the sectary of the flower, that is to say, the depot of its honied treasures.

The calyx is of a fiery hue, mixed with green. The three superior parts of the calyx, the texture of which is solid and close, are much longer than the other two; the two last are singularly separated from the rest, and also from each other.

These three inferior petals seem to be entirely supported on these two divisions, and to lean upon the stem, while the two superior petals appear to be stuck by their claws to the superior division of the calyx.

The three inferior petals are entirely of one colour, and almost round. At the top of the calyx they are contracted, and form a species of little split tube, about the thickness of a pin. The petal appears at the entrance of this kind of tube, and three small curled bands make a sort of frill to the bottom of the flower, formed by its expanding.

The two superior petals have no frill, and do not terminate in a tube, but diminish into a claw. From these claws spring a great number of brown stripes, which extend on the petal like the sticks of a fan, and which add to the brightness of its hue.

The three parts of the calyx which support the two petals, are also regularly marked with brown stripes in the inside.

The under part of these petals, upon which the sun never shines, is of light colour.

It is on the extremity of the stem that the parts of fructification are disposed.

The little pistil bifid is so situated that it cannot escape. It has eight stamina, whose various attitudes are truly remarkable; two, folded on

each side, appear to chain the foot: three suspend their anthers over its head; three others pass theirs between the balu trade formed by the tubes, the three inferior petals, and the two divisions of the calyx. They appear like sentinels at the gate; but I suppose these positions are accidental, and subject to frequent changes.

Look for the nasturtium, *tropaeum majus*, in the octandria monogynia.

[To be continued.]

THE FEMALE LECTURER.

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

SIR,

Your letter convinces me you are really desirous of supplying, by your *La Belle Assemblée*, what has long been a desideratum in a periodical publication; and I shall be happy to forward so laudable a design in any way that a tolerably general knowledge of science and literature, and the advantage of a noble private library, to which I have free access, can enable me. I send you, within about a dozen lines, the whole of the first section coming under the head MECHANICS. At the end of this, and of most of the other sections, are a few questions to exercise the young student in the principles he has been made acquainted with: such as, What is the depth of a well whose bottom a stone dropped from the hand is eight seconds in descending?

This section will suffice to shew you the plan and style of my little MS. which I think you will allow is as concise and familiar as the memory or capacity of any of your readers can require. You will perceive, that to prevent the orderly detail of principles and their results being interrupted, I have given in the form of notes, such matter as is merely curious or entertaining, without offering a necessary illustration of any fact or rule. My little introduction to, & grammar of, philosophy, embraces the following subjects:—Mechanics, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Astronomy, Electricity, and Optics. Which heads are divided into the following sections:—of the nature and properties of matter; of the centre of gravity; of motion; of the mechanic powers; weight and pressure of air; resistance of air as a medium; barometer and thermometer; on sound; of echoes; of the pyrometer, and rain gauge; of the diving bell; of the weight and pressure of fluids; of hydraulics; of siphons; of pumps; of specific gravity; of the fixed stars; of the solar system; of the earth and moon; of changes in the moon; of electricity; of thunder,

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lightning, rain, and hail, &c.; of light and colours; of refraction; of lenses; of the camera obscura, magic lantern, &c.; of telescopes; of catoptics, or the reflection of light.

As some of these sections are much shorter than the one I have sent, I imagine three of them might be inserted in one of your Numbers. My introduction to chemistry is about half the size of that to natural philosophy, which it ought always to follow, from the near connection of the two sciences. Allow me to say, that I think you might give one very pleasing paper on the orders of architecture, and their origin, and that you might make your readers so far acquainted with heraldry as to enable them to emblazon a common coat of arms. I am, &c.

M S

MECHANICS.

SECTION I.—DEFINITIONS.

Mechanics is that branch of philosophy which comprehends all that relates to motion.

Matter is a term applied to every thing that is the object of our senses; hence, whatever we can see or touch is composed of matter.

Capillary tubes, are tubes of so small a bore as scarcely to admit the passage of a hair through them.

The velocity of a body is another term for its swiftness. A cannon ball that passes through a space of 800 feet in the time that an arrow takes to pass through a space of 100 feet, has eight times the velocity of the arrow.

The capacity of any vessel, signifies the room it has to receive another body within it. A vessel that contains four times as much water as another vessel, has four times its capacity.

The volume of a body is another term for its magnitude; a body is said to have twice the

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volume of another body, when it occupies twice as much space.

OF THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF MOTION.

The properties common to all matter are solidity, extension, divisibility, attraction, motion, and rest.

Whatever possesses length, breadth, or thickness, furnishes proof of the extension of matter. Its solidity is manifested by the resistance which it makes to the touch.

Gold-beaters afford us the means of demonstrating the minute divisibility of matter; they can spread a grain of gold into a leaf containing fifty square inches; which leaf may be readily divided into 500,000 parts, each of which is visible to the naked eye. The natural divisions of matter are, however, far more surprizingly minute: there are more animals in the melt of a single cod-fish than men on the whole earth *

The attraction of matter has been exemplified in five different ways, which philosophers have called the attraction of cohesion, of gravitation, of combination, of electricity, and the magnetic attraction.

The attraction of cohesion may be observed in the most common objects; it is that power which keeps the parts of all bodies together when they touch, and prevents their separation when they are united. Thus the parts of a plate, chair, or table, are held together by cohesion; and when either of these is broken or cut, the attraction of cohesion is overcome by the power that breaks or cuts.

If two leaden bullets, having a flat, smooth surface, be pressed firmly together, they will cohere almost as strongly as if united by fusion. If a piece of smooth wood be laid on the surface of water, the two bodies will be so strongly drawn together by the attraction of cohesion, that a force equal to six times the weight of the wood, will be required to take it up perpendicularly. Drops of quicksilver, or water, placed near each other, will unite and form one large drop. The globular form of drops of rain is caused by the mutual attraction of the particles which compose them.

What is termed capillary attraction, is a species of that of cohesion; this attraction is displayed in a variety of common operations; as in the

* It is said that a single grain of sand is larger than four millions of these animals; yet each of them possesses a heart, stomach, bowels, muscles, tendons, nerves, glands, veins, &c. It has been calculated that a particle of the blood of one of these animalcula, is as much smaller than a globe one-tenth of an inch in diameter, as that globe is smaller than the whole earth.

ascent of water in a lump of sugar, of oil, or tallow, in the wick of a lamp or candle, &c. If several pieces of sewing cotton have one extremity put into a tumbler glass half filled with water, and the other extremity into an empty glass, the fluid will ascend through the capillary tubes of the cotton, till half of it is conveyed into this last glass; for every porous, or capillary substance serves as a conductor of fluids *.

The attraction of gravitation, or, as it is often called, gravity, is that power by which distant bodies are attracted towards each other; this power is illustrated in the falling of bodies to the earth, towards which, owing to the principle of gravitation, all substances whatever have a tendency.

The power of gravity acts alike on all bodies, whatever may be their shape or their size; for this attraction being proportioned to the quantity of matter which the attracted body contains, twenty times more force of gravity is exerted upon a substance weighing twenty pounds, than upon one weighing but a pound; thence all bodies at equal distances from the earth fall with equal velocity.

This velocity increases in a regular degree as they approach the earth's surface; for the force of gravity is continually increasing in the same degree, which, by giving every instant a fresh impulse to the falling body, accelerates its velocity. A body descending freely from any elevation, by the power of gravity, will fall through 16 feet in the first second of time, through three times 16 feet the next second, and so on according to the odd number, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, &c. A ready method of calculating the space passed

* In nothing is capillary attraction more beautifully or more curiously displayed, than in the animal and vegetable frame. Capillary tubes of various capacity, and in great number, make part of the construction of all animals and plants. These tubes attract the fluids upward through them, according to the square of their diameter; that is, a tube whose diameter is twice as small as that of another, will rise the fluid four times higher than the tube of larger capacity. By means of these minute tubes, circulation is extended to parts at which it could never arrive by the ordinary motion of the fluids. When the earth receives rain on its surface, the fluid is attracted through all the contiguous parts; it is then absorbed by the roots of plants, trees, &c. and afterwards carried by capillary attraction to the more distant parts of these bodies. Thus is the nutriment suited to each plant conveyed from its parent earth, and thus is the wisdom and goodness of God manifested even in the grass of the field.

through by a falling body, is comprized in the following rule : *that the space passed through by a falling body encrease as the square of the time encreases.** Thus if a ball dropped from any eminence reach the ground in five seconds, then the square of 5, which is 25, multiplied by 16, the number of feet through which the ball fell in the first second, will give 400, which is the number of feet through which it descended in the whole 5 seconds.

The attraction of gravity retards the ascent of bodies that are thrown upwards, in the same proportion that it accelerates the descent of those which fall; so that the times of ascent and descent are equal, to and from the same height. Thus if a ball be thrown upwards, the attraction of the earth will retard its velocity according to the odd numbers 1, 3, 5, &c. taken backwards; or, as the square of the times encreases, the space

passed through by the ascending body decreases. Hence if the bullet be 6 seconds in ascending and descending, it will have risen to the height of 144 feet, that number being the square of 12, the time of the descent, multiplied by 16, the number of feet fallen through in the first second of time.

All bodies are attractive of each other, but the superior attraction of the earth prevents our perceiving it. If two bodies would be removed out of the sphere of this attraction, they would tend towards each other, and approach with a velocity that would be accelerated as they came nearer. If they were of equal weight, the point of contact would be as much nearer the larger body, as that body contained a larger quantity of matter than the other. Hence if balls suspended by lines were placed on different sides of a high mountain, they would be found to gravitate towards its centre.

MUSIC.

As it is our constant study to render this Magazine as interesting as we possibly can, and the musical department, is very important not only to the fashionable world, but also to every person of knowledge and education, we intend in future to give miscellaneous musical articles, on subjects which we shall think interesting to our readers. For it has been long and universally allowed, that though music is in the highest state of cultivation in this country, a source of information is yet wanted, by which musical persons may become acquainted with the most remarkable musical occurrences, as well as with new distinguished musical authors, performers, publications, performances, and so forth, in a more general manner than they have hitherto had an opportunity. And this we now propose to give in the present Magazine, with intermixed articles of instruction, similar to that with which we make the beginning, in the present number. But as music is cultivated in the greatest part of all Europe; and foreign publications, as well as foreign virtuosos of both sexes, are admired and encouraged in this country, we shall not confine our musical articles merely to what passes at home, but also give as much foreign information as the limits of our pages will permit. And as the field from which we are to glean is so very extensive, and so richly strewed with an abundance of choice productions of all

kinds, we have to fear nothing more than the want of room, to take in all that we may find acceptable to the public, and hope never to be found intruding on their attention, by musical articles of no importance.

ON SINGING.

No art can be more valuable, as well as delightful, than that of singing.

For painting expresses only scenes of a moment, though it renders them as lasting as the picture itself; and the same it is with sculpture. So dancing shews only graceful attitudes and motions of the human body, but even when combined with pantomimic action without words, it cannot express distinct sentiments.—Instrumental music is only an extravagant imitation of vocal sounds; and poetry, when merely perused silently, or spoken without a melodious declamation, is nothing to what it becomes by reciting or singing it melodiously. But a fine argument, recited or sung in a true musical manner, is so much heightened in effect, that it captivates the soul, and tunes our feelings, passions, and even sentiment, in a similar manner as it delights us.

This has been felt in all ages, and perhaps by all nations; for the greatest political and religious leaders of nations have used the art of singing as a principal means of instructing, persuading, and guiding them, according to their purposes; and the abuse of it, for mere voluptuous, or perhaps even bad purposes, cannot prove any thing to the contrary.

Singing, therefore, ought to be considered as

* The square of any number is that number multiplied into itself: thus the square of 2 is 4; the square of 4, 16. The square of time or distance is found in the same way: thus the square of 5 hours, or miles, is 25.

one of the most important branches of a fine education; and yet nothing seems to be so little regarded as that very art; for when hardly any child in the meanest boarding school is without her dancing-master, and few young ladies without her playing-master, the art of singing seems to be considered either as a natural gift that requires no teaching, like a native language, or as being sufficiently understood by those who can play.

But the mistake of the latter is too striking to those who pay attention to it. For though any person who has a musical ear and good singing organs, may pronounce the words of a vocal piece with the true notes of its melody (particularly a person that can play), there is a vast difference between mere pretended and real, or between vulgar and refined singing, according to the rules of an art. This we shall endeavour to shew as distinctly as the room we can spare will permit.

The first and principal object in the art of singing is the forming and preserving of the voice. The human voice may be compared to a musical instrument which has its own particular sound, but that sound may be rendered more full, or clear, or sweet, by one sort of managing the instrument than by another. To perceive this we need only hear different players perform the same succession of slow and quick notes on the same instrument; where we shall find that (particularly on the violin or violincello) one produces a ringing fullness, even in the piano, when another cannot exceed a faint thinness, even in a shrieking forte.

• But the proper method by which a voice may be formed is not so generally known as it might be supposed, from the number of those who not only sing, but also teach to sing. For we have heard some teachers recommend singing much, and loud, particularly the higher and lower notes, which method they consider as useful for making the voice clear, as well as for extending its compass; but it is the very thing by which it can be, and almost infallibly must be, ruined for ever. Others think that the best forming of a voice consists in practising shakes, graces, and figurative passages; but how can they be practised with the least propriety, before the use of the voice itself is perfectly understood, and carefully attended to. And still others recommend the swallowing of a raw new laid egg before breakfast, and the frequent use of barley sugar, as the best manner of forming the voice; but though such things may soften and clear the throat for a short time, they have no more to do with the improvement of the voice, than the wiping of a wine-glass has with the quality of the wine that shall be poured into it.

The true method of forming a voice consists

in the art of making it produce with facility the best sort of sound for which it is calculated, and these in all the different passages that are useful in singing. To demonstrate this, it must be observed, that the Italians distinguish three sorts of voice, viz. the *voce di petto*, *voce di testa*, and *voce di fulsetto*. The first, or *voce di petto*, denotes in English the breast voice, or that sort of voice which originates in the chest, and makes the whole throat partake in the sound. We shall call it the full voice. To fix and practise this sort of voice, so that a singer can sustain any note in the compass of his voice, with a body of fullness in the softest piano as well as in a forte, and in the most figurative passages the same as in the *adagio*, is the principal art of teaching to sing. But to describe the true full voice, with all its gradations or *mezza voce* (half or moderate voice), *sotto voce* (under or suppressed voice), piano, and pianissimo, without shewing by singing itself, is as impossible as to describe colours in words to one who has never seen them. We must therefore content ourselves with having given as clear a description of it as was in our power.

A degeneration of the *voce di petto*, or full voice, is the *voce di testa*, or head voice. It is this sort of voice, in which only part of the throat seems to act, and which, instead of originating in the chest, and making the whole throat sound, seems to have its seat merely in that part of the throat which is nearest to the head. It may be compared to a playing on the violin or violincello, by which the bow touches the string in so indistinct a manner, that no fullness of the sound is heard. To describe this sort of voice more clearly, without shewing it in practice, we also find no distinct terms. But we are sorry to observe, that it is the sort of voice met with in more singers than it might be wished or expected.

The *voce di fulsetto* mentioned before, is that sort of voice called the faint voice. It arises, when a singer takes some notes higher than the full voice will give them; and as it is of another quality than the full voice, the rule for it is, that it should not be used without necessity; but that if it must be used, it should be joined to the full voice on those notes where the latter is not yet quite spent, and where the transition is least perceptible.

A vulgar degeneration of the full voice, which the Italians seem to have no technical name for, at least not as a singing voice, may be called the bawling voice. This also is but too frequently met with in singing, and perhaps even more than the head voice, explained above.

[To be concluded in our next.]

• POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ANACREONTIC.

THE Paphian Boy, my Blooming Fair,
Nestles within this heart of mine;
And feel how warm he trembles there,
Awaken'd by that touch of mine.
Have you not mark'd when infants weep,
As fears their little breasts alarm,
How soon their murmurs sink to sleep,
When folded fast in Beauty's arm?
Love is a child, my girl, you know,
Then take him to thy breast of snow;
And on that Heaven of Beauty blest,
Oh! let him tremble into rest!

B.

• SONNET,

TO THE CALDER.

POETIC River! where the Muses walk,
And watch the current gilling 'neath the trees,
Where oft I steal to hear their lovely talk,
And catch the sounds as borne upon the breeze;
More dear to me to sit beside thy stream,
Than all the pleasures pride and pow'r enjoy,
For here with Gray, with Watts, with Thom
son's theme,
I taste the bliss which time can ne'er destroy.
O come, Selina, let us wander here,
Where rosy Health and Friendship oft are seen,
Telling the tale to Truth—to Science dear,
Gazing with rapture on the varied scene.
Let us recal the hour to both our spirits dear,
When on thy dewy cheek I dropt the parting tear.

ACHATES.

• IMITATION. •

HOR. ODE VIII. LIB. 2.

*"Ulla si juris tibi perjerat
Pana, Barine, &c. &c."*

Yes, would the Gods, with vengeance due,
Thy vainly-plighted faith pursue,
Again I might thy oaths believe,
And, once more trusted, thou deceive.
Could Falsehood rob thee of one grace,
Or oaths plant wrinkles in thy face;
Could Heav'n thy forfeit pledges seek,
Or bleach thy hair, or scar thy cheek.
But, no! derided Gods forbear
To scar thy cheek, or bleach thy hair;
And thou, by some peculiar doom,
More fair, as more forsworn, become!

Proceed, too beauteous to be true,
Thy vows still break, and still renew;
In peerless charms while thus you shine,
This bright prerogative is thine.

Let pedants, with their saws uncouth,
And vulgar charms, delight in truth;
'Tis to thy brighter beauty due,
A very debt—to be untrue.

ANACREONTIC.

COME reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
For wintry snows are lowering near,
And soon shall chill th' autumnal fire
That gleams on life's declining year.
Then let me wake the rapturous shell,
With chords of sweet remembrance stung;
While grateful age delights to tell
Of joys that glow'd when life was young.
And, lest the languid pulse forego
The thro' that Fancy's flight inspires,
Anacreon's flowing cup bestow,
And urge with wine the waning fires.
But temper me the Teian bowl!
And chasten me the Teian shell!
The visions that in memory roll
Are such as Nature's bosom swell.
Yet, Nature! thine the votive string,
To no polluted ear ad rest;
That of no blooming boys can sing,
But boys that hang on Beauty's breast.
Nor lawless thro' the realms of love,
Where native Venus lights the way,
Shall yet excursive Fancy rove,
Inebriate with the wanton lay.
If, while the mantling goblet flows,
I sing of Beauty's charms divine;—
The breast that heaves, the cheek that glows,
And beaming eyes, like stars that shine—
The draft on Memory's tablet true
That pictures each entrancing grace,
Without a frown shall Stella view,
Or there some lov'd memorial trace.
And when with high-entraptur'd air
My lavi'ish verse shall most commend,
She'll find her youthful image there,
Or in each portrait own a friend.
Then reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
And temper me Anacreon's bowl;
That youthful joy's remember'd fire
May Age's numbing frost controul.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

Oh! thou, the Nymph of soul serene,
With tranquil look and placid mien
In fortune's adverse day;
Who calmly sit'st amid the storm
That bursts around thy angel-form,
Nor murmur'st at its sway:

Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,
Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd
To ease the wretch's woes,
As resignation lifts on high,
Not vainly rais'd, the trusting eye,
And soothes him to repose.

Methinks I see thee, even now,
With hands compos'd and hallow'd brow,
While, witchful, near thee stand
(Undaunted thou beholdest them wait)
The vengeful Ministers of Fate,
A dreadful, num'rous band!

There stern Misfortune sullen low'rs,
And chills the heavy passing hours,
Mad anguish writhing nigh;
And weeping Mi-ery, and Scorn,
And wretched Poverty forlorn,
Their different efforts try!

There curst Ingratitude, and, lo!
Base Falsehood, aiming oft the blow
In Friendship's specious guise,
Whose hell-born art can none avoid,
By sad experience fully tried,
The guarded, nor the wise!

Tho' ne'er invoked before, thy aid
Refuse not thou, propitious Maid!
'Tis this warmly-votive hour!
A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
By many a cruel wrong to bleed,
Implores thy gentle pow'r,

With pious Hope, thy sister-friend,
Oh! hither come, thy succour lend
To quell this anxious strife;
And teach me, Maid, with humble thought,
And breast with conscious virtue fraught,
To bear the ills of life.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth! a father's hand confers
The Maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew:
Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves, with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the
choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tend'rest claim;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that en-
dears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts th' unbilden sigh:
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades in sweet confusion
blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

Ah! soon, thine own confest, extatic thought!
That hand shall strew each flinty path with
flow'rs;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

SUBDUED by misfortunes, and bowed down with
pain,

I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:
I hied to the Home of my Fathers again,
But the Home of my Fathers no longer was
mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome, was
gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no
more.

A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eyes as I entered his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn:
But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I
fled,

And my beating heart vow'd never more to
return.

What Home shall receive me! One Home yet I
knew;

O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine branches
wave!

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! The grey moist-
ened walls,

Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay:
The gate, off its hinge, and half-opening, calls,
"Approach most unhappy, thy dwelling of
clay!"

Alas, thou soledwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting once augured my breast!
From a wanderer accept, oh my Fathers, this tear,
Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest.

LUBIN AND ANNA.

ALL silver'd o'er with morning dew,
 • While yet the flow'ry low-lands lay;
 And hills, just tip'd with golden hue,
 Confess'd the rising beam of day;
 Sad Lubin left his sleepless home,
 Along the misty rill to roam;
 And, where the willows arching hung,
 Of Anna, faithless Anna, sung.
 "Ah! me," he cry'd, "unhappy swain!
 "Who fancy'd Anna's vows sincere;
 "To Thenot's flocks and hoarded grain,
 "She yields the heart to me so dear.
 "His are her smiles, her tender talk,
 "She shares with him the ev'ning walk;
 "While I, fond fool! at distance pine
 "For Anna, now no longer mine."
 Just then awak'd from troubled rest,
 Poor Anna rose, to grief a prey;
 And all with anxious cares oppress'd,
 Bent to the willow's rill her way:
 There breath'd the sigh of tender woe,
 There pour'd the tear, Love taught to flow;
 And, on the banks all wildly flung,
 Of Lubin, faithless Lubin, sung,
 "Alas;" the soft complainer cries,
 "Why did I Lubin's vows believe?—
 "Why trust his looks,—his mournful sighs,—
 "Intended only to deceive?
 "Some richer maid he now pursues,
 "Perhaps some fairer rival woe;
 "While, teaz'd with Thenot's suit, I pine,
 "For Lubin's now no longer mine."
 Not half so sweet the morning lay
 Of larks, who high in ether float;
 Not half so sweet, at close of day,
 Fond Philomela's warbled note,
 As Anna's piteous plaints appear
 To Lubin, slyly list'ning near;
 Unseen by her, whose fault'ring tongue
 Of Lubin, faithless Lubin sung.
 "Ah! me," he cry'd, "thrice happy swain,
 "To find my Anna's vows sincere;
 "That neither flocks, nor hoarded grain,
 "Could win her heart from me so dear!
 "Mine now 'twill be with her to talk,
 "To share alone her ev'ning walk;
 "While Thenot shall at distance pine,
 "To see my Anna ever mine!"
 Now through the embow'ring boughs he prest,
 Where, drown'd in grief, the mourner lay;
 And clasp'd her fondly to his breast,
 And kiss'd the trickling tears away.

THE EVE OF HYMEN.

'Tis night, and my Delia now hastens to rest;
 Rapt into sweet visions, I wander alone;
 Love soothes the fond wishes that glow in my
 breast,
 With transports to Wealth, and to Grandeur
 unknown.
 Soft, soft be thy slumbers, dear, innocent Fair!
 Descend smiling Peace on my bosom's delight,
 Hope sheds her pure beams on each long-
 nourish'd care,
 As day brightly dawns on the shadows of night.
 Reclin'd on her pillow, now mute is that voice
 Whose sounds my affection insensibly stole;
 And clos'd are those eyes, in whose beams I re-
 joice;
 And veil'd are those lips, which enrapture my
 soul:
 Conceal'd are those cheeks, where luxuriantly
 glow
 The tenderest graces of beauty and youth;
 And hidden from me is that bosom of snow,
 The mansion of Purity, Virtue, and Truth.
 She's absent:—yet, lovely and graceful to view,
 Kind Fancy restores the fair pride of my heart.
 Spring calls forth the verdure of nature anew,
 Her smiles to the seasons new glory impart.
 No longer soft sorrow my verse shall inspire;
 Despondence has clouded my spirits too long;
 In extacy sweeping the soul-breathing lyre,
 Love, Hymen, and Delia awaken my song
 • • W.

LOVE, A CHILD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOUFFLERS.

My mother, dear good creature, says
 That Love, with all his coaxing ways,
 Is fierce as any ferret;
 But Lord, she'll never prove to me
 That such a little child as he,
 Can hurt a girl of spirit.
 I'm sure, the ev'ning before last,
 The choicest, sweetest whispers pass'd
 Between—but that's no matter:
 I know, I thought Love very charming,
 And not by any means alarming,
 For all my mother's clatter.
 However, just to ease my mind,
 (Though we must keep my mother blind)
 I'll search for Love with Thomas;
 For even if her fears are true,
 An infant is no match for two;
 He'd meet with something from us.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

ON A PRECAUTIONARY PEACE.

IN our last Number, we entered into the examination of the spirit of a French peace, as exemplified in the conduct of France to Europe, from the period of the treaty of Luneville to the commencement of the present war. We have distributed this subject into three heads:

1. Violations of the peace of Luneville, by the usurpations in Germany.
2. More treacherous infractions of the same peace, with regard to Switzerland.
3. Usurpations in Italy.

The two first points have been already amply discussed; we have now to call the attention of our readers to the last,—the conduct of France towards Italy.

There is here a preliminary observation which should not be passed over. The treaty of Luneville was concluded in the circumstances of the moment,—indeed almost on the field of battle. Hence a characteristic of this treaty,—a peculiar vagueness, and indistinct precipitation in many of the most important points. As in some of its provisions it said too much,—was too sweeping and general, so in others it was almost as fatally too silent.

A question therefore here occurs of some importance, how far were the former public rights affected by this silence?

Surely this question does not admit the doubt of a moment; though many, from some unaccountable absurdity, and amongst others the eloquent Gentz himself, have deemed it necessary to write volumes upon this single point.—The mere statement appears to us to contain the whole argument,—what was omitted could not be considered as conceded,—and the treaty could not affect that which, by mutual consent, it passed over even without mention.—If treaties were to be construed by this large inference,—if silence were to be considered as provision, and all absence of mention as regulation,—the next treaty would be a blank; and all negotiation but so much lost time.—There is one inference from this which it will be necessary to remember during the following statement,—that is to say, that France could have no rights in Italy beyond what were given her by the treaty,—that she could found no claims upon its silence.—It was not silent that she might be unlimited in her construction.

We now proceed to the facts of direct violation of the peace of Luneville by the conduct of France in Italy.

1. With regard to Piedmont.—At the conclusion of the peace of Luneville the King of Sardinia was the true and legitimate Sovereign of all Piedmont.—It was true indeed that from the fortune of war he was in exile, but there was nothing in this exile which could give the French the right of dethroning him.

The treaty of Luneville made no mention of him.—Why so—because the necessity of Austria was imminent, and she could think of nothing but her own safety.—Another more satisfactory reason was in the expected interposition of Russia. Russia had as much as said,—leave Sardinia to me,—make no mention of her in your compulsory treaty,—you will but injure the cause which you embrace,—my mediation will be more effectual. It will be here remembered, that the relative situation of France and Russia at that time was such as to encourage every expectation of benefit from her interposition.—Paul was dead,—Alexander seemed resolved on a new system. France evidently expected to number Russia amongst her Allies. Surely there was nothing in a silence thus caused which could give any right to France with regard to Piedmont. France, however as will be seen, was of an opinion totally different.

Two months had scarcely elapsed after the treaty, when General Jourdan issued a Manifesto as General and Administrator of Piedmont. As one of the most singular productions of the war of the Revolution we here give it:—

“Men of Piedmont,

“You have been found *worthy* of being governed by Republican laws, and Piedmont shall in future enjoy the happiness of constituting a part of the Republic. Yes, Gentlemen, your virtue has merited this distinction. Though born Piedmontese you shall become Frenchmen. France knows how to distinguish and reward virtue.”

This promise was accordingly executed the same day,—Piedmont was divided into departments,—the former provisional Government was dissolved, and the virtue of the Piedmontese rewarded by being declared citizens of the French Republic, and partakers in its glory and its liberty.

This day of union and congratulation was the 19th of April, 1801. It was scarcely concluded

THE WILLOW

Written by M^r Rannie,

SET TO MUSIC BY

M^r DAVY.

Composed expressly and exclusively for La Belle
Assemblée, and to be had only with that Work.

AFFETTUOSO

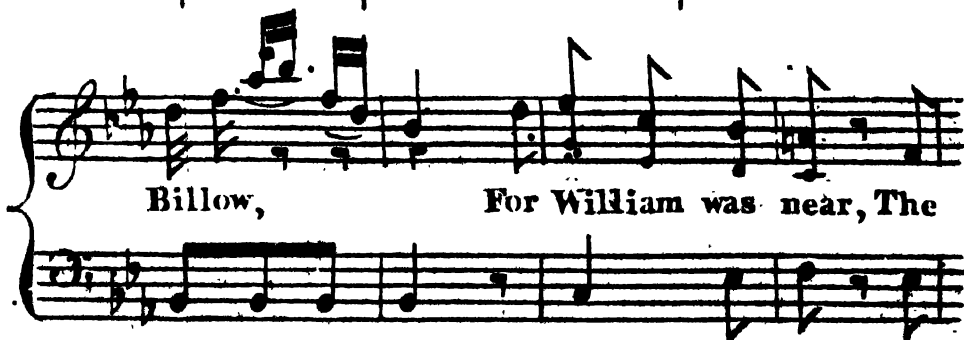
Tenute



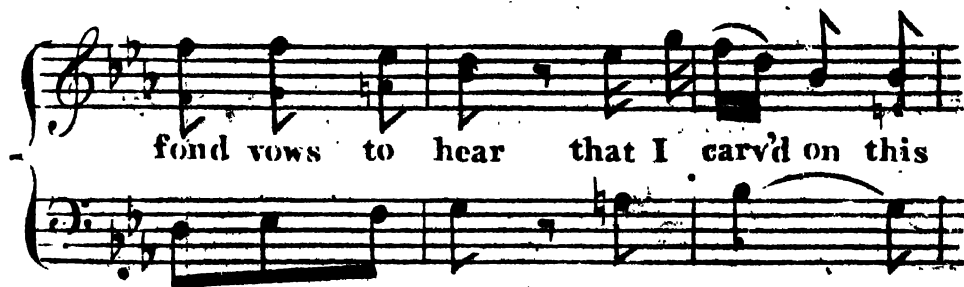
The Even-ing was fair, And mild was the



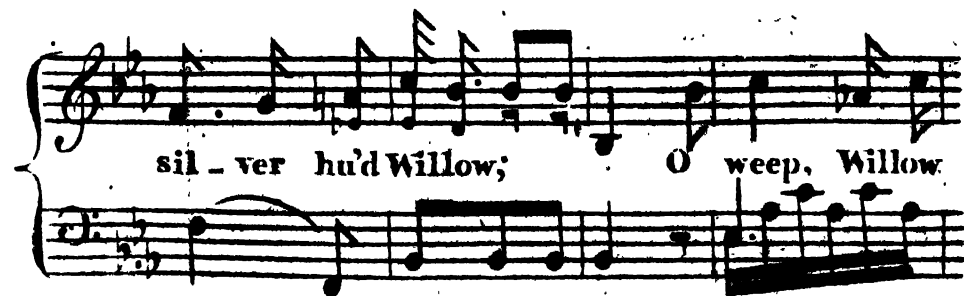
Air, The first time I gas'd on yon .



Billow, For William was near, The



fond vows to hear that I carv'd on this



sil-ver hu'd Willow; O weep, Willow

Weep in tears thy boughs steep, And

swell the high flood on yon Billow;

While languid I pine shedding tears fast as

Thine, Beneath the dark shade of this

Willow, While languid I pine shedding

singular that the Duke of Parma died within two months after the conclusion of the treaty, and that the French had possessed themselves of this Dutchy. Many of these singular coincidents happened during the period of the Revolution, and from the peculiar felicity of the Emperor, we have no doubt will happen again. It is something to be a favourite of Fortune's. It is well said by the satyrist, Cæsar was a favourite of Fortune and reigned; Catiline was in less favour, and died as a criminal—there was all the difference.

3 The violation of Tuscan independence. Tuscany was given as an indemnity to the Prince of Parma, for his renunciation of his paternal estates. It had thus the rank of a kingdom, and in every point of view, should have been independent.—Was it so?—No, never in the most slight degree. Never for a moment was this independent kingdom treated in any other way than as a French province. It was compelled to support the French armies at the time that the native people were perishing in heaps by famine.

To the ruin of its commerce it was compelled to shut its ports and markets against the enemies of France, and, in violation of all the laws of hospitality, to arrest all the English travellers who had held its territory as sacred. Spain was not at that time at war with England, yet was Leghorn, even during the peace of England and France, possessed solely by French troops.—Upon the commencement of the present war it was in the instant declared in a state of siege, and a French cordon drawn along the sea-coast. The island of Elba belonged to France, and in consequence of usurpation on usurpation, the whole of Tuscany was about to follow. In this manner did the French treat an independent kingdom even of their own creation.

We have now examined the conduct of the French with regard to Italy under the three divisions, of Piedmont, Parma, and Tuscany. There remains two more,—their conduct with respect to Lombardy and Genoa. The necessary length of this detail compels us to defer it to our next Number.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Saturday, September 13th, this Theatre opened for the season. The entertainments were *The Honeymoon*, and *No Song No Supper*. They are too well known to require any criticism; and the public are equally well acquainted with the merits of the several performers in these popular pieces.

The old favourites of the town were received with the usual liberality and demonstrations of kindness by the audience.

A gentleman of the name of Penley, from the Liverpool theatre, made his appearance in *Jacques*; his talents are creditable.

The house has been, in parts, freshly painted and lacquered. It had a brilliant appearance, though the audience was not numerous.

COVENT-GARDEN.

—This Theatre, on its opening for the season, exhibited some novelty. The play was *John Bull*, and the after piece *The Miser*. In the first Mr. Pope was the substitute for Mr. Cooke, in *Peregrine*.

Mr. Mara, from Bath, was the *Dennis Bulgruddery* of the evening; and when he has divested himself of a superabundance of provincial

airs and grimaces, he may be able to delineate the character with considerable humour. But the principal attraction was a Miss Logan, who performed *Mary Thornberry* with much sweetness and simplicity, and afterwards *Lappet* in the farce, with no less vivacity. Her figure is rather elegant, her features animated and expressive, and her action is unembarrassed.

HAYMARKET.

This Theatre closed on Monday night, the 15th, for the season. Mr. Winston came forward, and delivered the following address:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“This night concludes a season, the success of which has strongly proved the continuance of that ample encouragement so long bestowed by a liberal public on this theatre; and calls for the warmest acknowledgments from the Proprietors.

“The honour devolves on me to express to you their gratitude for your past favour, and to assure you that it will be their pride and study to merit it in future.

“The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, beg you to accept their humble thanks for the generous support you have given to their efforts, and we most respectfully take our leave.”

LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

F A S H I O N S

For OCTOBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

PARISIAN FIGURES.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.

A plain muslin frock, a walking length; front and sleeves rather full; the latter gathered into a plain band of muslin the size of the arm; and finished at the edge of the gathers with a bow of narrow ribband. Bonnet of the cottage form; the front of straw, or chip, with a round sarsnet crown of lavender blossom, terminated behind with a small bow of ribband; a silk handkerchief of the same colour crosses the crown, and is brought under the chin, where it is tied in a bow. The hair in simple curls on the forehead, and a small round cap, with a plaiting of lace, is seen under the bonnet in front. Sash to correspond with the trimmings of the bonnet, tied in a small bow behind; a *pelerine* formed of three deep falls of finely plaited, or crimped muslin. India silk scarf of pale green, with narrow coloured border. Buff gloves, above the elbow. High shoes of the same colour, laced with ribband of lavender blossom; amber necklace and earrings.

No. 2.—FULL Dress.

White crape dress over white sarsnet; the back high, and bosom low, adapted to the antique ruff of bouffooned lace which meets it, and which is sloped to a point in front, and terminated with the clasp which confines the *cestus*; the sleeve is quite plain, with a white satin ribband at the edge. An Imperial helmet, or cap of the jockey form, with full *tizra* front, of pale pink satin, ornamented with pearl crescent in front. A plain lace veil of the clearest texture, with a rich border in colours, falls from the centre of the crown on each side, and terminates below the knee, with tassels to correspond with the border. A sea-green shawl of fine mohair, with a rich border of various shades and colours, is negligently thrown over the back of the figure, and is only confined in front by the diversified and natural attitude of the hands. Necklace, bracelets, and earrings, of pearl, with emerald studs; *cestus* and

No. VIII. Vol. I.

armlet of gold. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 3.—DUCHESS OF ROXBOROUGH'S FULL DRESS—AS WORN BY HER GRACE ON HER LATE MARRIAGE.

Robe of the finest India muslin, embroidered in small sprigs, and worn over a white satin slip. Drapery of lace, falling from the left shoulder in front, and terminating on the right side of the waist behind with a silk tassel; the sleeves formed of three falls of lace, with antique, or puckered tops, of white satin. Drawn tucker to correspond, terminating on the shoulders; simple wrap front, fastened with a single diamond-pin. The hair formed in full bands on the forehead, and turned up simply behind, with the ends in loose curls, falling over the bands in front, fastened behind with a diamond comb, and ornamented before with a brooch and star of brilliants. Maltese cross of diamonds, suspended from a row of large pearl. Pearl earrings and bracelets, with diamond studs. White satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

No. 4.—DUCHESS OF ROXBOROUGH'S HALF-DRESS.

A Tunic jacket, and train petticoat, of striped leno, worn over a primrose sarsnet slip; short sleeve, full on the top, and formed to sit high on the shoulder; long sleeve of plain net, or leuo, with a lace let in at the wrist, and tied with primrose ribband; a plain square front, very high, and fastened at each corner of the bosom with antique broaches. A hat of fancy straw, without any trimmings, turned up on the left side immediately over the eye, the rest of the rim slouched. A plain lace veil of the scarf form, with a narrow border all round, fastened on the top of the crown with a small antique stud, and left open in front. Gloves, shoes, and parasol of primrose.

* 3 M

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

AT this season of the year, when the Goddess of Fashion is generally allowed to slumber, it is with no small triumph that we exhibit to our fair correspondents a specimen of our having taken advantage of those bright flashes of her genius which have occasionally darted forth amidst frequent fits of supineness.

We have watched her with the eyes of an Argus, and sought her with perseverance and intrepidity in all her various haunts.

Sometimes we have found her reclined in the boudoir of a fair elected bride, aiding, by her witcheries, the enchantment of beauty, and decorating loveliness in the garb of grace and elegance. We have pursued her on the Steyne at Brighton. We have watched her in each varying fascination, at the public dinner-parties of Lord and Lady D—, at L—. We have chased her to Tunbridge—to Cheltenham—to the Hot Wells—to Yarmouth—to Scarborough, &c. &c. In short, during all the whimsies and caprices which have succeeded the lassitude and inertness of this her annual attack, we confess ourselves to have been a strict observer of her movements, and her most determined spies.— With these means of information in our power, we are enabled to display (both in the costume of our fashionable figures, as well as in our verbal description) a greater variety, and more enlarged delineation of taste, and elegance, than might be expected from the general stagnation of the season.

The improved style, universal neatness, correctness, and grace, which distinguishes the costume of our present race of British fair, have very justly and naturally rendered them objects of admiration and imitation to neighbouring nations.

The formal habits, and cumbrous ornaments of their ancestors, have long and happily given place to the Grecian drapery and gently-flowing robes of softest texture. Nature and simplicity are now in unison with taste and fashion, and need only to be accompanied by their hand-maid, modesty, to ensure them universal pre-eminence.

It is with satisfaction, therefore, that we remark, the bosoms of our *belles* to be more shaded of late.

Most prudent this! and most discerning she Who thus the secret keeps of pleasing.

The sated eye now keeps its proper bounds, that, like the heart, tires with unlimited indulgence, and on imagination loves to rest.

The round bosom, high in front, is now a most successful rival of the square one described in

our last Number. The backs are, however, still low, and the shoulders exposed. This display may be admitted, so long as it is confined to a fair, young, or plump person; and while they are meliorated by the flowing veil, whose sheltering delicacy heightens the beauty which it seeks to shade. This ornament (ever the subject of our commendation) is more general than ever; but it is now usually formed of an entire square of lace or net, bordered all round with a rich pattern; it is worn in various directions. Sometimes on the head, forming both cap and cloak at once, and others suspended from the crown of the hat, and covering the front of the figure. Round dresses of plain or worked muslin, with frock bodies of white satin, and a sash of the same the length of the train, are esteemed chastely elegant. Though the train will always be considered as graceful, and consistent in full dress, yet of late short dresses of clear muslin, or leno, with a rich embroidered or tamboured border all round, continued in the form of a wrap across the figure, and fastened with a silk cord and tassel on one side, is frequently seen on women of acknowledged taste and fashion. A slender, or at least a tall figure, can however alone adopt it with advantage. Plain muslin gowns, with embroidered back, sleeves, and border, are also very much esteemed.

Amidst the most elegant dresses noticed since our last communication, was one which decorated a celebrated beauty, at the fete given last week in the neighbourhood of Brighton. It was composed of white crape, embroidered round the bottom and up the front in links of gold, formed in a chain about the size of a half-crown piece. The bosom was so high as to require no neckerchief, the back and shoulders very low, and a short frock sleeve, with a cuff turned up in the form of a vandyke, each trimmed with a narrow chain of gold to correspond with the bottom. A purple scarf, with deep crimson border, with sprigs of gold dispersed all over it, fell over one shoulder, and the other end intermingled with the train. A small lace veil shaded negligently the most beautiful bright brown hair, and a large gold brooch, formed to represent a laurel leaf, with diamond berries, parted the hair in front, and corresponded with the comb which secured the hind tresses, and which glittered like stars through a thin mist beneath the transparent veil.

The *Maiden* spencer, or jacket *à la Stuart*, is at this moment unanimously called for by our fashionable *belles*. It is formed of white or coloured satin or sarsnet, and sometimes of muslin. The four little flaps which terminate it at the bottom of the waist behind, are not more than one-eighth deep, trimmed round with gold or silver

fringe. If the jacket is made of muslin or cambric, it is then ornamented with a Turkish ribbon laid flat, or a border of embroidery in coloured silks. The lappels in front are left open; but a clasp of gold, silver, or steel, is seen at each end, bespeaking the intention of closing it over the bosom, as taste or inclination may direct.

Coloured foil borders are making rapid advances in the sphere of fashion. And we have seldom witnessed any thing more animated, or simply elegant, than a painted border of jay's feathers, on a plain muslin dress: it had a most novel effect. The sarsnet spenser, though a useful habit for the autumn, it is too general to be considered genteel. But the sarsnet scarf, formed of a long square, lined throughout, and trimmed all round with a Turkish ribband, is a new and distinguishing ornament. It is generally wrapped round the figure, agreeably to the fancy of the wearer; and its colour is commonly that of lead, dove, or light brown. The *pelice à la Turk* is a comfortable and consistent covering for the season.

Morning dresses continue to be made high in the neck, with a narrow collar the size of the throat, trimmed at each edge with muslin *à la corkscrew*. White satin ribband, or plain net lace, let in round the bottom between a regular division of tucks, and a white satin spenser waist, has a very elegant appearance.

It is impossible to compress the hair into too small a compass for the present mode. The double *tiara* is much adopted in full dress, and we have seldom seen a better suited or more becoming ornament.

The head is otherwise adorned simply, with its own native tresses, fastened with a steel, gold, or tortoiseshell comb, with or without a brooch in front. Caps of various descriptions are still much worn, and are certainly a most becoming and consistent appendage to the morning dress.

Two new shirts have made their appearance since our last observations. The one open before, embroidered on each side and across the shoulders; a fall of lace or plaiting of net round the throat; but no collar. The other is embroidered on the bosom in the form of a triangle; a band of the same pattern is continued tight round the throat, uniting to the shirt as a collar; but has a much more novel effect. The top and bottom of the band is edged with a very narrow net.—This shirt is particularly adapted for the Turkish robe, or flowing spenser, as it forms a pretty front of a dress, and with a petticoat bordered with needle-work, has the appearance of a complete short dress.

Brown beaver hats, of various shades, and slouched, have been much worn at the watering-

places this autumn; but the sarsnet hat and bonnet still prevail. Chip and straw hats are on the decline; those of the gipsy form are the only ones seen on fashionable women. Shoes of tea-colour, brown, or grey, are generally esteemed for undress; but in full dress those of white satin take place of white kid; and with a silk stocking of French white, with transparent clocks, are the most elegant and chaste dress for the leg and foot we have witnessed for some time.

The fashion of tinkets have undergone little alteration since our last Number; except that the Maltese cross, formed of diamonds, pearl, ivory, and gold, is considered as a new and very elegant ornament. It is suspended from chains of diamond, pearl, or gold. The armlet of hair, and bracelet of the same, with the new patent clasp, is a most pleasing and interesting ornament.—Broaches are more than ever in request, and are used to fasten the shirt at the collar, the gown at the bosom, and to divide the hair in front. Natural flowers are adopted by females of discriminating taste; and refreshers, on a new construction, are invented to perpetuate their bloom and freshness.

The prevailing colours for the season are, pale rose, yellow, violet, and green; though the summer colours, of fainter hues, are not entirely laid aside.

PICTURE OF THE MANNERS OF MODERN PARIS.

Paris, Sept. 6.

It appears extraordinary, that no one, either in France or in any other country, has undertaken to exhibit, in a complete picture, the result of the French Revolution. That part of the picture, for which it will be necessary to wait forty or fifty years, will not prevent the execution of the other, which may, without danger, afford our cotemporaries wholesome instruction and amusement.

Our beloved Paris has recently improved, in an extraordinary degree, in internal morality, without, however, losing the smallest portion of its internal depravity.

With respect to our marriages, the lawyers and divorce-mongers find scarcely any employment; for the justices of the peace treat a husband or a wife, when they first bring their complaints before them, too much in the style of moral censors; and besides this, they deter the parties, by drawing a terrible picture of the expences, chicanery, and long delay, of law proceedings. The complainants take the matter once more into consideration; and, rather than make the scandal still more public, agree to an apparent reconciliation, that they may conduct themselves the

more shameless in private. A simple wife, who is informed by some malicious gossip of the dancing hall where her husband spends the Sunday evening with an acquaintance, as it is termed, and in the first impulse of her passion, hurries to the spot, and overwhelms the loving pair with her scolding and complaints—such a woman is greatly to blame: out of respect to public decency, she should have kept the matter private; she should have recollected, that her kind lord and master takes only one Sunday in the whole month for himself, and that he passes the three others in her company; at any rate, she should not have made any noise about such a trifle. When the woman goes to the Magistrate, he does not tell her that she is wrong with regard to the principal point, but he finds fault with the form; he says, that in such cases people ought not to cut off their nose to be revenged of their face; that is, confirm their shame by witnesses. The Confessor will exhort her to reconciliation, at least for the sake of her children, that they may not be made acquainted with their father's faults. Hence it is extremely easy to conceive, why a jealous husband, at Paris, has almost every body against him; and why, out of respect to good morals, he ought to give himself very little concern about those of his wife. The most important duty is not to refrain from sin, but to conceal it.

In the relations between parents and children, a similar system prevails. The law renders it extremely difficult, and almost impossible, to marry contrary to the will of parents. The law, however, has not prohibited the procreation of children; and it is quite sufficient, if it be not obvious to the public eye, whether the young progeny are legitimate or illegitimate, and if they do not come into the world before the face of their parents. There is no violation of morals, as long as the children have not polluted the paternal habitation. Thus, in spite of the difficulty of marrying without the consent of parents, it is the more easy to form an illegitimate connection; and a regular housekeeping between persons, the eldest of whom is not eighteen, is the more common. These connections deprive the parents of not the smallest portion of their former respect; the children are not acting against their consent, as long as that consent has neither been demanded nor refused. With many parents, such an establishment is a desirable ob-

ject; it relieves them from the burden of a dowry: the two young people maintain themselves; nay, they have perhaps been sent away at the age of 13 or 14 from their fathers' houses, in order to procure their own subsistence. The grandmother then speaks publicly, and without reserve, not indeed of her grandchildren, but she calls them children of her son, who is not married: the father, whose daughter lives in this kind of illegal union, calls her companion, not her husband, but her man.

The magnitude of the city, the multitudes in every quarter, and even in every house, prevent what would, strictly speaking, constitute the immoral side of the business in Paris: that is, nobody takes any notice of the affair; and, when a child comes into the world, every one supposes that it has a father, and he who fetched the midwife pass among the neighbours not only for the person who actually begot the child, but likewise for as good a husband as the best of them.

In the more licentious pleasures, of every description, there is no occasion to pay attention to any thing but to keep up appearances. A handsome woman, who dresses better than her circumstances would admit, and on that account justly incurs suspicion, is not an object of censure, as long as she manages her matters with decorum. Nay, what is still more remarkable, a pretty woman, of the middling class, who is neither rich nor advantageously married, has not even the right to conduct herself virtuously. If she complain of the hardness of the times; she is called a simpleton, or a stupid creature, who does not know how to observe exterior decorum; she is reproached with the meanness of her dress, and is told to her face, that in an age in which men know how to do justice to the sex, a woman must be a downright fool, or a haughty prude, not to profit by circumstances. Thus a lady who has a natural propensity to dissipation, may gratify it with the utmost decency; she is the more amiable, the more she possesses the talent of passing certain limits with ease; she has so much the more understanding and wit, the more delicate are the traces in which her deviations are discovered; that is, the more capable she is of living in high style, and in that portion of the higher class of society which values itself not on purity, but on refinement of manners.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable Portrait Likeness of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, finely engraved after the Original Picture, painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
2. FOUR WHOLE LENGTH FIGURES representing the Female Costumes in London and Paris, for October.
3. A favourite SONG, set to MUSIC, expressly for this Work, by Dr. KITCHENER.
4. An elegant Original PATTERN for NEEDLE-WORK.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.*

IN the course of the Month we receive many communications which the Writers themselves, we should suppose, could scarcely hope to see introduced into our Magazine. With these, when we have once noticed their rejection, we expect to have done. The Writers, however are of a contrary opinion, and we are no less fatigued with importunities for the return of their contributions, when rejected, than solicited for their insertion when first sent. In short, the regulation and return of the quantities of copy which we receive and reject in the course of the Month, would occupy the whole time of a single Clerk. We are obliged, therefore, for our necessary relief, to come to this determination—we will not be answerable for any Returns (some exceptions will, of course, be made in favour of our admitted and regular Correspondents), but our general rule will in future be, to commit all we do not approve to the flames. Such, therefore, as are desirous to secure their copy from perishing, must make duplicates before they send it.

J. B. B.'s Verses came too late. They shall be inserted in our next.

• • *Celinda may conjecture the fate of her Tale by referring to a paragraph above.*

“A Member of the University of Oxford” desires to be included as a Writer in our Work. This would indeed be a blind bargain. He must first send us a specimen at least; and we cannot promise to admit him even then.

Our Liverpool Correspondent will find what he requires in our present Number.

L. C.'s kind communication in our next.

The Verses to Kitty we suspect are not original. We should fill our page were we to enumerate all who have honoured us with Poetical contributions. Such as are interested must turn to that department of our Work—if they find themselves there it will be sufficient; if not, they must conclude their favours either inadmissible or deferred.

• *Letters on Botany, and an article on Music will appear in our next Number.*



Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Ninth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIA DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIA DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, was the second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, long since deceased. She was married May 11th, 1759, to James second Earl of Waldegrave, and becoming a widow upon the demise of that Nobleman, her hand was solicited by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester, and their nuptials took place September 6th, 1766. The issue of this marriage was,

1st. Sophia Matilda, born May 29, 1773; an elegant Portrait of whom, together with a biographical sketch, was given in the third Number of this Magazine.

2d. Caroline Augusta Maria, born June 24, 1774, died March 14, 1775, and interred in the Royal vault at Windsor.

3d. William Frederick, born at Rome January 15, 1776, the present Duke of Gloucester.

No. IX. Vol. I.

His Royal Highness's father, Prince William Henry Duke of Gloucester, third son of his Royal Highness Frederick Lewis Prince of Wales, and brother to his Majesty, born November 25, 1743, and by patent, November 14, 1764, created Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, in Great Britain, Earl of Connaught in Ireland, Knight of the Garter, Senior Field Marshal of his Majesty's Forces, Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, Ranger and Keeper of Cranbourn Chace, Ranger of Hampton-Court Park, Lord Warden and Keeper of the New Forest, Hampshire.

His Royal Highness died August 25, 1805.—Her Royal Highness lives in a manner extremely domestic and reclusive, and chiefly resides at her elegant villa at Brompton.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

[Concluded from Page 250.]

THE Captain seized the oars, and rowed with all his might towards the vessel, which lay at the distance of about half a mile from the shore. The moon shone in an unclouded sky, and cast its yellow light by partial flakes on all the scenery. The fields that rose from the shore glittered in their garbs of light green; and hanging woods, on a hundred hills, served only as a contrast to the white buildings which peeped from among their dark recesses. All was still and clear, except where at a distance a dewy mist enveloped in a picturesque obscurity the rising banks of distant eminences. The light shone full on the face of Charles. His eyes were fixed on the water, regardless of the lovely burthen which he was ferrying to his ship; a heavy gloom sate upon his brow, and Ellen contemplated with increasing alarm the melancholy that appeared to have settled in his heart. The moon-beam glittered on his eye, but darkness was over his soul. The silver rays danced on the water to the splashing of the regular oar, but all was stillness and sorrow in the bosom of the sailor.

And now they were under the ship, and they ascended its high side. The Captain stepped upon the deck, and, calling to him one of his officers, gave directions that Ellen should be taken care of, and provided for as one of the crew. He then said that he felt himself a little indisposed, and would retire to his cabin for a couple of hours repose. Ellen, unsolicitous for her own fate, kept her eyes still fixed upon Charles; she had marked his fixed and melancholy aspect, and the most horrible suspicions now rushed upon her mind. She slipped from among the sailors on the deck, and, following the Captain to his cabin, saw him fasten his door and enter. She looked about for another entrance, but, to her inexpressible sorrow and dismay, no other door was to be found. At last she observed that a hole had been eaten away, probably by rats, in the wooden partition that formed one side of the cabin, which was large enough to admit a body's passing through. Against it, and on the inside of the room, was leaning a mattress, which had been placed there to keep out the air. She gently moved back the mattress, and peeping through the open place, discovered her Charles, sitting with his back towards her, and examining

the contents of a medicine chest which stood upon a table before him. Her blood curdled at the sight—for this too cruelly confirmed the suspicions which she before had entertained.—Breathless with terror, she had still the presence of mind slowly to move away the mattress, so far as to gain entrance into the cabin.—She stood stooping behind the mattress, observing what farther steps the Captain would take, when she saw him empty a phial into a cup; then, suddenly starting, he reached a pistol from a shelf that was above him.

"This, exclaimed he, will do my business more quickly than the laudanum," and as he spoke he cocked the pistol. "Yet no, he continued, the noise will alarm my crew, and if it fails in its direction, I shall yet be prevented from throwing away my burthen and wretched existence; that cup will be slower in operation, but certain in destruction as the silent course of time itself.—Come, then, consoling draught, to quench the flame that burns within my veins and parches up my soul. Come, thou friendly cup, in which, for the last time, I will pledge myself to her who has forfeited her pledges to me. I have sung her name when gay carousals have challenged every guest to competition for the pre-eminence in female favour, when every youth has extolled above others the partner or the mistress of his heart. And shall I not pronounce it now, when I am going to seek those dark abodes, where the voice of merriment is quiet, and the banquet is the banquet of worms? Yes, yes, Maria, I have loved thee living, and in death I will love thee still—and still will I curse the spirit of avarice and ambition to whom young love has been offered a premature and memorable sacrifice. Maria! Maria! for ever adieu! When, in the pride and pomp of opulence, amid the splendid pageantry of Spanish festival, and the halls of polished marble, the carpets of richly wrought tapestry, and the swelling train of gorgeous domestics, you and your hated husband shall hear the sad intelligence of my untimely death—will not the festival seem to you my funeral pomp? Will not the marble hall strike you with a monumental chill? Will not the flowing tapestry represent my pall, and the train of servants my procession

of mourners? Then, then, Don Pedro, when thou knowest the mischief thy lingering desires have effected, then shalt thou feel, and oh! mayest thou feel it keenly, the curse of Heaven upon thee and thy possessions, thou hoary sinner! And thou, Maria! sad victim of a father's tyranny, and of a dotard's lust! wilt thou shed a few kind tears upon the flowers that spring about my tomb, and reflect, for a sorrowful hour, upon the days when love and hope sprang together in our hearts, like the flowers which thy tears bedew? Wilt thou remember those sad lines over which we have so often wept in sympathy together?

"Say, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed

"The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed,

"When I, sequestered from the world and thee,

"Shall lay my head beneath the willow tree?

"Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my tomb appear,

"And sooth my parted spirit lingering near?

"With aching temples on thy hand reclined,

"Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,

"Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,

"And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

"Oh God? the picture I have drawn is too shocking even for my own view. Once more, Maria, farewell!"

As he spoke these words, he leaned against the back of his chair; in his right hand was still the pistol that he had apostrophised, and with his left he snatched the cup from the table before him. He was in the act of lifting it to his mouth, when Ellen, rushing from her concealment, stood at the back of his chair, and dashed the cup from his hand. The violence of the motion occasioned Charles to start involuntarily; in the hurry and agitation of that start, the pistol in his hand went off; he heard a loud shriek, and Ellen lay extended before him. The pistol had entered the bosom of the unfortunate girl, and she was now dying at the feet of the man whom her heedless ardour had preserved from suicide. The crew, alarmed by the report of the pistol, had broken open the door, and surrounded the unhappy pair; but what was their amazement, when the disorder of Ellen's dress, occasioned by the wound in her breast, discovered to them the sex of their new companion! The Captain sunk speechless upon a chair; in the mean time, the sailors had lifted Ellen from the ground, and a surgeon was examining her wound. He pronounced it mortal!

She had but a few minutes to live—and she related the cause of her death, and completely

exculpated Charles, on whom, of course, the suspicions of every one had fallen. When she had concluded her story, she said,

"Let my unfortunate death, and the causes that led to my rash adventure, be generally made known. I now, too late, perceive the indelicacy of the measure which I have adopted, and perhaps the relation of a history like mine, may caution some romantic girl, who hereafter shall, like me, design such wild and idle schemes, from rushing on the misery which sooner or later must be the consequence of her conduct. If some such thoughtless female shall be saved by my bitter and premature experience, I shall not have died entirely in vain. And now, since in death I may without shame confess my love, now farewell, dearest Charles. I am dying for you, and if you feel grateful to me —"

"Grateful, interrupted Charles, bursting into tears—grateful!—Oh God! what shall I say? What can I do? Whither shall I fly? Oh that my life, instead of thine, lovely, too tender Ellen —"

"Be calm, I conjure you, answered she—I am dying for you—in return I conjure you to live for me. For the rash act which you attempted, you already are punished by my misfortune. May Heaven there bid its vengeance pause. Live, live, for your Maria. She may at some time again be free—perhaps be yours. May she possess undisturbed that heart which can never be mine.—May she make you as happy as you deserve, and long, long —"

Here the tide of life which had been rapidly ebbing, became totally exhausted: she threw her eyes with a glance of inexpressible tenderness on Charles, who was now on his knee supporting her in his arms; and, falling backwards upon his breast, expired without a sigh.

For some moments Charles gazed on the lifeless Ellen with speechless agony. He clasped her fondly to his breast, and kissed the wound that occasioned her death. At length he allowed the body to be removed from his room, and was persuaded by some of the officers to accept of medical assistance. Proper remedies were applied to him; but his constitution, which had suffered greatly from the shocks of the last few hours, was so materially impaired, that it was long before any medicine or restorative could bring back his wonted appetite and colour.

In the mean time the body of Ellen was treated with every possible care, and buried on shore with all the ceremonies due to her unfortunate fate and constant attachment. Charles went as chief mourner, and the ship's crew, dressed in their white and blue uniforms, attended the funeral, in token of deference to their Captain.

The fleet was ordered from its station in the West Indies, and the Captain, by the aid of time and the bustle of business, recovered at length that cheerfulness which Providence has kindly ordained to return even after the heaviest shocks of affliction. Wretched, indeed, would be the lot of man,—beyond the gloomy pictures of the misanthrope, beyond the mournful effusions of the poet, if the mind would preserve undiminished the impressions of past woe, and still lie open for the accumulation of sorrow that flying years shake from their pinions as they pass.

Who shall describe the feelings with which Maria received the melancholy tidings of the death of Ellen, which her husband and father had in vain endeavoured to keep a secret from her. Reproaches and regrets were all in vain; yet Maria could not forbear lamenting the want of fortitude, which, at the end of a short confinement, had induced her to accept of a husband whom she never loved, and whose treatment had now made her abhor him. It is true she was mistress of his fine estates and splendid establishment; but such a husband was a clog, a weight that she dragged about with her every where. Had Ellen been with her, she might have in some degree alleviated, by partaking, her sorrows; but though she mourned for Ellen's death, she could not help feeling a secret satisfaction that the unhappy girl was not united to Charles; for Maria yet cherished a hope, that at some period or other she should still be united to him herself. Yet her grief was not the less sincere; she shut herself in her room for several days, and refused admittance to every one; she kissed a thousand times the little relics of her Ellen's work which she still preserved; and it was with great difficulty that her husband and her father prevented her from travelling to the other extremity of the island to weep over her grave, and water the flowers that sprang round it. The feelings of Don Pedro were of a different description. His mind assumed every day a tone more heavy and sullen, and he seemed as much disposed to regret his own misery, as to repent of the misery he had caused to others. Mr M. who, with all his harshness, was a weak-minded and superstitious man, apprehended some judgment from Heaven; the ghost of Ellen haunted his dreams, and the complaints of his daughter irritated him by day. Thus all parties were equally wretched, when, after a lapse of several years all of the same dark and sombre hue, a considerable change for the better was effected in the prospects of Maria by the death of her aged husband.

Shortly after the death of Don Pedro, Maria was strolling along the side of the sea, meditating on the event which had set her once more at

liberty. She was unattended, and, as she mused on her own fortune, she felt a strong desire of learning what had been the fate of her beloved Charles. My condition, thought she, is now, it must be owned, far happier than it was when my husband was alive—yet even now I feel a void in my heart, which methinks Charles could alone supply. Yes, if ever again I should be so happy as to meet with him, not all the dread of my father's resentment shall influence me to abandon the only chance of happiness that now remains for me. I am of age and mistress of my own fortune; to restraint I will no longer submit. Yet I would not willingly incense my father.—I will go to him, and by gradual confessions, explain to him the state of my affections. As she spoke these words, she was turning to seek her father, who was at that time on a visit of a few days at her house, when, from behind a clump of trees at the water's edge, she saw a boat appear with two men in it. One of them jumped on shore, and left his companion in charge of the vessel. He stopped a moment on the bank, and looking around him, exclaimed, "This must surely be the spot! yes, this is the house of the wealthy Don Pedro, hated name! I will wander round the grounds, and endeavour to catch, unseen, one look of Maria, my still dear Maria, and fly for ever from a spot which contains my heart's dearest jewel, the prize of another." Maria in astonishment stepped forward, and what was her joy and surprize, when, in the utterer of the foregoing soliloquy, she recognized Captain T. In a few words she explained to him the circumstances of her situation; and he, on the other hand, informed her, that having again been sent out upon naval duty at the distance of only a few miles from that part of the island where she resided, he had not been able to resist the temptation of endeavouring, once more, to see the dear object who was still the mistress of his heart. In conversations of the most delightful nature did they pass away several hours, when they were alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps, and by the voice of Mr M. who was heard calling upon Maria. The length of her absence had excited alarm, and Mr M. with a number of servants, had been searching the environs of the house for a considerable time. Maria, when she heard the voice of her father, was much alarmed.—"For Heaven's sake, Charles, exclaimed she, if you do not wish to ruin me, fly—hide yourself in those trees!" He shot into the underwood, but not so quickly as to escape the notice of Mr M.—"Oh father, said, Maria, running towards him, I am delighted to see you! I had been wandering alone till I had completely lost my way." "Who is that?" said Mr M. pointing to the thicket,

whose leaves imperfectly concealed the Captain. "Who? where?" said Maria, counterfeiting great alarm and surprise. And the Captain, who found that concealment was impossible, stepped forward.

When the passionate old man recognised the former lover of his daughter, he was convinced that Maria was secretly intriguing with him: he would have demanded an explanation, but the violence of his rage choked his utterance, and suspended his breath. The shock was too violent for his constitution, and he sunk insensibly upon the ground:—while Charles, promising to come the next morning in disguise to the house, took advantage of Mr. M.'s fit to escape by the boat that was waiting for him. By this time, some of the servants who had been sent in search of Maria had come up, and by her direction conveyed Mr. M. to the house —

The faintness which had overcome him, together with the damp of the evening air, settled upon his frame; he was shortly in a high fever—he languished three days; and after bestowing his benediction on Maria, he entreated her forgiveness for the injuries which he had done to her peace, and expired.

Maria was long inconsolable; and Charles, the innocent cause of Mr. M.'s death, for a great while reproached himself incessantly—but, at length, the healing powers of time and religion closed all the wounds of their hearts, and they sometimes breathed a sigh to the memory of the unhappy Ellen; yet, on the whole, they were truly blest in that union which had been the fondest hope of their youth, as it was afterwards the rational enjoyment of their age.

So much for parental coercion.

H. T.

ON DANCING.

ALMOST all the arts which have contributed to the civilization, amusement, or fame of the nations in which they have been cultivated, have at some stage of their progress, or at some æra of their revolutions, attracted the attention of persons of taste, who have thought it useful to analyse the principles on which they were founded, to explore the customs from which they sprang, or to illustrate the studies by which they might be acquired. Poetry has been traced to its sources, and guided in its channels. Music has had its historians and enthusiasts. Architecture, painting, and sculpture, have been followed through all their ramifications. The stage, that science whose effects while they last are more forcible than any other of the fine arts, yet whose operations on the heart, being incapable of transmission to future times, strike indeed like a meteor, but like a meteor vanish—all, all have been described and adorned by the pen of the scholar, the philosopher, the historian, the poet, the artist, and even the statesman. But dancing alone, that exhilarating science, which thaws the lingering juices, and wakes the soul while it excites the body, yet which is also the subject only of present delight, not of future admiration, has been unblest by the aids of any of the writers, who have made other arts their pursuit and their pleasure. Is it that the matter in itself is mean? Is it that its birth is low and recent? Yet it is the study of the great, and the subject of our public entertainments. It was in the earliest periods of Grecian refinement the chief diversion

of wise and polished nations. *Je suis le Dieu de la danse*, said Vestris, in the pomp and pride of triumph. Shall we deride the apotheosis of this ærial Alexander, and deny to his art the possession of a tutelary God? Let us rather admire his enthusiasm in the promotion of an exercise so elegant and healthful, and honour the zeal of a professor, whose exertions contributed to the placing of his art on a higher and more respectable footing than it had ever before boasted.

Dancing, as well as poetry and music, was in ancient times appropriated to divine worship; and, while it retained that sacred character, the priests who directed and taught it, preserved its reputation and its grandeur. But now, being usually managed by persons, who, from their education and circumstances, cannot be expected to make so considerable a figure as the ancient professors, and who do not always possess any merit, beyond their immediate mechanical skill, the art itself seems to have incurred the imputation of being only an amusing trifle, incapable and unworthy of literary illustration. But yet it seems an argument of its intrinsic desert, that, without any of the advantages enjoyed by its competitors, it has found its way into all nations, and insinuated itself into every rank, as if it were, in some sense, one of nature's universal principles. It began from religion—and in Greece and Rome themselves, it was the necessary qualification of a hero, as it is now the attribute of an accomplished gentleman and man of fashion. And since, hitherto for the most

part, the professors of this science, like the disciples of the Druids, have conveyed its mysteries by oral tradition; from generation to generation, we feel inclined to say something on a subject so generally interesting, fashionable, and useful, and if possible to rescue it from that ignominy by which it has been so long and so undeservedly obscured. In the course of what we shall have to say, we shall be able to adduce many classical authorities and precedents in favour of the art—and while we thus snatch our subject from the contempt of our male readers, we hope to amuse our female students with a sufficient proportion of anecdote and fact. Indeed it is chiefly for the sake of the fair that this account has been collected, since from long and accurate observation we are led to believe, that dancing has more votaries among ladies than among gentlemen. For some time we were much at a loss for a solution of this problem, but we flatter ourselves that at length we have discovered its explanation. According to the present system of dancing, ladies are precluded from the privilege of choosing the partner who may be most agreeable to them; and sometimes are even obliged to sit still, and be the unfortunate spectatresses of the joyous scene, in which their companions are joyfully acting. Now it appears to us, that it is the delightful uncertainty, which in all its shapes, and in all its provinces, in the Stock Exchange, in the Subscription-house, and in Parliament, constitutes the great impulse and spring of action, that here also extends its influence, and, while it agitates the palpitating heart of many a fair candidate for preference, excites that mixed sensation of enjoyment and hope, which compose the pleasure of a ball. Of late, indeed, in some parts of the kingdom, this uncertainty has become a well grounded fear; for even at Bath, the headquarters of pleasure, and the theatre where this exhibition is most beautifully and successfully cultivated, the number of fashionable young men is so small, and of those so many are too lazy or too conceited to move, that a lady who goes to a ball may indeed feel a wish to dance, but she dares not indulge a hope. But this is a digression—enough for us, if the subject on which we treat be generally interesting, whatever be the causes of its interests.

I fear it must be granted, that modern dancing falls in several respects short of the art which was known and practised by the Greeks and Romans; at least, if we may believe eye-witnesses of its perfection and admirable effects, and if we consider that, in ancient times, inscriptions were written, and monuments dedicated, to the memories of many persons, for the great pre-eminence which they had attained in this art. Yet, perhaps, modern dancing comes nearer than the

dancing of the Greeks and Romans to the original institution of it in the early ages of the world, when motion, figure, and measure, made the whole system; for that general imitation of different actions, which was practised on the ancient stage by the pantomimes, was unknown till the diversions of men partook with the worship of the Gods in the solemnity of dancing, and the luxurious tastes of a wanton age, induced a hundred different inventions of pleasure. The dances were received upon the stage; at first, they were exhibited only between the acts, but, in a little while, they usurped an entire entertainment, almost to the exclusion of the drama itself. Indeed, Lucian declares the drama to have been so miserably acted, that the dancing was, in his opinion, preferable. Scaliger prefers it also to singing: "The chorus, the singers, and the dancers, all stood in that part of the ancient theatres, called the orchestra; and among all these," says Scaliger, "dancing ought to have the first place, for motion is of earlier date than speech. Besides, it was from the dances only that the orchestra took its name. Singing is the performance of idleness, effeminacy, and sloth: but dancing is the exercise of vigour, spirit, and activity. Besides, it has been treated with the highest honour, on account of its essential use in military training. And, therefore," pursues he, "the Athenians elected Phrynicus their general, because he performed the Pyrrhic dance extremely well in a play." Nor should this be considered as a silly election of theirs, nor a partial irrational fondness for dances and plays. But, as the nature of this dance was warlike, and afforded opportunities for displaying skill in the discipline and management of a battle; they chose an excellent performer, because they believed that he would exercise, in the field, that spirit and address which he had displayed upon the stage. For since warfare of old was not the distant explosion of gunpowder, but the immediate collision of men, that energy and skill which was graceful before, was likely to be useful now.

Pliny, that great relater of prodigies, tells us of dancing islands, in a passage which is quoted by Cælius Rhodiginus:—

"There is an account that in the Torrebian Lake, or as some call it, the Nymphæan, there are certain Islands of the Nymphs, which move in a ring at the sound of flutes, and are therefore called Calamine Islands, from Calamus, a pipe or reed; and also the dancing islands, because, at the sound of the music, they are moved by the beating of the singers' feet."

Thus Pliny.* But it is certain, that, in Delos, there was no religious worship without music and dancing. There came out chorusses of boys,

with lutes and flutes playing before them; the most skilful of these performed the dance. And some songs, from their constant accompaniments of dancing, were called Hyporchemata. In this kind of worship three kinds of hymns were used: the Hyporchema, the Prosodion, and the Stasimon. The Prosodion, or supplication, was said with a hymn, when the sacrifices were brought towards the altar. The Hyporchema they sang in full chorus, dancing about the altar, when the sacrifices were put to the fire. This dance seems to have been common to both men and women; its best figures were called Prosodiasic, Apostolic, or Parthenic. The song which succeeded the dance, when all stood still, was called Stasimon. When the dancers moved before and in front of the altar, they always went from the left to the right first, in imitation of the Zodiac, whose motion appears direct in the heavens from west to east; and afterwards they moved back from the right to the left, according to the celestial course. It is to these circumstances that Virgil alludes in the fourth book of the *Æneid*, when he says—

*Delon maternam invisit Apollo,
Instauratque choros; mixtique altaria circum,
Cretesque Driopesque fremunt, pictique Agathyrsi.*

Which Dryden has translated:—

“Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
“Of wintry Gantheus, and the Lycian coast;
“When to his native Delos he resorts,
“Ordains the dances, and renews the sports,
“Where painted Scythians, joined with Cretan
bands,
“Before the joyful altars join their hands.”

There is a story, that Theseus being driven from Crete upon the coast of Delos, taught the youths of that country a dance, which represented the mazes of the labyrinth, and in which the several circles were intangled within each other—this they performed before the altar.

From Lucian, in his dialogue *de Saltatione*, and from various other accounts, it is plain that dancing was of old a species of silent rhetoric; when the dancer, by his gestures, his motions, and his actions, without speaking made himself perfectly intelligible to the spectator, in whom he could rouse indignation, or excite pity; whom he could stir to fury, or soothe to love. What more could the fire of the poet, with all the aids of verse, effect upon the soul? or, what beyond this could be performed by the most accomplished masters of the magic lyre? Even in our own time, we have most of us witnessed, with emotions strong enough to melt our hearts and moisten our eyes, the efforts of the interesting Madame Laborie, in the ballet of *Crazy Jane*.

And then shall we be told that dancing deserves no notice among the fine arts—among those arts whose object is to ameliorate the heart by exciting its noblest passions?

But laying aside the estimation which was conferred upon dancing by its religious, military, and theatrical application, we shall find that, even as it is commonly practised in our own days, it deserves the reputation of an elegant and an useful art; since it improves the health, regulates the carriage, invigorates the limbs, and enlivens the mind.

Plato, in his second book of laws, tells us, “Other animals want in their motions the sense of order and disorder, from the due composition and regulation of which arise number and harmony. But men, having been admitted to the company and conversation of the Gods, have received from them a sense of number, of harmony, of sweetness, and of delight, musical measure, and the several kinds of dancing.” Nay, a learned man was always supposed to possess great skill in dancing and singing.

The great Locke says, in his *Treatise on Education*:—

“Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and to raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing, I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it. For though this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion, yet, I know not how, it gives children manly thoughts and carriage, more than any thing.”

Again—

“Dancing being that which gives graceful motions, all the life, and, above all things, manliness, and becoming confidence, to young children, I think it cannot be learned too early after they are once of age and strength capable of it; but you must be sure to have a good master that knows and teaches what is graceful and becoming, and what gives a freedom and easiness to all the motions of the body.”

And so we see that the limbs of a good dancer, even in their greatest force of motion, whether off or on the ground, do in no wise convulse, twitch, or seem to disorder the beautiful position of the parts. And this general case is that great and leading qualification, which, though born in the ball-room, feels itself no stranger nor useless interloper, in the senate, the camp, or the court. This it is which repels the intrusions of false shame, and preserves the faculties cool and collected; which obtains consideration among the fair, and engages patronage from the great. By this, men of indifferent talents are able to palm themselves on the world for men of genius; by this a pedant has passed for a parson, a sophist

for a Machiavel, a quack for an Infallible, and a jester for a wit. Without it, genius itself is but a body without limbs to move it, a lock without a key to wind it up. There is a story of Mr. Addison, which cannot be too often repeated. When that elegant writer, the admiration of an age that he adorned, that wise politician, who from obscurity raised himself to the head of an administration, had occasion, in his political and official capacity, to make some observations on the House of Commons, we are told that he rose in great agitation, and saying, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" sate down again. Again he rose, again said, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" and again sate down in terror. A third time he addressed himself to the chair, "Mr. Speaker, I conceive—" and once more fell back in despair. Upon which a wag got up in his place, and jocosely said, "Mr. Speaker, the Right Honourable Gentleman opposite to me is singularly barren, for he has conceived three times, and brought forth nothing."

Of the advantage of this becoming ease, and of the superiority which it gives to its possessor, a pretty instance is given us by Barclay, in his

Argenis. Poliarchus, as he tells us, was distinguished, even in his hidden retreat, at a village of Gaul, by his unembarrassed air and easy confidence, which Barclay considers as a proof of his superior genius and commanding soul. For when he was playing among the village boys, they all ran away, confounded and terrified by the approach of Gubrias, except Poliarchus, who stood his ground, and, with a stern kind of humility, answered his questions, and supported a conversation, without betraying symptoms of awkwardness or terror, at the presence of a stranger whose mien was so uncommon, and whose equipage was so magnificent.

In fact, it is this elegance of manner which constitutes the true man of fashion; which forms the great and evident line of demarkation, between a boor and a man of education. It gives an additional lustre to worth itself, and gains admiration and applause for that which unaided would obtain no more than cold esteem. On some future occasion, we will take an opportunity of saying something farther of this valuable accomplishment.

H. T.

THE HISTORY OF GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

In a part of the Mediterranean sea, and to the east of the shores of Italy, is situated the island of Lipari, whose natural beauty could only be exceeded by those of cultivation; and whose charms of cultivation, at the period of our narrative, were what might be expected from the taste and industry of its inhabitants. As it is more to the south than Italy, it has more of that genial fervour, the soft influence of which is extended as far as itself, and affects no less the face of nature, than the hearts, the minds, and the spirits of men. The surface of the fields was thus covered with the joyful garb of Plenty; the dark green of the herbage, the waving gold of the ripened harvest, appeared to mark it as the seat of Ceres. The happiness of the inhabitants was such as suited the plenty and beauty of the island. The government, as if fortune seconded the efforts of nature, was no less mild than that of the climate, and the latter might be assumed as no imperfect emblem of the effects of the former. Could any state be more enviable than that of the inhabitants of Lipari; could any island be more suited than this for the throne of the Cyprian queen. It was, indeed, natural that Love should here fix his habitation; but

could avarice be found in a state like this? Alas, where man is found, the vices of men will follow. The wolves will still pursue the track of their prey.

The wealth of the inhabitants, like that of other islanders, arose from their traffic; and the merchants of Lipari were scarcely less known than those of Venice. The most successful, and therefore the richest of this class of men, was a trader of the name of Lysimachus. The harbours of Lipari were crowded with his vessels; and, as if he set fortune at defiance, scarcely a wind could blow which did not either hasten the arrival, or facilitate the desired departure of some one or other of his numerous ships. The wealth of Lysimachus, though still insufficient to satisfy himself, was in proportion to this extent and success of his trade. His credit was not confined to the narrow limits of his native island; his loans were sought, and his securities accepted by the princes and states of Europe. The family of Medici, at that period the factors of the world, and whose princely magnificence gave new dignity to traffic, did not enjoy a reputation more general, or better established. This was enough to satisfy any reasonable desires;

but the thirst of avarice is not confined within the limits of nature; Lysimachus was avaricious, and the accumulated riches of Europe and the Indies would have been unequal to his wishes.

There are some vices upon which the vengeance of Heaven is immediate, and, in order to effect that purpose, they carry their own punishment; such is that of avarice. It is the nature of this passion that it calls all the powers of the soul to itself, and leaves no vacancy to the enjoyment of any other pleasure than what regards the gratification of its own appetite. Lysimachus possessed a treasure of more value than his almost boundless wealth, and had he not been thus blinded by his predominant passion, had his avarice not suspended the feelings of nature, he would have felt and acknowledged its superior worth; Lysimachus had a daughter of which a father like himself was unworthy. The name of this lady was Gostanza; her beauty, though superior to that of most of her sex, was her least recommendation; all the mild and gentle graces, which are the proper attributes of women, were to be found in her.

The extent of the traffic of Lysimachus required the service of many clerks and assistants. There was one whose activity and ingenuity was more singular than that of his companions; the name of this youth was Martuccio.

Martuccio, whose situation in the house of Lysimachus gave him frequent opportunities of the society and conversation of Gostanza, could not be insensible to her superior beauty, and felt it in a manner suited to his youth and amorous nature. He was not, however, blind to the difference of their conditions; and the ruling passion of Lysimachus, which was an unbounded thirst for gain, was an insuperable bar to the success of his suit. The rash confidence of youth, however, inspired hopes; and finding that his assiduities were not displeasing to Gostanza, he took a speedy opportunity for declaring himself. One day he followed her, unobserved, into the garden, whither she had retired after dinner. She entered a grove of pines, and sat down on a bench in the thickest obscurity of the wood. She had a lute in her hand, which she touched with a most rapturous effect, and then accompanied it with her voice; which, taking part in the feelings of her mind and the pathetic words of her song, faulted with every emotion of tenderness. Martuccio burst from his retreat, and threw himself on his knees before her. The declaration of his love was at once warm and eloquent, and though impetuous, yet tempered by respect. Gostanza did not quickly recover her composure; and when she did, her agitation answered his fondest hopes; and her tongue, at length, confessed the warm confession of her blushes.

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The lovers, after this mutual avowal, had frequent interviews; their constant subject of conversation was their passion, and the little hope which attended it.—Martuccio, though the clerk of a merchant, and therefore himself a member of traffic, had nothing of the love of money common to his class.

The early part of the life of Lysimachus had been passed in a most rigid denial of all desires which had been attended with any expence. He had married to get rid of a debt that he owed to a brother merchant, and which he cancelled by taking his daughter. What reasonable expectations of success could be entertained from an application to a man of this nature? Could he, whose heart only relented to money, be supposed to take pity on the feelings of two lovers, and give his daughter and all his fortune to a man, when compared to himself, a mere beggar? “Yet strange as my proposal is, (cried Martuccio to Gostanza,) I will make it. It is useless to despond where the least spark of hope may be retained; and a reasonable confidence is, at least, our duty, till trial has convinced us that we have to contend with impossibilities.” “And what (cried Gostanza,) is more impossible than the consent of my father to make us happy? He will part with his daughter, perhaps, but will still keep his money; and, as for myself, Martuccio, I should show as great a want of love as of prudence, were I to consent to give a beggar to your arms.”

The reasoning of his mistress did not deter Martuccio, who one day followed his master out of the counting-house, and with great hesitation, made proposals for his daughter.

Lysimachus was at first surprised, but far from irritated; his countenance, indeed, relaxed into a smile, and he desired Martuccio to take a seat. “My good friend, (cried he, tapping him on the head) do you think me in my senses?”

“Sir!”—

“Yes, Martuccio (he continued), do you think me in my senses? for you or I must certainly have taken leave of them. Now I trust I have mine, because I shall give you a plain refusal; but I much doubt whether you have yours, for making the application.”

Arguments were as ineffectual as intreaty to overcome the reluctance of the merchant; Martuccio, therefore, was dismissed without having derived any advantage from his application. The hopes of the lovers were terminated by this conference, and their misery upon this event of their passion was only equalled by the renewed protestation of their love. Gostanza, after the manner of her sex, gave it a vent in tears and complaints; Martuccio did not support it with greater resolution, though his gravity of character, and

greater strength of mind, restrained the expression of his feelings within more narrow limits.—He had lost, however, all relish for his former pleasures; he could no longer fix himself to the discharge of his usual business, his mind was occupied, his attention absorbed, in one only idea. The misery of his situation at length induced him to take a singular resolution; he sought an interview with Gostanza, and she at length attended him at the place of appointment. Her surprise was great at an unusual change in the appearance of her lover; his features, which had lately borne no other expression than that of hopeless love, had now the more lively character of rising hope; his habits were still more singular; he had laid aside the dress of a clerk, and assumed that of a sailor. Gostanza demanded of him the cause of what she beheld. “You appear very happy, Martuccio, (said she, with an air of reproach,) and your dress is still more changed than your features. What is the cause of this levity; alas, can a love so hopeless admit these sports of a mind at ease!”

“You are deceived, my Gostanza (replied he), if you impute what you see to levity, or the sports of a mind at ease. Our love is, indeed, at present hopeless; but the vicissitudes of fortune are as sudden as various, and what she refuses us to-day, she may spontaneously offer to us to-morrow. Behold the aim of my present purpose, and the cause of my changed habits. Your father has no other motive for his refusal to our happiness than that of my unequal fortune; and could that inequality be removed, he would not hesitate, to confirm our love by his parental consent. In my present situation, as the clerk and dependant of another, I can have no hope of attaining this eminence of wealth, and therefore, if I remain in the service of Lysimachus, I must submit to see you the wife of a rich rival. To avoid this, I have resolved to leave your father's house, and embark as a sailor on a voyage of adventure. A Venetian Captain, a relation of my father, is now in the port of Lipari; he has invited me to embark with him for the Indies; and, to encourage me to an acceptance of his proposal, has offered me the loan of four thousand ducats to purchase the necessary merchandize. Behold, Gostanza, the source of my present hopes. Yes, my Gostanza, I feel a confidence that Heaven will bless my honest efforts, and that our union is not so impossible, or so distant as it appears.”

Gostanza was about to answer, as far as her tears would permit, when they were interrupted by Lysimachus himself, who demanded, with some anger, the cause of her unusual emotion. Martuccio did not hesitate to declare his purpose. Lysimachus for some moments regarded him

with astonishment, but at length returning to his usual air of gravity, he demanded of Martuccio, if he were in earnest.

“From this eminence (replied Martuccio), you may behold the ship. My departure is fixed an hour hence.”

Lysimachus, upon this reply, regarded him for a few moments in silence; but at length thus addressed him:—“Martuccio, you have served me for some years with equal faith and ability; were your fortune any thing equal to that of my daughter, I should prefer you for a son to any inhabitant of Lipari. The disparity of your fortunes, however, is too great, and if I act in the character, and with the duties of a father, I must not hesitate to oppose your union. It is this which has caused my refusal. I now, however, repeat my promise, that from the regard I bear to you, and from gratitude for your fidelity in my service, if you can find any means to produce a fortune but one half of that of Gostanza, you shall take her. Your present purpose is worthy of your love and courage. Gostanza shall wait unmarried and unsolicited during the space of a year from the present day; if you return within that period, and can produce the sum I have mentioned, Gostanza, with all my wealth, shall become yours. Martuccio, farewell; take an embrace of your mistress, and without further delay depart.”

Martuccio did not wait for any second invitation, but embraced her with all the tenderness of sincere passion; nor was Gostanza herself more restrained by the presence of her father; she was not merely passive in the arms of her lover; her embrace had more delicacy perhaps, but certainly equal tenderness with that of Martuccio himself. Lysimachus, who had no other vice than that of avarice, could not regard them unmoved; but perceiving the feelings of his daughter to be too much agitated, he at length constrained them to separate; and, pressing the hand of Martuccio, again addressed him:—“Martuccio, your friend has promised you the loan of four thousand ducats, I will add to them the gift of six thousand; there is that sum in this bill of exchange; it will be paid to you on your arrival at Venice by the Venetian merchant upon whom it is drawn. Go, Martuccio, and may Heaven prosper your efforts. You have the prayers and wishes of Lysimachus.”

Saying this, and forcing his pocket-book into the hands of Martuccio, he waved his hand for him to depart. Martuccio, again embracing Gostanza in the arms of her father, obeyed, and a hill soon intercepted him from their sight.

Lysimachus conducted his daughter to the house, and gave her into the care of her usual attendants. Their attempts at consolation were

for some days in vain; and though the violence of her first emotions yielded to the usual remedy of time, the melancholy into which they had subsided appeared wholly incurable.

In the meantime Martuccio had embarked, and the vessel, with a favourable wind, was already upon its voyage. The hopes of Martuccio, and the pleasures of their navigation, had already dissipated a part of his late chagrin; his countenance and heart were animated with a new joy, and he anticipated with all the sanguine confidence of youth and hope, the attainment of his wishes. The voyage was, indeed, through the most beautiful part of the Mediterranean sea. As the science of navigation was less understood at that time than in the present day, it was the custom of the vessels rather to coast along the shores than trust to the open seas. Their voyages were thus more varied and beautiful. Martuccio enjoyed this pleasure; the fancy of the prince of poets has scarcely painted a scene like what daily presented itself to the eyes of Martuccio. The shores of the Mediterranean are alternately mountains, hills, and plains; mountains whose tops are hidden in clouds, hills clothed with the groves of summer, and plains of a verdure like that of emerald. All the varieties both of culture and solitude concurred to the splendor and beauty of this scenery; the eye was now presented with the spectacle of a magnificent city, the gilded summits of whose turrets were glittering beneath the beams of a morning sun. The cheerful sound of the distant bells, the ascending smoke, and the throng of the busy inhabitants,—all composed a morning landscape, the beauty and effect of which can only be conceived by those who have been the spectators of a similar scene. Nor were the scenes of solitude less touching to an admirer of nature; such were the woods whose extent and height seemed to argue their primæval origin; such were the plains which glowed beneath the genial influence of the noon-tide beam. Martuccio, who had hitherto been confined within the narrow walls of a city, and occupied in the cares and hurry of merchandize, was no less surprised than transported at the objects he beheld. "How beautiful (said he), how great in all her works, is the framing hand of Nature! How impossible is it to regard a scene like this without reverting to its mighty original and all wise Author. Thy wisdom is, indeed, legible in thy works; to see is to adore." In this manner passed the greater part of the voyage of Martuccio, and the beauty and novelty of the scenery had infused that tranquillity into his troubled mind, that he had now no images but those of hope. "Yes, my Gostanza, (he would say in his moments of rapture,) the power who thus delights in general good, will not desert

us. Seas shall in vain divide us, and more powerful avarice in vain interpose its bar; our love merits and will obtain a superior protection."

The confidence of Martuccio was soon dissipated, and by an event of fortune as fatal as sudden, changed to despair. The third week of their voyage had passed over in this security of hope; the morning which began the fourth at length dawned. Martuccio, who felt the charms of nature with the more sensibility as they were more novel and fresh, was in the habit of rising with the first light, and enjoying in a walk upon the deck of the vessel the freshness of the early hours. Upon the morning, the fatal event of which we are about to relate, he was in the enjoyment of this his usual pleasure, and the beauties of the opening dawn had never more merited the attention of an admirer of nature; the sun, with all his eastern splendour, was rising from the bosom of the ocean, and the sea which bounded the horizon, reflected upon its surface the burnished light; the concave of the heavens formed a bold and lofty arch, and the world of waters beneath received and communicated new beauty and freshness. The inhabitants of the deep seemed not unconscious of the beauty of the scene; the dolphins ascended to the surface of the waters, and displayed their colours to the morning sun; the less shapely monsters of the ocean surrounded the ship, and in long troops upon each side of the vessel, continued to move their unwieldy masses. Martuccio was occupied in the observation of these objects, when, happening to cast a look behind, he beheld at some distance a vessel in full sail! It was as yet hardly visible; its white sails could with difficulty be distinguished from the clouds and waters. The landscape, however beautiful, had appeared to Martuccio to have too much of what the painters call *rest*, in other words, of solitude. This defect was removed by the appearance of the approaching vessel, and such was the transport of Martuccio upon the now finished beauty of the scene, that he could not restrain himself from summoning the friendly Captain to partake his pleasure. After pointing out the various objects which had excited his admiration, he directed his attention to the approaching vessel: "Behold (said he) what crowns the happy scene." The Captain here cast a regard upon the vessel; but its ensigns no sooner met his eye than he started, at the same time uttering a sudden exclamation—"We are lost. Alas, unfortunate men, we have nothing further to hope but death or slavery! the vessel which approaches is a rover from Tunis."

The Captain here summoned his crew; and that no means of preservation might be neglected,

commanded them to man their sails and yards. The fear of the sailors occasioned him to be obeyed with unusual alacrity. Martuccio was not backward in encouraging and assisting the astonished crew. Their united efforts soon put their vessel in a condition of flight; and as the ship was well built, and not too heavily laden, their rapidity was not inferior to that of the Tunisian. The latter ship, however, had now approached so near, that it hailed the Venetian, and commanded them, as they valued the preservation of their lives, to an immediate surrender. Martuccio, who was standing upon the stern of the vessel, made no other reply than by a discharge of his harquebuss. Escape, however, was now impossible; the Tunisian having been built for the purposes of piracy, was already alongside of the Venetian vessel. They were again summoned to surrender. Martuccio and the Captain, having the greatest ventures and the most courageous spirits, again refused; but the Captain had scarcely uttered the words of rejection, and issued those of preparation for the immediate conflict, when he was pierced by an arrow, and fell dead upon the deck. This incident had an instantaneous effect upon the courage of the crew; the prayers and reproaches of Martuccio were equally fruitless, and the flag was struck. Martuccio, however, was resolved not to survive this united disgrace and calamity; his mind presented to him in one view the whole misery of his situation,—the certain defeat of all his late hopes, the loss of Gostanza, and a future life of slavery. With a resolution, therefore, rather to fall than to submit, and preferring certain death to the greater evil of servitude, he opposed himself to the whole crew of the corsair, who were now entering the surrendered ship. The Infidels appeared astonished, and in some degree confounded by the vivacity of his courage, and from the effect of his single opposition it might have been justly concluded, that had he been seconded by the efforts of the remainder of the crew, the vessel would not have become the prey of the pirates. The remainder of the crew, however, was occupied in other thoughts; the rapidity of the vessel's flight, had brought them upon the opposite coast; the sailors, therefore, now availed themselves of this circumstance, and whilst the attention of the pirates was occupied by the brave defence of Martuccio, they had loosened a boat, and having hastily descended from the ship were rowing towards the adjacent land. In the meantime Martuccio was continuing the conflict, and with the rashness of despair appeared to be resolved upon death. It was in vain that the Captain of the corsair made him the offer of his life; Martuccio returned no other reply, than that they could not dispose of what

they had not yet gained. Courage, however, was fruitless against such an unequal force; Martuccio was at length disarmed, and beaten to the ground. The pirates again commanded him to beg his life; Martuccio again refused. One of the Infidels, irritated by the continuance of his obstinacy, raised his sabre to cleave his head, but his arm was arrested by the hand of Hamet, the Captain of the vessel. Hamet was of a character not unusual amongst barbarians; as his chief quality was that of courage, he considered nothing in another so worthy of esteem. The conduct of Martuccio had excited this sentiment, and the preservation of his life was, perhaps, owing to this favourable prejudice of his enemy. Hamet, from the same feeling, arrested the uplifted sword of the pirate. "Why wouldst thou kill a braver man than thyself," said he. Then turning to Martuccio,—“Christian (said he), thy courage shall redeem thee; you shall live, because you have showed yourself worthy of life. The laws of our Prophet require that you shall have the choice, of slavery or our faith. Embrace the religion of Mahomet, and Hamet shall be henceforth your friend, brother, and protector.”

Martuccio was so absorbed in the sense of his calamity, that he returned no answer to the address of the pirate. Hamet, who appeared to have a principle of humanity becoming a better faith, perceiving the cause of his silence, did not resent it; he even committed him to the care of his own attendants, and commanded him to be carried into his own cabin. They now proceeded to plunder the Venetian vessel, and such was the wealth of the lading, that it well repaid the length and danger of their cruise. Having finished this ransack, and put some of their crew into the plundered ship, they proceeded upon their return to Tunis. As the wind was favourable, they reached the port within a few days.

Hamet, upon entering the harbour, gave a general discharge of the arms of his vessel, and as the Venetian ship was a sufficient evidence of the success of his voyage, he was saluted by the guns of the castle. Tunis was at that time governed by a Dey of the name of Soliman; Hamet, therefore, no sooner arrived than he attended the court of the Dey, and having conducted Martuccio with him, presented him as a slave to Soliman.

“He has a liberal presence, Hamet, (said the Dey,) and appears unfit for ordinary servitude.”

“It was this (replied Hamet), which has led me to think him worthy of the service of the Dey of Tunis. His courage is no less liberal than his appearance.” Hamet here related his rash resistance to their boarding the Venetian ship. Soliman listened with attention, and apparent

approbation to this narrative, and in the course of it had thrown some favourable looks upon its subject. He now demanded of Martuccio if he understood the language of the Moors of Tunis. Martuccio replied, that his nurse had been a Mo'rish slave, and that he could speak it with the readiness of a native. "I perceive it (replied the Dey). I accept you, therefore, as the attendant upon my own person. Hamet, I accept your present, and shall return it with the gratitude which it merits." Hamet bowed and retired.

Thus did Martuccio become the slave of the Dey. This was the most pleasing circumstance which had occurred to him since his captivity, nor was he rendered so stupid by his calamity but that he acknowledged this incident as an unexpected good fortune. His hopes of liberty were not so desperate as in the more private ser-

vitute of Hamet. His service was not burthensome; it was little more than attendance upon the person of the Dey; his memory, however, still presented to him the image of his lost Gostanza. "To what purpose (said he,) should I now recover my liberty; the Captain, my friend, is dead; my ducats have become the prey of the pirates; Gostanza, therefore, is lost for ever."

In this manner did Martuccio consume the days and nights of his captivity; his former hopes were now succeeded by a more unreasonable despondency; he did not reflect that the designs of the Being who governs the fate of our lives, were seldom accomplished but by indirect means, and that a happy event was sometimes never so near as when to our more limited sight it appeared at the greatest distance.

[To be continued.]

REMARKABLE PROPHECY, RELATIVE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM the propensity of the human mind to ascribe to itself the power of Prophecy, and to endeavour to remove that veil with which futurity is fortunately enveloped, have principally originated the numerous predictions which are now renewed, and some of which are read with interest. There is, in particular, no want of such as relate to the great catastrophe in France. Nostrodamus has had abundance of followers. Among these, the well-known French writer, Cazotte, is eminently distinguished. His prophecy of the French revolution is much more precise and explicit than oracles of this kind in general are. It has made its appearance in a new literary publication of select works of the celebrated Laharpe. Though reason naturally excites a distrust of such visions and predictions, yet the reputation of the narrator demands some attention to the prophetic effusions which he himself heard, in the year 1788, from the lips of Cazotte.

It appears to me, says the aged Academician, as though it had happened but yesterday, and yet the circumstances took place in the year 1788. We were sitting at table, principally members of the Academy, with one of our colleagues. The company was numerous; it consisted of courtiers, men of letters, and others. We partook of a superb dinner. At the dessert, the Malvoisie and Cape wines had elevated the gaiety of the company to such a degree, that it could scarcely be restrained within any bounds. Chamfort had read to us some of his graceless and licentious tales, and yet the ladies who were present, had not, as

usual, recourse to their fans. Many impious jests were launched against religion; one read passages from Voltaire's *Pucelle*, amidst universal plaudits; a second rose, and with a full bumper in his hand, exclaimed—"Yes, gentlemen, I am as sure that there is no God, as I am certain that Homer was a blockhead." A third admired the revolution which Voltaire had effected in the empire of the Sciences—"That great man," cried he, "gave the tone to his age; he is read as generally in every anti-chamber, as in the superb apartments of our most illustrious men." One of the guests related, with a hearty laugh, that his hair-dresser had said to him in good earnest:—"Look you, Sir, though I am but a poor fellow, I concern myself as little about religion, as the grandest of you gentlemen." It was the general opinion, that a political revolution would soon arrive, and that fanaticism must give way to the philosophical spirit of the times. They wished happiness to those whose age still allowed them to cherish the hope of witnessing this great work.

Only one individual of the party appeared to withhold his applause from our conversation: he merely laughed now and then at our enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an eccentric, but amiable man. He at length broke silence, and said, with the utmost gravity, "Make yourselves easy, gentlemen, you will live to see this great and sublime revolution which you so anxiously desire.—Yes, I repeat, that you will live to see it." "That may be," rejoined one of the company; "a man need not be a wizard to foretell any thing of that sort."

"Agreed; but it requires more than a common head to know what is to follow. Do you know what will be the consequences of this revolution, and what will become of you all during it?" "Well, let us hear, then," said Condorcet, with a sarcastic smile. "You, M. de Condorcet, will die in prison; and by poison, which you will take to escape the hand of the executioner. So great will be the happiness of this revolutionary æra, that people will carry their dose constantly in their pocket."

The whole table was convulsed with laughter. "M. Cazotte," said one of the guests, "this story which you have been telling, is not near so pleasing as your *Diable Amoureux* (an uncommonly entertaining novel, by M. Cazotte). But how do you come by prisons, poison, and executioners? What have these to do with reason and philosophy?" "Tis in the very name of philosophy," answered Cazotte, "in the very name of liberty and humanity, that reason will rule in the manner I predict; it will be the express reign of reason; for to her alone will altars be erected throughout all France, and the other temples will be shut up." "Upon my soul," interrupted Chamfort, bursting into a contemptuous laugh, "you, Cazotte, will not be one of the priests that will perform the worship of reason."—"I hope not; but you, M. de Chamfort, will be one of the most worthy; for you will open your veins with a razor, but you will not die till several months afterwards."—The company looked at each other, and the laughter became still louder. "You, M. de Vicq d'Azyr, will open six veins, one after the other, in a fit of the gout, and die the same night. As for you, Messrs. Nichollai, Bailly, and Malesherbes, you will all three die on the scaffold."—"Thank God!" cried Rouchet, "it appears as if the speaker was determined to wreak all his vengeance on the Academy; he has dispatched the Academicians in a terrible way, but as I am not one of their number, he will surely be merciful to me." "You? no; you too, like the others, will expire on the scaffold." "He must have conspired," was now the universal cry, "to exterminate us all together." "No, I havenot." "Are we then to be conquered by the Turks and Tartars? and—" "By no means; as I have already said, you will then live under the sway of reason and philosophy alone; those of whom you may expect such treatment, are nothing but philosophers, who, like yourselves, will have nothing in their mouths but reason and philosophy."—The company now whispered each other, "It is plain, that he is a perfect fool; he always strives to appear eccentric in his jokes."—"That may be," said Chamfort, "but this humourist should be more cheerful; his stories smell too strongly of the gallows. But, tell me, Cazotte, when are

all these things to happen?" "Scarcely six years will have elapsed, before all that I predict will be accomplished." "That is wonderful," at length exclaimed I (Laharpe), "and am I then to make no figure in all these scenes?" "You, Sir, are destined for one of their most extraordinary wonders. You will become a Christian." The room shook with violent and universal peals of laughter. "Well," cried Chamfort, "I am easy, if we are not to be dispatched till Laharpe has become a Christian. At that rate, we shall never die." "We women come off the best" observed the Duchess de Grammont, "as we pass for nothing at all in this revolution. I mean not to say, that we shall have no hand in it, but, it is admitted, that our sex—" "Your sex, madam, will not, in this case, protect you; it will avail you nothing that you refrain from intermeddling; you will be treated, without distinction, like us men." "What say you, M. Cazotte? That must certainly be the end of the world." "That I know not; but this I know perfectly well, that you, Madame la Duchesse, will be conveyed in the executioner's cart, in company with many other ladies, with your hands tied behind your backs." "At any rate, then," said the Duchess, "I shall be allowed a carriage covered with black cloth." "No, madam; ladies of still higher rank than yourself will be drawn in a cart, with their hands tied behind them." "Ladies of higher rank? Who can they be?" "The Princesses of the blood royal? Of still higher rank than—" Here the company was in visible emotion; a deep gloom overspread the countenance of the master of the house, and they felt that the joke had been carried too far. Madame de Grammont, in order to bring back the conversation to a more agreeable tone, contented herself with observing—"They will, however, let me have a confessor?" "No, Madam, nobody will have any; the last condemned person, to whom it will be allowed as a favour, will be—" He paused a moment—"will be the King of France."

The host rose abruptly from the table, and his example was followed by all his guests. He went up to M. Cazotte, whom he addressed in a pathetic tone: "Dear Cazotte," said he, "your gloomy fancies have lasted too long; you go too far; you might commit yourself and the whole company." Cazotte took his hat, and was about to retire, without saying a word. Madame de Grammont, who always avoided every thing like gravity, detained him, saying, "Dear Mr. Prophet, we have listened long enough to your prophecies concerning us; but you have not said a word about yourself." Cazotte paused for some time; his eyes were bedimmed with tears.—"Have you, Madam, ever read the siege of Jerusalem, by the historian Josephus." "Undoubt-

edly; who is there but has? But continue, as though I had not." "Well, then, Madam, during this siege, a man went, for seven successive days, round the ramparts of the city, in the face of the besieging Romans, and of the besieged Jews, incessantly crying, with a voice of thunder, 'Woe to thee, Jerusalem!' On the seventh day, he exclaimed, 'Woe to thee, Jerusalem! woe to myself!' and, at the same moment, a prodigious stone, discharged by the enemy's machines, dashed him into a thousand pieces."—After this answer, Cazotte bowed, and withdrew.

Let the reader open the history of the revolution, and he will find how, and in what day, the events announced in 1788 were accomplished in the years 1792, 3, and 4. Laharpe, as it is well known, escaped; but the atrocities of the revolution, which he looked upon as the consequence of what was denominated philosophy, made such an impression upon him, that, in his last years, he became one of the most zealous defenders of that holy religion, which he had before so furiously attacked.

EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

MR. EDITOR,

As the experiments and observations I mean to lay before the public relate to the singing of birds, which is a subject that hath never before been scientifically treated*, it may not be improper to prefix an explanation of some uncommon terms, which I shall be obliged to use, as well as others which I have been under a necessity of coining.

To chirp, is the first sound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to; so that the hearer may distinguish of what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale (for example) being hoarse and disagreeable.

To this definition of the chirp, I must add, that it consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and that it is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The call of a bird, is that sound which it is able to make, when about a month old; it is, in most instances (which I happen to recollect), a repetition of one and the same note, is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally to both cock and hen †.

* Kircher, indeed, in his *Musurgia*, hath given us some few passages in the song of the nightingale, as well as the call of a quail and cuckow, which he hath engraved in musical characters. These instances, however, only prove that some birds have in their song notes which correspond with the intervals of our common scale of the musical octave.

† For want of terms to distinguish the notes

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed, by the bird-catchers, recording, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument formerly used in England, called a recorder ‡.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. I have known instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows that he can execute them.

What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.

I have never happened to meet with a passage in any writer, which seems to relate to

of birds, Bellon applies the verb *chantent*, or sing, to the goose and crane, as well as the nightingale. "Plusieurs oiseaux chantent la nuit, comme est l'oye, la grue, et le rossignol."—*Bellon's Hist. of Birds*, p. 50.

‡ It seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe tunes. Lord Bacon describes this instrument to have been strait, to have had a lesser and greater bore, both above and below, to have required very little breath from the blower, and to have had what he calls a fipple, or stopper.—See his second Century of Experiments.

this stage of singing in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius :

“ —Nunc velucrum novi
 “ Questus, inexpertumque carmen,
 “ Quod tacitâ statuere brumâ.”
Sat. Sylv. l. iv. ecl. 5.

A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to sing his song round, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

I would therefore define a bird's song to be a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crochets in an adagio movement, as whilst a pendulum swings four seconds.

By the first requisite in this definition, I mean to exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen*, as they consist of only two notes; whilst the short bursts of singing bird, contending with each other (called jerks by the bird-catchers), are equally distinguished from what I term song, by their not continuing for four seconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed what I have defined the call of a bird to be, do not amount to its song, I will, for this reason, take the liberty of terming such a succession of two notes as we hear in these birds, the varied call.

Having thus settled the meaning of certain words, which I shall be obliged to make use of, I shall now proceed to state some general principles with regard to the singing of birds, which seem to result from the experiments I have been making for several years, and under a great variety of circumstances.

Notes in birds are no more innate, than language is in man, and depend entirely upon the master under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the sounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing.

Most of the experiments I have made on this subject have been made with cock linnetts, which were fledged and nearly able to leave their nest, on account not only of this bird's docility, and great power of imitation, but because the cock is easily distinguished from the hen at that early period, by the superior whiteness in the wing.

* The common hen, when she lays, repeats the same note very often, and concludes with the sixth above, which she holds for a longer time.

In many other sorts of singing birds, the male is not at the age of three weeks so certainly known from female; and if the pupil turns out to be a hen,

“ —ibi omnis
 “ Effusus labor.”

The Greek poets made a songster of the TETRI, whatever animal that may be, and it is remarkable that they observed the female was incapable of singing as well as hen birds.

I have indeed known an instance or two of a hen's making out something like the song of her species; but these are as rare as the common hen's being heard to crow.

I rather suspect also, that those parrots, magpies, &c. which either do not speak at all, or very little, are hens of those species.

I have educated nestling linnetts under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

When the note of the titlark-linnet† was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnetts, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark-linnet, however, did not borrow any passages from the linnet's song, but adhered stedfastly to that of the titlark.

I had some curiosity to find out whether an European nestling would equally learn the note of an African bird: I therefore educated a young linnet under a vengolina‡, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

This vengolina-linnet was absolutely perfect, without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the nestling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's chuckle, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

† I thus call a bird which sings notes he would not have learned in a wild state; thus by a skylark-linnet, I mean a linnet with the skylark song; a nightingale-robin, a robin with the nightingale song, &c.

‡ This bird seems not to have been described by any of the ornithologists; it is of the finch tribe, and about the same size with our aberdavine (or siskin). The colours are grey and white, and the cock has a bright yellow spot upon the rump. It is a very familiar bird, and sings better than any of those which are not European, except the American mocking bird.

I have before stated, that all my nestling linnets were three weeks old when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which I have mentioned to consist of only a single note.

To be certain, therefore, that a nestling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds, more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

I must own, that I am not equal myself, nor can I procure any person to take the trouble of breeding up a bird of this age, as the odds against its being reared are almost infinite. The warmth, indeed, of incubation may be, in some measure, supplied by cotton and fires; but these delicate animals require, in this state, being fed almost perpetually, whilst the nourishment they receive should not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very small portions at a time.

Though I must admit, therefore, that I have never reared myself a bird of so tender an age, yet I have happened to see both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old.

The first of these belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which from a want of other sounds to imitate, could almost articulate the words pretty boy, as well as some other short sentences: I heard the bird myself repeat the words pretty boy; and Mr. Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note or call of any bird whatsoever.

This talking linnet is now dead, and many people went from London to hear him speak.

The goldfinch I have before mentioned, was reared in the town of Knighton in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear, as I was walking by the house where it was kept.

I thought, indeed, that a wren was singing; and I went into the house to inquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage.

The people of the house, however, told me, that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I staid a considerable time in the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren, without the least mixture of the goldfinch.

On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only two or three days old, that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nestling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the

wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

These facts which I have stated seem to prove very decisively, that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why in a wild state they adhere so steadily to the same song, insomuch that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be singing round him.

Young Canary-birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts; and yet I have been informed that they only learn the song of the parent cock.

Every one knows, that the common house-sparrow, when in a wild state, never does any thing but chirp: this, however, does not arise from want of powers in this bird to imitate others, but because he only attends to the parental note.

But, to prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnet: the bird, however, by accident heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.

I have tried several experiments, in order to observe from what circumstances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents; but cannot settle this with any sort of precision, any more than at what period of their recording they determine upon the song to which they will adhere.

I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale; which, however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight.

This robin afterwards sung three parts in four nightingale; and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbish, or no particular note whatsoever.

I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which first experiment I conceived, that the scholar would imitate the master which was at the least distance from him.

From several other experiments, however, which I have since tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the nestling will most attend to, and often their song is a mixture; as in the instance which I have before stated of the sparrow.

I must own also, that I conceived, from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the scholar would fix upon the note

which it first heard when taken from the nest; I imagined likewise, that, if the nightingale had been fully in song, the instruction for a fortnight would have been sufficient.

I have, however, since tried the following experiment, which convinces me, so much depends upon circumstances, and perhaps caprice in the scholar, that no general inference, or rule, can be laid down with regard to either of these suppositions.

I educated a nestling robin under a woodlark-linnet, which was full in song, and hung very near to him for a month together: after which the robin was removed to another house, where he could only hear a skylark-linnet. The consequence was, that the nestling did not sing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again just above the woodlark-linnet) but adhered entirely to the song of the skylark-linnet.

Having thus stated the result of several experiments, which were chiefly intended to determine, whether birds had any innate ideas of the notes, or song, which is supposed to be peculiar to each species, I shall now make some general observations on their singing; though, perhaps, the subject may appear to many a very minute one.

Every poet, indeed, speaks with raptures of the harmony of the groves; yet those even who have good musical ears, seem to pay little attention to it, but as a pleasing noise.

I am also convinced (though it may seem rather paradoxical), that the inhabitants of London distinguish more accurately, and know more on this head, than all the other parts of the island taken together.

This seems to arise from two causes.

The first is, that we have not more musical ideas which are innate, than we have of language; and, therefore, those even who have the happiness to have organs which are capable of receiving a gratification from this sixth sense (as it hath been called by some) require, however, the best instruction.

The orchestra of the opera, which is confined to the metropolis, hath diffused a good style of playing over the other bands of the capital, which is, by degrees, communicated to the fidler and ballad-singer in the streets; the organs in every church, as well as those of the Savoyards, contribute likewise to this improvement of musical faculties in the Londoners.

If the singing of the ploughman in the country be therefore compared with that of the London blackguard, the superiority is infinitely on the side of the latter; and the same may be observed in comparing the voice of a country girl and London house-maid, as it is very uncommon to hear the former sing tolerably in tune.

I do not mean by this, to assert that the inhabitants of the country are not born with as good musical organs; but only that they have not the same opportunities of learning from others, who play in tune themselves.

The other reason for the inhabitants of London judging better in relation to the song of birds, arises from their hearing each bird sing distinctly, either in their own or their neighbours' shops; as also from a bird continuing much longer in song, whilst in a cage than when at liberty; the cause of which I shall endeavour to explain.

Those who live in the country, on the other hand, do not hear birds sing in their woods for above two months in the year, when the confusion of notes prevents their attending to the song of any particular bird; nor does he continue long enough in a place, for the hearer to recollect his notes with accuracy.

Besides this, birds in the spring sing very loud indeed; but they only give short jerks, and scarcely ever the whole compass of their song.

For these reasons, I have never happened to meet with any person, who had not resided in London, whose judgment or opinion on this subject I could the least rely upon; and a stronger proof of this cannot be given, than that most people, who keep Canary-birds, do not know that they sing chiefly either the titlark, or nightingale notes*.

Nothing, however, can be more marked than the note of a nightingale called its jug, which most of the Canary-birds brought from the Tyrol commonly have, as well as several nightingale strokes, or particular passages in the song of that bird.

* I once saw two of these birds which came from the Canary islands; neither of which had any song at all; and I have been informed, that a ship brought a great many of them not long since, which sung as little.

Most of those Canary-birds, which are imported from the Tyrol, have been educated by parents, the progenitor of which was instructed by a nightingale; our English Canary-birds have commonly more of the titlark note.

The traffic in these birds makes a small article of commerce, as four Tyroleze generally bring over to England sixteen hundred every year; and though they carry them on their backs one thousand miles, as well as pay 20l. duty for such a number, yet upon the whole it answers to sell these birds at 5s. a piece.

The chief place for breeding Canary-birds is Inspruck and its environs, from whence they are sent to Constantinople, as well as every part of Europe.

I mention this superior knowledge in the inhabitants of the capital, because I am convinced that if others are consulted in relation to the singing of birds, they will only mislead, instead of giving any material or useful information *.

Birds in a wild state do not commonly sing above ten weeks in the year; which is then also confined to the cocks of a few species; I conceive that this last circumstance arises from the superior strength of the muscles of the larynx.

I procured a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock and hen rook, a cock linnet, as also a cock and hen chaffinch, which that very eminent anatomist, Mr. Hunter, some years since, was so obliging as to dissect for me, and begged that he would particularly attend to the state of the organs in the different birds, which might be supposed to contribute to singing.

Mr. Hunter found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances (where he dissected both cock and hen) that the same muscles were stronger in the cock.

I sent the cock and hen rook, in order to see whether there would be the same difference in the cock and hen of a species which did not sing at all. Mr. Hunter, however, told me, that he had not attended so much to their comparative organs of voice, as in the other kinds; but that, to the best of his recollection, there was no difference at all.

Strength, however, in these muscles, seems not to be the only requisite; the birds must have also great plenty of food, which seems to be proved sufficiently by birds in a cage singing the greatest part of the year, when the wild ones do not (as I observed before) continue in song above ten weeks.

The food of singing birds consists of plants, insects, or seeds, and, of the two first of these, there is infinitely the greatest profusion in the spring.

As for seeds, which are to be met with only in the autumn, I think they cannot well find any great quantities of them in a country so cultivated as England is; for the seeds of meadows are destroyed by mowing; in pastures, by the

bite in the cattle; and in arable, by the plough, when most of them are buried too deep for the bird to reach them †.

I know well that the singing of the cock-bird in the spring is attributed by many ‡ to the motive only of pleasing its mate during incubation.

Those, however, who suppose this, should recollect, that much the greater part of birds do not sing at all: why should their mate, therefore, be deprived of this solace and amusement?

The bird in a cage, which, perhaps, sings nine or ten months in a year cannot do so from this inducement; and, on the contrary, it arises chiefly from contending with another bird, or, indeed, against almost any sort of continued noise.

Superiority in song gives to birds a most amazing ascendancy over each other; as is well known to the bird-catchers by the fascinating power of their call-birds, which they contrive should moult prematurely for this purpose.

But, to shew decisively that the singing of a bird in the spring does not arise from any attention to its mate, a very experienced catcher of nightingales hath informed me, that some of these birds have *jerked* the instant they were caught. He hath also brought to me a nightingale, which had been but a few hours in a cage, and which burst forth in a roar of song.

At the same time, this bird is so sulky on his first confinement, that he must be crammed for seven or eight days, as he will otherwise not feed himself: it is also necessary to tie his wings, to prevent his killing himself against the top or sides of the cage.

I believe there is no instance of any bird's singing which exceeds our blackbird in size; and possibly this may arise from the difficulty of its concealing itself, if it called the attention of its enemies, not only by bulk, but by the proportionable loudness of its notes §.

I should rather conceive, it is for the same reason that no hen-bird sings, because this talent would be still more dangerous during incubation; which may possibly also account for the inferiority in point of plumage.

R. O.

[To be continued.]

* As it will not answer to catch birds with clap-nets any where but in the neighbourhood of London, most of the birds which may be heard in a country town are nestlings, and consequently cannot sing the supposed natural song in any perfection.

† The plough, indeed, may turn up some few seeds, which may still be in an eatable state.

‡ See, amongst others, M. de Buffon, in his Ornithology.

§ For the same reason, most large birds are wilder than the smaller ones.

AN ACCOUNT OF BERKELEY CASTLE.

MR. EDITOR,

If the following Account of a visit to Berkeley Castle be worth inserting in your admirable Magazine it is at your service:—

From the Inn at Newport, on the road between Bristol and Gloucester, on a dirty November day, I walked to Berkeley Castle. The mistress of the Inn would have persuaded me, that the road was not practicable on foot. But I knew that dirt could only injure my garments, which were no part of myself; and was not to be prevailed on either to give up my expedition, or alter the mode of it. The approach to the Castle repaid all my pains. A noble venerable pile of building, though without regularity, seated on a gently rising ground in the midst of beautiful meadows. It is in perfect repair, and inhabited by the noble owner.

I entered by a gateway into a court wholly surrounded by the castle; and visited a number of apartments, none of which were spacious, except the great hall, and the dining and drawing rooms. The two latter were hung with tapestry, and furnished with old fashioned work, well suited to the antique appearance of the mansion. There were many good portraits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; particularly one of Queen Mary, and one of Queen Elizabeth, both young women. A curious portrait of Jane Shore, and one of Fair Rosamond. The Wise Men worshipping the infant Jesus, on marble, with a natural mark for the star. This last the housekeeper told me was valued at five hundred guineas; but I quote her authority with some diffidence; for she shewed me a portrait of William the Conqueror, which I knew to be that of William the Third; and the stuffed skin of a unique roach, found in one of the dungeons of the Castle, which was that of a seal, or some such marine animal. An ancient painting on board, hung in an obscure corner, as if not designed to be observed by the passing visitor, attracted my notice. It represented two nuns at full length, holding a cup, and my oracle delivered the following history of the legend.—On the site of the Castle was formerly a nunnery, and in the days of Edward the Confessor two of the nuns were unfortunately seduced by some great man. The godly King was so scandalized at their frailty that he obliged the poor girls to take poison; and, this not sufficiently appeasing his wrath, he demolished their habitation, and gave the lands to Earl Goodwin, who founded the present castle. The painting is much injured by time; I was almost tempted to believe it was as old as the event it commemorates.

The larger and smaller state bedsteads are remarkable; the smallest is said to be four hundred years old, and is prodigiously heavy and curious; the largest does not seem much more modern. It is a mixture of black and gilt wood, and a figure, at least twelve inches in height, stands upon the lower part of each bed post, and supports the upper. The furniture is of late date; yellow silk damask, with a border of green velvet, six inches broad.

I was next conducted to the prison rooms; little, cold, comfortless apartments; without even a fire-place to correct the damp of this gloomy abode. In one of these was a small camp bedstead, of polished black wood, which the housekeeper was directed to shew for that of Richard the Third at Bosworth field: and she added, that together with the chains, it afterwards went round the world with Sir Francis Drake. We may rest satisfied here, if half be true; for if the bedstead were known to have been lain on by Richard the last night of his guilty life, it would probably not have been trusted on so uncertain a voyage.

Last of all the prison rooms, I was shewn that in which the unfortunate Edward the Second was so shockingly murdered. My conductress informed me that till lately the walls were uncovered, damp, and mouldy, and the two windows were each a small slip in the castle wall, the bed of Edward retained its place, and the identical curtains surrounded it. These, with the counterpane that covered the ill-fated monarch, are now, by order of the lady who governed the mansion, removed to a footman's room, and will shortly be seen no more. I was sorry I had not power to prevent such sacrilegious depredations. At my request I saw them; and found the bedstead in the same style as the state beds, but smaller and not so magnificent; the curtains short and scanty; of scarlet cloth as thick as a blanket, but much heavier and firmer; with a narrow raised embroidery of white silk. The counterpane, on which the moths had begun their ravages, was the same.

The bed which had usurped the place of the true one seemed nearly as ancient, but finer; the curtains were scarlet silk, and almost covered with embroidery; the walls were hung with the same. One of the windows still consisted of about four small panes of glass, placed over each other; the other had been enlarged. Dismal as the apartment was now, I would have kept it in its original state, and almost have respected a cobweb whose antiquity could have been traced up to the time of Edward.

All the prison rooms look upon the Keep Garden, a small green area, considerably elevated above the natural ground, and enclosed by the different prison rooms and the keeper's lodge. The walls are immensely thick. It is some comfort to reflect that the prisoners were allowed to walk here, and enjoy the blessings of light and air. The descent from the Keep Garden to the court yard of the castle is by a flight of steps under Edward's tower, which is the highest part of the building. In coming down I was desirous to look at a square hole in the arched roof, and was told through that was thrust the barbarous instrument

of destruction, while Edward was sitting on a chair above, and held fast down by aiding assassins. My blood recoils at the horrible idea.

Berkeley Castle is a grand edifice, and a noble monument of antiquity; and I should take a pride in being its owner, and preserving it with a religious care. But to live in it! No, my Lord Berkeley; keep your castle; and give me four little airy brick walls, with large windows to admit the sun. Your habitation is gloomy, damp, and cold; and was designed to keep man safe at a distance from his fellow man. I am, &c.

B. G.

NEW DICTIONARY; OR, A KEY TO THE BEAU MONDE.

ACCURATELY COPIED FROM REAL LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

IF your Magazine be what it professes,—a mirror of the modes, it must be no small gratification to your readers to be introduced to a knowledge of the world of fashion, as it varies from the common world, in its style, language, and ideas. I think, therefore, I am doing you a real favour by furnishing you with the present opportunity. A character in one of our modern comedies observes, that the “modern world is much in want of a new dictionary.” I agree with him, and as an attempt to supply this want, enclose you a letter from a young lady, well versed in fashionable mysteries, to her friend in the country upon the subject.—I shall say no more, as the letter is subjoined.

FROM MISS E. H. TO HER COUSIN.

DEAR JANE,

You tell me, my dear, that it is a charity to write to you, and that, next to being yourself an actor or spectator, nothing affords you more pleasure than the representation of the world of fashion. Indeed, there is one advantage, and perhaps not a slight one, in this second-hand instruction. The geographers will tell you that, by the use of their maps, you may travel over the world whilst in your arm-chair, and visit every province in Europe without any expence of posting. It is in the same manner with my letters: you must consider them as a species of chart of the *beau-monde*. By their means you have all the pleasures without any thing of the fatigue of the ball. You can visit the masquerade without a ticket or domino; or hover on the wings of fancy through all the mazes of the ball, without that weariness of dress and preparation which is no small de-

duction from the satisfaction of fashionable pursuits. Indeed I have not rashly compared this *beau-monde* to a science; for I know nothing more difficult to learn, or which requires more attention or more natural genius. There are some natures which are utterly incapable, either for want of readiness of comprehension, or some other cause, of attaining this knowledge.

One of the first, and in all other respects, most amiable personages in the kingdom, the Duchess of Y——, is of this number; for though she has passed her life in every sphere of fashion, she has made so little progress in its precepts, that she is daily committing a thousand mistakes, which excite the astonishment of the *beau-monde*. She is conscientiously strict in the discharge of every conjugal and Christian duty, though conjugal faith and Christianity are in equal repute—that is to say, are equally subjects of ridicule throughout every circle of the *ton*. She patronizes those public chants which it is the fashion to overlook, and overlooks those polite institutions, the Italian Opera and the Pic-Nic Theatre, which it is equally the fashion to encourage. In a word, she has committed so many of these unfashionable errors, that nothing but her high dignity could secure her from ridicule; and if she continues them much longer, even that dignity will avail her little. It is one distinction of the *beau-monde* that all heretics from its system are excluded from the communion of the faithful. By a word peculiar to the *beau-monde*, and which I must therefore explain, they are voted a *bore*; and they are no sooner branded with this appellation, than they sink into a neglect and contempt from which a Peerage itself will not raise them.

The mention of this word recalls to my me-

mony that part of your letter where you complain that you are frequently at a loss to understand; and add, that your brother's college exercises are more intelligible than many parts of my letters. I will now, therefore, endeavour to relieve you from this perplexity, and present you with a vocabulary, or portable dictionary, of the language of the *beau-monde*. As the definition is sometimes rather long, I shall put the word above, and subjoin to it the explanation.

The human race, according to the moral writers, is divided into two species—good men and bad men. The language of the *beau-monde* preserves this division, but makes a slight variation of the terms. The good and bad of the moralists are changed by the *beau-monde* into good company and bad company.

GOOD COMPANY.

Any one on the list of Peerage; any Member of Parliament; Officers of the Guards; Colonels of every description; any one who is willing to lose, or has credit enough to be admitted to win an estate; Dowagers with good jointures; epicures with good receipts; pimps of ready talents; any one who can dress to the point of the mode, provided only that he exercise no visible trade—that is to say, any one who has no other means of livelihood but his wits:—all, or any of these, are men of fashion, and are comprehended under the general term of good company.

BAD COMPANY.

Any one who is neither on the list of Peerage, nor within the call of the House, and, having neither of these, nor any of the before-mentioned distinctions, has no fashionable talent to supply their defect; any one who observes the divisions of nature, and calls night and day by the rules of astronomy; any one who avoids the gaming-table as a scene of ruin; any one who would hesitate to risk his fortune, and, having lost it to the winner, would not recover it by the sacrifice of his wife's honour; or any one who, though he admired the beauty or wit of the wife of his friend, would hesitate to seduce her:—all, or any of these, are men of no fashion or no company.—The *beau-monde*, moreover, in imitation of the schools, has its negative and affirmative—its *somebody* and its *nobody*. Its *somebody* answers to the description already given of good company; its *nobody* may merit further explanation.

NOBODY.

The *beau-monde*, like the chance world of Descartes, is composed of a certain number of circles; all who live in these circles are the native and legitimate offspring and children of fashion; each of these, therefore, are *somebody*; but as by

far the greatest part of his Majesty's subjects are excluded from this distinguishing privilege, they are marked with the general name of *nobody*.

I received, a few days ago, a letter from a fashionable friend, in which was the following passage:—

“There is nothing, my dear, so dull as this dullest of all towns: the streets, indeed, are crowded, but there is really nobody here. The playhouse was so full, and so warm with the odious multitude, that I had much difficulty to support it; but though I threw my eyes into every corner of the house, I saw nobody. The public mall is every day crowded; but the company consists of nobody. I have enquired the character, quality, &c. of the stranger we met at the Wells: I find she is very charitable, and much beloved in her sphere, but that she is nobody; I have therefore dropped the acquaintance.”

There, cousin, I hope I have now explained this term *nobody* to your satisfaction. To confess the truth, it has put me to no small trouble to give these definitions. The language of the *beau-monde* is so peculiar to itself, and so contrary to our usual acceptance of the terms which it employs, that it will require some time and some efforts of study to comprehend it. But do not despair; every thing is possible to industry, united with genius. To do you justice, you do not want the latter; and I flatter myself I shall be able to excite you by a spirit of emulation to the former.

To proceed, therefore, with my definitions of the vocabulary of the *beau-monde*, I again summon you to attention, for you will have need of your utmost wit. If you have ever read your grandmamma's *Whole Duty of Man*, you must remember the remark, or precept, that the system of our duties depends in a great degree upon our situation, and that every state has duties peculiar to itself. It is in this manner with the *beau-monde*. The other part of the world is governed by a system of duties which we call morality—the *beau-monde* by a system which is distinguished by the name of honour.

HONOUR.

Honour, as may indeed be collected from what we have above said, may be considered as a more lax morality; it is a principle whose curb is less sharp, and whose reins are less strict than what morality imposes upon their humbler fellows. Thus morality teaches us to discharge every due; but honour extends this precept only to those debts which it dignifies with its own name. Morality teaches us to abstain from every injury, whether upon the peace or property of our neighbour; but honour limits this prohibition to the narrowest bounds—it allows us to seduce either the wife or daughter of a friend,

but commands us to give him satisfaction—that is to say, to endeavour to shoot him through the head. Nor is it less easy with regard to our attempts upon his property; for should a man of fashion understand a game, and know his friend to be utterly ignorant of it, honour will allow him to make every advantage of his superior skill, and win the fortune, even to the last shilling, of his credulous adversary. And should this adversary be a woman, and she find it in any manner inconvenient to pay the full amount of her loss, honour will allow her to complete the balance by the sacrifice of her person. In a word, honour is a species of fashionable morality which can justly be compared to nothing but an *Highgate oath*: it admits every thing to which one can feel the slightest inclination, and prohibits nothing but what one might easily avoid without such prohibition.

I have mentioned, in a preceding paragraph, a letter which I received a few days since from a young lady of fashion. As it contains all these fashionable terms, I will present you with the whole, and it may serve you as a kind of exercise in the preceding vocabulary. As it cannot fail to improve you, perhaps to entertain you, I shall give it you, without the abridgement of a single word, in its full length. I shall have occasion, however, in some places, to make my remarks upon it; for as you are not as yet perfect in the science of the *beau-monde*, there are parts which will require a comment.

TO MISS E. H.

“MY DEAR CREATURE,

“I am really dead, and you must consider this letter as coming rather from my shade than myself. This most odious of all towns!—Horrible town! What crime have I committed that should merit a punishment like this—a banishment from the capital in the very meridian of its splendour, and a confinement to the dulness of a provincial city? Could not my uncle have been troubled with the gout, but I must be called to attend him, and in the course of attendance, be perhaps killed with the spleen? Really there is nothing more troublesome than these relations. A prude, in a celebrated French comedy, wishes that the human race might be propagated and kept up like cabbages; and though a woman, I could almost join in the wish to escape from the tribe of impertinent relations.

“It was no later than yesterday fortnight that my father sent me one of the most extraordinary letters ever received by a girl of fashion. He commanded me to take no more of my moonlight walks with Colonel Brilliant. Could any thing be more absurd than such a prohibition? The Colonel, as every body knows, is a man of the

first fashion, and therefore it can be no disgrace to be seen in his company. Besides this, I might add that we never are seen; for as the Colonel admires solitude, we are careful to chuse the most solitary walks, and such as are the greatest distance from the town. Add to this, that my maid, Flippant, always attends behind us, and that I have given her a strict command never to be out of call; so that, should the Colonel be rude, I could always summon her to my assistance. The Colonel's man, moreover, Setter, has taken a fancy to the girl; and as he is employed in entertaining her during the conversation of his master and myself, he is no less at my call than the girl herself, and would doubtless remonstrate with his master, should he attempt any rudeness.

“You may perceive, from these circumstances, how very innocent and very secure these walks must be, and therefore how unreasonable are the complaint and prohibition of my father! But, as the Colonel says, all fathers are alike, and there is but one way in which a girl of fashion should receive such remonstrances—that is to say, she should treat them with the contempt they merit.”

I shall here, cousin Jane, give you a short comment upon the above passage. There are two things (as the Parsons say) to which I must here direct your attention. In the first place—you cannot fail to remark with what attention my fashionable friend regards her relations, and more particularly her father. She justly considers that it is a thing of chance, and not of choice, to be a father; and that as the gift of her life cannot be considered as any voluntary favour to herself, she cannot imagine herself bound to owe any thing upon that score. You will find some difficulty, I fear, to comprehend the whole force of this argument; and, to confess the truth, I did not understand it myself till my Lord had the goodness to explain it to me: but I now comprehend it perfectly, and have by these means got above those country prejudices, which impose upon us that heavy burden of obligation to our more immediate relations. If my uncle should have a gout, I would not indeed hesitate to help him to his crutch; but having given it to him, I should think it a very sufficient support without adding the offer of my arm.

In the second place—this passage of my friend's letter will confirm my definition of the morality of the *beau-monde*. How would they stare, in your odious country, should a young lady indulge herself in any of the innocent liberties of which she had made mention!—yet the morality of fashion—I mean the manners of high life, permit it all. Indeed nothing can be more common, or less thought of, than a walk by

moonlight. If the husband of a fashionable woman be out of temper—if he treat her with too much neglect, and any intolerable harshness, a man like the Colonel is always at hand to accompany her in a walk by moonlight, and the lady returns in the best temper and in the most agreeable spirits. Is the young Miss devoured by the spleen or vapours, a walk by moonlight with a man like the Colonel is certain to restore her. I have indeed frequently seen some of these ladies on their return from these moonlight wanderings, and have been sometimes surprized at the sudden and favourable change of their looks and appearance. Their complexion, which but a few minutes before were of a deadly pale, have been suddenly improved into the glow of health, and their eyes appeared to sparkle with new lustre. Such is the efficacy of the moonlight walks of the people of fashion.

I will now present you with the remainder of my friend's letter, but with the omission of those passages which are not to my present purpose. After some flourishes, she thus proceeds:

"What could Lady Belle mean by saying that I should find any body here? I have been here these two months, but I have as yet seen *nobody*. The church is indeed crowded on a Sunday, but there is absolutely not a soul there. There is not a man of fashion within fifteen miles of us, and even at that distance there are only two—one of them Mr. Shuffle; (who has lately lost an estate at hazard,) and Colonel Cog, who won it. These are the only two men of fashion in the country. I pray my stars that I may soon escape from it!

"Lady Belle moreover added, that there was not unfrequently some good company in the next town of ——. I really wish to know what my Lady Belle can mean by this egregious misrepresentation. You will ask me, perhaps, whether so rich a neighbourhood cannot afford one circle of good company. No, my dear, not one! I hear, indeed, that the Dowager Countess ——— had a rustic route, and that with some difficulty she had summoned some good company. Shuffle and Cog were both there, and, with about three more of their companions, made up all the fashion which attended. It is really a wretched neighbourhood!—nothing to be seen but great trees—nothing to be heard but the ear-piercing whistling or boisterous merriments of village hinds. Oh that I could again return to the dear bustle of London!—but the wish is vain, for my uncle's gout has returned.

"I have no news to write; for as you know nothing of one here, you would hear about their concerns with as much indifference as myself. I had almost forgotten to tell you that Mr. Shuffle is to dine with us to-morrow. It is said that his estate is scarcely sufficient to pay his losses to the Colonel; but as Shuffle is a man of most undoubted honour, it is believed he will find some way to supply the deficiency. He is the guardian of an heiress of great property: he may turn this, perhaps, to some account, though it is rather believed he will endeavour to persuade his wife to surrender her settlement.

"There is one circumstance which gives great strength to this report. His wife and himself were lately on what we call *fashionable terms*—that is to say, on no terms at all: but now that the husband has lost his estate, the wife seems to have regained his affection. This change is therefore justly suspected to point at her settlement. I cannot, however, determine with any exactness upon this point, but I will venture to assert as certain, that the Colonel will not lose a guinea of his full demand; for Shuffle is a man of such perfect honour, that he will pay his loss, though he should sell both his wife and ward.

"Your's, &c. &c."

There, my dear, what think you of this letter, which I have given you word for word? It will give you no small insight into the language and principles of the *beau-monde*. Read it again and again: you cannot expect to become a woman of fashion without much pains, and a long and steady attention. You shall want nothing that I can confer for this purpose. Next to the pleasure of learning is that of teaching: I again, therefore, promise that I will describe with equal fidelity and minuteness whatever scenes I may happen to visit.

I have written this long letter in the interval between dressing and dinner, and I hope, cousin, it has served to enliven you. Hark!—the bell rings, and I must attend below.—But first I will consult my glass!—I have pleased myself prodigiously! What would my uncle think, were he to see me now?—Adieu!

Your's

E. II.

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON PUNISHMENTS.

THE sense of shame has been employed with advantage to promote the noblest purposes of morality: it is found to be a more powerful corrective than the dread of corporal pain. Youth, ingenuous youth, is peculiarly susceptible of its force. The most able masters of seminaries of learning deprecate the use of the birch—that should be the *dernier resort*; expulsion should inevitably follow a third flagellation. Instead of the usual scholastic discipline, various means may be resorted to of rendering shameful to the rest, and thus odious to themselves, the faults and *peccadillos* of youthful scholars. The dunce, for example, may be condemned for an hour or more (according to the degree of his offence), in the most conspicuous part of the school, to hold up with both hands his unlearned book: he who neglected his writing should in the same manner be exposed; the ill wrote copy should be nailed over his head. By such methods capital punishments would be almost abolished, and by similar methods the frequency of capital punishments might possibly be decreased in civil society.

We cannot, however, approve the fixing any indelible marks; they tend to render callous the offender, they shut the door against a return to duty; a total and dangerous depravity alone can warrant branding in the hand or forehead. The practice of applying cold iron in common cases, though truly ridiculous, is better than what the letter of the law ordains. The pillory is one of the most efficacious remedies in the whole *materia juridica*. But as this punishment (though excellent in effectually exposing the offender) does not of itself denote the nature of the offence; this should always be explicitly declared by a suitable inscription. "Suit the words to the sense, the actions to the words," says the immortal bard; and why not by the same parity of reasoning, suit the punishment to the offence? This *jurisprudential desideratum* cannot always be attained; but when done, the effect has been surprizing. The *lex talionis*, so peculiarly consonant to the idea of justice, is more or less universally adopted; it is, however, frequently carried to excess; as in Turkey, where the butcher, repeatedly convicted of using false weights, is suspended on a hook in his own shamble, and there left to his fate; where the baker, notorious for imposing on the poor, is baked in his own oven. A late Emperor of Morocco, following this law, punished his secretary, who accidentally, in sealing a letter, dropt

some hot wax on his Majesty's sacred fist: he took the unlucky secretary by the hand, and heating the wax till it was on fire, seared him with it in the palm. On the same principle, Peter the Great sentenced the author of a severe invective against his Government—the sentence was ingenious, the punishment exemplary:—The libeller was exhibited on a public scaffold, and there obliged to eat his own performance.—Hence, by-the-bye, might arise the expression of such a one getting into bad bread. This mode of punishing libellers might, in my opinion, with fine effect, be introduced in a certain country where the most atrocious libellers abound, and where the authors of them, the genuine *genus irritabile*, are much in want of wholesome food and physic. They certainly could not complain if treated with those rich *olios* which they have taken such pains to render palatable to the public, and which they expected the public would swallow with avidity; it might be an improvement to permit, or constrain each author to feast on the whole impression of his work.

An ingenious friend of mine is rather too extravagant in his notion of the *lex talionis*. We hang, says he, indiscriminately on the same stick, the parricide and the thief, the incendiary and the housebreaker. Thus half the effect intended to be produced is totally lost. Discrimination ought to be made. Women, he observes, were formerly burned for coining. Suppose we burn the man who sets his own or his neighbour's house on fire, or who plunders the sufferer at such a calamity. Suppose the horse or sheep-stealer, for the first offence, were set in the stocks, and distinguished with a skin of the animal stolen; this would render signal the act of justice; it would at once denote the nature, and excite a detestation of the crime. But enough of high crimes and misdemeanours. We have for minor culprits many most excellent inventions of our ancestors, venerable for their antiquity, which, in my opinion, cannot be too highly valued, nor too strongly recommended; they proceed from the principle of that law which prescribed "an eye for an eye, &c.;" such were the ancient punishments inflicted on the disturbers of the peace at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which are worthy notice, and deserve to be revived. A common drunkard was led through the streets as a spectacle of contempt, covered with a large barrel, called a Newcastle cloak, one end being out, and the other having a hole made through it, sufficient for the offender to pass his head through

by which means the vessel was rested on his shoulders.

The scold underwent the discipline of the ducking stool, or wore an iron engine called the branks, in the form of a crown; it covered the

head, but left the face exposed: and having tongue of iron which went into the mouth, constrained absolute silence from the most violent brawler.

H.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF THAT VETERAN HERO GENERAL PUTNAM.

In the town of Pomfret is a cave, rendered remarkable by a humorous and daring adventure of this General. This cave is described, and the story elegantly told, by Colonel Humphrys, in his life of that hero.

Soon after the General removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within the reach of gun shot; upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that General Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours, to hunt, alternately, until they could destroy her; two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit: it was known that, having lost the two toes from one foot, by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other: by this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course to Pomfret, they immediately returned, and, by ten the next morning, the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam; the people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den; the hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return; the smoke of blazing straw had no effect, nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night), Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in

vain: he proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; the negro man declined the hazardous service;—then it was that their master was angry at the disappointment; and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy this ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock; his neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize, but he knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake; the top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery.—It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by the torch; it was silent as the house of death; none but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror; he cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern: startled at the sight of fire,

she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen and horrible growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his cloaths, and loaded his gun with nine buck shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musket in the other, he descended a second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and drop-

ping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At this critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave; but having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and, perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs), the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

W.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE AND GENERATION OF OYSTERS.

OYSTERS adhere to rocks at the bottom of the sea, and to the keels and hulls of ships; they instinctively avoid, as much as possible, all places abounding with plants and the *alga marina*, because the fat slime produced by these plants would suffocate them and their spawn (being specifically lighter than the sea water), rising to the surface, would corrupt and perish amongst the plants where there was no undulation, or in a calm sea.

In viewing them attentively by the microscope, a milky humour is discovered, which may be called semen, or sperm of oysters, and of all other testaceous fishes. This liquor is found to be composed of a great number of small eggs, which float in a viscid humour; and each of these eggs contains an oyster, or an animal of its species.

Oysters are good for eating, and exceedingly nutritive, but this only, when they are full of this fecundating humour, and as long as their eggs, in their ovaria, continue white, and have not as yet assumed the form of oyster; but when their substance has once arrived at this point of perfection, and is organized, then the fecundating humour grows thick and blackish, and every one of the little oysters begins to be covered with a small shell, and the mother oys-

ters become hard, and consequently cease to be good or wholesome food. The same happens when they have shed their milts, or cast their spawn, for their belly dries up, and the rest of their flesh, their muscles, and their beards, as commonly called, harden, and become more rough and solid.

The prolific liquor of oysters does not acquire its degree of maturity till the end of spring; and the oysters continue to shed it during the whole summer. This liquor, which floats, as I mentioned before, on the surface of the water, fastens, by means of its viscosity, to rocks, slime, or branches of trees growing in the vicinity of the sea, and touching the water; and the little oysters, finding a suitable aliment, grow in a short time. On account of their having no progressive motion, Aristotle gave them the name of aquatic plants. A great number of them perish before they receive any growth: as for instance, all the spawn that adheres to the alga, or a liquid slime, is corrupted by the badness of the aliment, or the place; though indeed the crabs which keep amongst marine plants, seem to thrive therein, and are very fond of such nourishment.

H.

ORIGINAL DESCRIPTION OF BUENOS AYRES.

MANNERS OF THE INHABITANTS, AND OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES OF IMPORTANCE TO THE
MILITARY AND TRADING WORLD.

MR. EDITOR,

THE attention of all my countrymen being now solely attracted to this settlement, and circumstances having enabled me to gain a more particular knowledge of it than I believe is common amongst the mercantile world (I judge thus from the errors of the public papers, and the miserable nakedness of all the pamphlets which have been published on the subject); I say, Sir, from these causes, I have been induced to transmit to you the following particulars. I am not accustomed to writing, Sir, and therefore you have my leave, and will have my thanks, if you throw my remarks into a form suited to your purpose*.

Buenos Ayres, and South-America, Sir, are very different from what the public papers have represented them. I say South-America, for the good people of England have been pleased to consider South America and Buenos Ayres as the same thing. I will observe by the way, that Buenos Ayres is to South-America what Gibraltar is to Europe, or the Cape of Good-Hope to Africa. It is the mouth of one of the rivers of America, and that is all.

Buenos Ayres, like every town in Spanish America, is a small town situated on an area of great extent, I can give you no better idea of it than that upon recollection it strikes me as bearing an exact resemblance to Epping. Imagine the entrance of Epping to be a river, and the direction of the main street to be due north, the river running east and west, and you have an idea of the site of Buenos Ayres. The town, therefore, does not lay along the banks of the river, but the street, commencing on the bank, runs up into the country; this is the main street, which is divided about the middle of its length by a street running parallel to the river.—This is Buenos Ayres. The suburbs are allies, or narrow streets, which run into one or the other of the main streets.

* In justice to Navigator we think it necessary to add, that we have not found it necessary to make use of this permission, but have given his MS. as we received it; and have no doubt that our readers will be of opinion that any slight inaccuracy of style is more than compensated by that superior liveliness of colouring which belongs to ideas conveyed in the original language of the mind which conceives them.—EDITOR.

The main streets, four in number, that is to say, the bisections of the main streets with each other, have a show of opulence and taste; most of the houses are of stone, but none of them exceed two stories in height, the greater part are but one, I mean a ground floor. The *Calle del Santa Trinidad*, or Trinity-street, and the *Calle del San Benito*, or Benedict-street, is by far the handsomest of the whole; the first, which runs the whole length of the town, is very regularly built, and occupied by only the better sort of the inhabitants. Almost every house has a garden before and behind, and all those that can afford it have balconies, with sun-shades and lattice-work, adorned with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers that the earth produces; here the family sit the best part of the day and night when they are not visiting, and take their coffee and chocolate, or play upon their guitars and mandolines. Most of the ladies have fine voices, so that the man who strolls about the town in the evening may enjoy the pleasure of a concert gratis, as he passes along.

The cathedral, which is built in a kind of Grecian architecture, is a very noble building, and deserves a better metropolis; it has a cupola of very excellent workmanship, and a portico to the western door, the design and execution of which would do honour to the most celebrated artist, it exactly resembles our St. Martin's Church, in the Strand. This cathedral was the work of the Jesuits before their expulsion. The interior of this edifice, however, is, I think, too richly ornamented with carving and gilding, which gives it rather a tawdry appearance, but the inside of the dome is painted in a very tolerable manner, in compartments representing the acts of the Apostles; the choir is adorned with paintings from the same subject.

The Bishop, Governor, and Major-General, have each a separate stall, very superbly decorated with purple velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold; the Governor's stall is, moreover, surmounted with the king's arms in gold and coloured velvet, which has a very grand effect. But, perhaps, a still more pleasing effect is produced by a very fanciful custom peculiar to the country, that of covering the whole inside of the churches with flowers and branches, which hang from one saint's day to another, and as fast as any of them die, or fade, their place is very carefully supplied by fresh.

The church of St. Francis, and that of the convent of Mercy, are likewise very beautiful buildings, with cupolas and high steeples, in the same style as the cathedral, but not so profusely decorated. The church and convent of St. Francis stand in the street of the same name, which runs obliquely from the water to the grand square in the middle of the city, where the soldiers are sometimes exercised, as on the parade. On one side of this square stands the Town-Hall, a very large handsome building, erected on a plan of the Jesuits, who certainly may be called the fathers of architecture in this part of the world.

There are a great many other convents and nunneries dispersed over the city, some of them very large, and of a noble appearance, and all of them very well inhabited. Nuns are here as plentiful as monks, though they have not the same liberty of going in public. All these edifices, with the houses of the Governor and Major-General, together with the office of the Receiver-general of the province, and a public hospital, are all built of stone; this stone is as white as milk, and is found in a plain in the immediate vicinity of the town. The barracks of the soldiers are of brick, as are some few of the houses; these have a miserable appearance, when contrasted with the beautiful whiteness of the public buildings, the fairness of which is preserved in a great degree by the frequent visits of the pampero, which wind is a most excellent bleacher. The fort, which commands the Island of St. Gabriel, was considered as very strong before the late attack, being provided with many brass cannon; but the chief defence of the city was trusted to the dangerous navigation of the river Plata, which abounds in shoals, and in many places is but a sheet of water of a few inches depth, extended over a meadow or plain. Keep this idea in view, Sir, as it will enable you to judge of the difficulties of any future expeditions up that river.

The city of Buenos Ayres is seen to most advantage when viewed from an eminence. It then affords a pleasing prospect enough from the gardens and trees with which it abounds, contrasted with the whiteness of the houses, which in their colour, height, and form, greatly resemble those in the British colonies of North-America. But the effect of every thing is destroyed by the extreme dirtiness of the inhabitants, whose natural indolence is here cherished by the effects of the climate, and thus carried to the most fatal excess.

I have visited the United States, and what a contrast, Sir, between the cleanliness and activity of the Americans and the Spanish colonists; those most useful domestic articles, the mop and

brush, are here totally unknown; scrubbing and scouring have no place in the Spanish dictionary, and I do believe, have never been heard of. The rooms of the wealthy are swept with a kind of broom made from a peculiar sort of grass, or flax, which grows in the swamps where the wild sugar cane is found; this is collected into a large tuft, not unlike a mop, and with this the slaves sweep, or rather wipe the rooms, which in summer are covered with a beautiful matting woven by the Indians, and in the winter with a carpet from Europe. White-washing would be far more grateful here than in the northern colonies, or United States, yet I do not believe that it is ever practised.

The whole life of a woman is here one complete scene of indolent monotony, and she would think herself degraded to the very lowest point of servitude, were she expected to take any active part in domestic economy. The servants and slaves follow the example of their superiors as sedulously as in Europe, and no one of them will do the most slight work more than their allotted portion, be the consequence what it may.

I sometimes conjecture in my mind in what manner our officers and soldiers now at Buenos Ayres can exist as to the food of the country. Beef is, indeed, in great plenty, but the cooks and butchers of Buenos Ayres have as little idea of roast or boiled meat, or any tolerable way of cooking, as the Hottentots themselves; they slaughter animals, it is true, for their tables, but the flesh is cooked in such a mawkish way, or rather in no way at all, that I can call cooking, and is so messed up with fish, eggs, onions, oil, and garlic, that it requires the stomach of an Esquimaux to venture even to touch their most splendid dinners. As to roast beef, it is as little seen or known in South-America as an ingot of pure gold in the streets of London.

The fish at Buenos Ayres are delicious if they were not spoiled by the same cruel manner of dressing; the beautiful gold fish which we admire so much in Europe, are caught in shoals in the Plata, some of them a foot long, and proportionably large. During my abode in Buenos Ayres, about twelve years since, I had one of them served up for my dinner, cooked in plain water, and without any other sauce than pure unadulterated butter instead of their nauseous oil. You must not misunderstand me when I talk of butter in Buenos Ayres, I do not mean such as you call butter in England; the Buenos Ayres butter is of a very different kind, it is made not of cream, but of the fat of an ox, melted down and refined, a composition, in form and taste, exactly resembling what our English cook-maids call dripping; it was at least preferable to their horrible oil. This was the best dinner I ever made during my

long stay at Buenos Ayres, and this will give you and your readers some idea of the good living in Spanish America. The manners of the inhabitants differ very much from those of the mother country. The Spaniards of the New World have none of the gravity of the old Castilians; the young men are cockdoms, and what women there are, Parisian coquettes. The young men wear a dress much more tasty than the Spaniards of Europe, it is made more airy, and, instead of cloth, their trowsers, doublets, and cloak, are made of black cotton, the latter, however, is most frequently scarlet. Their hats are of Genoese velvet, and their shoes and stockings of silk; the latter, instead of buckles, have large tufts of silk. There are very few of them who have not an English gold watch, and gold-headed canes were coming into fashion when I left Monte Video. The watches are carried in a girdle which is bound round their waist.

There is another peculiarity of Buenos Ayres which I must not forget, that is, the dexterity and science of their irrigation; every garden has its reservoir, the water is supplied from the river, which is conducted to the reservoir through a kind of sluice made of osiers woven very strong and thick, which open like our flood-gates used in inland navigation. The water, thus admitted, is sent in small channels round the parterres, and most commonly a quantity of it is retained in a second large basin, or reservoir. These receptacles are formed of brick, strongly cemented, and surrounded with walls about five or six feet high, with steps on the outside up to the margin, and down likewise on the inside to the bottom, which is usually, "from the elevation of the wall, about twenty feet. When this supply is very low, a circumstance which often happens, occasioned by the north-east wind, which repels the waters of the river towards the sea, in this case it is difficult beyond conception to procure a sufficiency of water for the consumption of the city. The reservoirs, therefore, are most carefully attended to, and irrigation, as to the gardens and fields in the immediate vicinity of the city, studied and practised as an art.

There is another circumstance of the first concern to our brave soldiers and officers now on this scene of action, and which, unless duly provided against, may even have an effect upon the success of our expeditions in future,—this is the water of La Plata, and its singular and fatal effect upon Europeans. The water of this river is clear as crystal, and sparkles like Champagne,

but its coldness, when drank, brings on dysenteries and other dangerous diseases; the most fatal complaint, however, and one that never fails to attack Europeans,—I say never, for I never knew an instance of an entire escape from it, is what I call the black fever; I believe it has no name in the *Materia Medica* of England or Europe, and being the only disease known there, it is called simply the fever. It is a most horrible malady; I can give you no other idea of it than by stating its apparent cause,—a general stagnation, and consequent mortification of the blood; the veins are as tense and tight as if ready to burst.

I will not trespass farther upon your limits than by another remark, which is, the surprising difference of a *coup d'œil* in Europe and America. Every thing there is on a gigantic scale. There is one only exception, and that is with regard to the feathered tribe. The birds of America, the smaller kinds, are little larger than twice the size of a large bee; but this defect on the part of magnitude, is most amply compensated upon another score,—that of beauty. The province of Chili, Paraguay, and La Plata, is celebrated for producing birds of the most beautiful plumage, the banks of the river being nearly covered with those lovely little creatures of almost every description; among which the most remarkable is the celebrated humming bird, so well and so often described by naturalists and travellers; here they are natives, and frequently I have seen swarms of them, when walking on the banks of La Plata, flying on every side like so many bees, resting on the shrubs, and sucking the flowers, which form the principal part of their sustenance. They are very tame, so much so, indeed, as at times to be very troublesome, when they come by dozens together, humming around your head.

Such, Mr. Editor, is the province which has become the conquest of his Majesty's arms. I will add, that please God to spare my life, and to furnish me with the opportunity, I could wish to end my days in this part of the world; but this, you will say, is nothing to you or your readers; certainly not, except that as it leads to this conclusion, that notwithstanding all its drawbacks it is a perfect paradise; and that if a man undervalues the risk, his ease, his happiness, and perhaps his fortune, would be ensured by a residence at Buenos Ayres. But the province of Chili,—O, Mr. Editor, is a heaven upon earth, and without one drawback. Excuse this loquacity, Sir, and believe me your admirer.

NAVIGATOR.

THE GOLDEN MIRROR;

THE KINGS OF SHESHIAN:

A TRUE HISTORY, TRANSLATED FROM THE SHESHIANESE.

[Continued from Page 414.]

THE Sultan had not slept so well for several weeks as on the first reading with which the Sultana Nurmahal had entertained him the last night; and had not the page, whose business it was to wake him for morning prayer, so ill taken his time as to disturb him in the middle of a dream about King Dagobert, the end of which he was curious to see, his highness would have been all day long in the best humour possible.

The fair Nurmahal, therefore, failed not to appear the following night at the customary time, to make the second trial of her opiate which had so well succeeded on the former, and withal had the advantage of being the most harmless of any that could have been administered.

We must here, once for all, observe, that this lady, who, probably, had already perused the history of Sheshian in her own closet, and, as we are assured, was a woman of sense, reading, and sagacity, did not think herself so strictly bound to the letter of the text in reading, as not at times to abridge the narrative, or to enrich it with her own reflexions, or to make any other alteration in the style or tenor of it, according as the present disposition and humour of the Sultan might suggest. It may, therefore, be expected that she should sometimes discourse in her own person, and sometimes let her author speak, without our being obliged, at every turn, to give notice who the person speaking is; a circumstance, in which the reader is but little interested, and which we may calmly resign to his own penetration.

Your highness, began she, recollects the condition wherein we yesterday left the Sheshianese. It was so desperate, that only from a revolution in the government was any alleviation of their misery to be expected. An opportunity for this could not long be delayed. Ogul, the khan of a neighbouring tribe of Tartars, perceived the moment, when some princes, from motives of but small importance, had driven the former king from the throne, and could so little agree among themselves and with the rest concerning the choice of a new one, that at length almost as many kings were proposed as there were provinces in Sheshian. As none of these rivals

would bear another near him, this unhappy kingdom experienced all the calamities and cruelties of anarchy and tyranny at once; one half of the nation was exterminated, and the other was brought to such a pass, that any one who, by whatever means, pretended to free them from their oppressors, was revered by them as their guardian deity. Many, who had every thing to hope for, as they had no longer any thing to lose, took the side of the conqueror. The less powerful rajahs and grandees of the kingdom followed their example; and the rest were the more easily subdued as their dissensions prevented them from acting impressively on the common enemy — Ogul Khan, therefore, became in a short time the peaceful possessor of the kingdom of Sheshian. The people, who were gainers in more than one respect by this revolution, never once thought of prescribing conditions to their deliverer. The former grandees, who did think of it, were no longer the people who could venture to take such liberty with their conqueror, and were obliged to be content to receive as a boon from his hands even the little that was left them of their lost consequence. The constitution of the new kingdom of Sheshian was, therefore, that of an unlimited monarchy; that is, the kingdom had no constitution at all, but depended in every thing on the will of the conqueror, or on the degree of wisdom or folly, good nature or forwardness, reasonableness or unreasonableness, to which his temperament, circumstances, humour, and other adventitious circumstances, might determine him from day to day.

Fortunately for the vanquished, King Ogul, as the generality of Tartarian conquerors are, was a very good kind of a prince.

If I may venture, without interrupting you, madam, said Shah Gebal, I should be glad to know what you mean by your very good sort of a prince?

Sir, returned the fair Nurmahal, I confess that nothing is more indefinite than this expression, and that what is usually called a very good sort of a prince, is frequently a very bad sort of a prince. But in the present case it was not so. Ogul Khan had, indeed, some considerable fail-

ings. He was so jealous of his arbitrary authority, that a man might easily have the misfortune to offend him; when offended, he was vindictive, and in his vengeance cruel. Besides, he had the bad habit of considering every handsome woman as his property; and, if he had been less fond of wine, even the famous Sultan Solymán must have yielded to him in this respect. But these failings—

They are very material failings, said Shah Gebal.

Undoubtedly, Sir, returned Nurmahal; but few nations and times are so happy as to be blessed with a prince, whose very failings are amiable, if failings they can be called, which have their source alone in the superabundance of certain excellencies.

Thou little flatterer! said Shah Gebal, patting gently her arm, which her wide sleeve, thrown back, left entirely visible in all the delicacy of its form; a slight circumstance which might have rendered the best lecture at the bed side of his highness entirely fruitless, if time and habit had not made our Sultan a complete philosopher in this particular.

These failings then, (continued Nurmahal, without letting fall the said sleeve) were compensated by several very substantial virtues.—Ogul Khan paid great attention to affairs of government; he brought agriculture into repute, restored the desolated towns, built new ones, allured the arts from the neighbouring states into his own, sought out for talents and merit in order to reward and employ them, honoured virtue, and at certain times could bear to be told the truth.

This last quality reconciles me again with your Ogul, said the Sultan, smiling. If he had been less fond of wine, he might have deserved a place among the great men of his age.*

Ogul Khan, to all these good qualities, added one other, which, under due limitations, does great honour to a prince, whenever he is so unfortunate as to have occasion for it. It happened pretty often, that in the ebullitions of his passions, he was cruel and unjust: but, as soon as

the wrong was done, he returned to himself; and then he used never to lay his head to rest till he had made all possible reparation to them that had suffered by it.

For example, how then used his Majesty Ogul Khan to act when without reason he had caused a man's head to be cut off? asked Danishmende. Did he cause one of wax to be put on? or, did he perhaps possess the secret of the magical pastills with which Prince Thelamir replaced the heads of his brother and the fair Dely, which he had cut off by mistake in a fit of jealousy?*

How eagerly the doctor snaps at this opportunity for displaying his great reading in the stories of ghosts! whispered the young Mirza to the Sultan.

Danishmende, said the Sultan, has the trifling fault of now and then abusing that liberty of being impertinent which becomes him as a philosopher. We should not be too scrupulously nice with these gentlemen. But he ought to let my friend Ogul alone, if, moreover, a philosopher is capable of hearkening to good advice.

In one word, proceeded Nurmahal, Ogul, with all his faults, was so praise-worthy a prince, that even the bonzes of the time in Sheshian vied with each other in speaking well of him. "He was deficient in nothing, said they, for being the best of princes, excepting that, notwithstanding the hopes we had reason to entertain of him, he went out of the world without ever offering a sacrifice to the great monkey."

Do you know, my fair Sultana, said Shah Gebal, that nothing more was necessary than what you have just been mentioning to set me irrevocably at variance with your Ogul? By the beard of the prophet! the king whose bonzes vie with each other in praising, must be —. I chuse not to say what he must be. Go to, go to, Nurmahal, tell me no more of your Ogul. He must have been a weak, empty, credulous, faint-hearted fellow; that is as clear as daylight. His bonzes praised him! What demonstration in Euclid is more plainly demonstrated than this?

If philosophy might ever be allowed, said Danishmende, stammering, to address the king of kings, my Sovereign—

Well, doctor, interrupted the Sultan, let us hear what thou hast to say in behalf of thy adorable lady. I am in a disposition to bear with impertinence. Proceed, out with it; but no stammering, Mr. Danishmende, or I shall ring—

The best Sultan, as we see, is always Sultan still. This threat, accompanied with a certain look, which at least gave him to apprehend that

* It scarcely needs remark, that Shah Gebal was the soberest Sultan of his time, and a mortal foe to drunkenness in others. His enemies have not neglected, at least, to depreciate the value of this virtue, which they could not deny him to possess, by depriving him of all the merit of it. But we think it needless to propagate the effect of their malice, by reciting their malicious suppositions. Poor Shah Gebal had not so many virtues as to allow us to call in question the few that he had.—*Remarks of the Chinese Translator.*

he might be capable of making a serious affair of it, was not very much adapted to embolden poor Danishmende. But, luckily for him, he knew the Sultan, his sovereign. Therefore, without suffering himself to be dismayed, he said: Philosophy, Sir, is an impudent slut, as your highness has been pleased to say; for she hesitates not a moment to tell even kings that they are in the wrong, when kings are in the wrong. But in the present case, it is my humble opinion, that your highness and philosophy may both be in the right. That praise of the bonzes, which, in your eyes, is the greatest reproach that Ogul could have drawn upon himself, was undoubtedly so, if it came from the heart.* But this is precisely the question; or rather it is no question: for, how could it come from the heart, since they retracted all the good they said of him by a single *but*? Of what avail were all good King Ogul's virtues to him? Did not he go out of the world without having sacrificed to the great monkey? Your highness knows these gentry too well not to understand the whole force of such an accusation.

Thou wilt, however, acknowledge, replied the Sultan, they would have extolled him to the skies, if he could but have brought himself to sacrifice to the great monkey?

* For the benefit of certain ingenious persons, we must here make a threefold observation: namely, First, that the words bonze, fakir, and dervise, whenever they occur in this history, are always to be taken in the strict sense, as signifying nothing more than bonze, fakir, and dervise. Secondly, that Danishmende cannot here be acquitted of all suspicion of a flattering complaisance for the unreasonable judgment of his sovereign. And, thirdly, that the pretended demonstration of the Sultan is evidently built on a sophism, and, therefore, can by no means fit the bonzes, whom, moreover, we are far from intending to justify.—*Note of the Latin Translator.*

Nevertheless, all things duly considered, the Sultan could not be supposed to judge otherwise. He argued thus: my bonzes speak evil of me, and I construe their censure to my honour; therefore, their praise is dishonourable: for, were it honourable, then would it be a shame to menot to deserve it. But, now this is a sentiment that I cannot endure; it is, therefore, false; and what holds good of me, holds good also of Ogul Khan: for, do I not shew him the greatest honour possible by valuing him as my equal?—This mode of reasoning is not, indeed, justifiable either by the logic of Aristotle or of Messrs. de Port Royal. But, since the world began, self-love has never reasoned otherwise.—*Note of the German Translator.*

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With permission of your highness, said Danishmende, that I do not acknowledge. In that case they would easily have found some other pretext for enervating their hypocritical praise. Your highness knows that there is but one way of acquiring the sincere applause of the bonzes; and Ogul (with all the veneration that I owe him, be it spoken) seems not to be the man so plagued with ambition as to purchase so dear a commodity.

What if I order my iman to be fetched, that he may decide the question? said the Sultan.

His sentence may be easily guessed, without pretending to understand more of the cabala than others, returned Danishmende. He would pronounce against the bonzes. How should bonzes be deemed to be in the right by an iman?

I think that Danishmende has brought himself off very tolerably, said Shah Gebal.

Your highness shews, by your aversion to the bonzes, that you are a good mussulman, said the fair Nurmahal. But, that we may abide by the history, I must say, that the bonzes, in speaking well of Ogul Khan, had good cause for so doing. It is true, this prince betrayed, perhaps, an extravagant hope, which they imputed to what could not rationally be the foundation of such an hope, as being merely the result of wise maxims of government. But the respect, which, in pursuance of these maxims, he shewed to their order; the protection they enjoyed from him; and the cautious manner in which he used to proceed in all matters that related to the senseless but established worship of the great monkey, certainly entitled him, if not to the gratitude, at least to a certain degree of equity on the part of the bonzes. And, even granting that they would not allow him this virtue, without proof; it is, however, to be supposed, that they had so much prudence as to do from fear what ordinary people would have done from a nobler motive.

During this speech of the fair Nurmahal, a sound escaped the Sultan, which seemed an intermediate somewhat between sighing and yawning. The emir gave the lady the sign agreed on, and she was about to break off, when Shah Gebal, who was in perfect good humour, gave them to understand, by a nod, that he was not yet tired of the story.

Ogul Khan, continued she, had several successors, who just crossed the stage, and disappeared, without having done any thing, either so good or so bad, as to deserve the notice of posterity. Accordingly, they are termed in the year-books of Sheshian, the nameless kings; for the nation had so few opportunities of hearing

their names, that very few could tell how the reigning Sultan was called. If this circumstance gives posterity but a very mean idea of their merits, it must, however, be owned, that their contemporaries were not the worse for it. The silence of history seems at least to prove this much, that Sheshian was not unhappy under their unrenowned administration; and to be not unhappy, is at least a very tolerable condition.

Only it cannot last long, said Danishmende; for this vacant state of a whole nation, seems to me exactly the same as with an individual, the middle state between sickness and health; one of these must ensue, either the patient must recover, or he must languish to death.

Perhaps this might have been the case with the Sheshianese, continued Nurmahal, if the last of these nameless kings had not been so fortunate as to possess a mistress, by whom his government became one of the most remarkable and brilliant in the history of that kingdom.

Excellent! cried Shah Gebal; I admire the kings who are indebted to their mistresses for the mention that is made of them in history.

I must not forget, Sir, said the fair Nurmahal, that the Sheshianese in this particular had a custom by which, as far as I know, they differed from all the other nations of the globe, a custom that would considerably swell the number of the

nameless kings in all nations, if it were generally introduced. Nothing that happened under the government of a king was attributed to the king, unless he had done it himself. Excellent laws and regulations might be made, battles won, provinces conquered, or, what is at least as good, preserved and improved, and yet the fame of the king receives not the least augmentation. All that happened, good or bad, was ascribed to them that did it; and the king who had done nothing was, and continued to be, a nameless king, even though the most signal events had happened in his time.

Nothing can be more reasonable, said the Sultan. Let every one have his due. To ascribe to a prince the good that his minister does (I except the case where they are merely the instruments, or, so to speak, the members whereby he works as the soul of the whole body politic), would be just as if it were to be ascribed as a merit to him that his country was fertile, because he allowed the sun to shine and the rain to fall.

Nurmahal, Danishmende, and the young Mirza, bestowed abundance of applause on this remark, and all the admiration which it rather deserved as being really more disinterested than Shah Gebal might, perhaps, flatter himself it was.

[To be continued.]

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

DR. BEATTIE'S AUDIENCE WITH HIS PRESENT MAJESTY.

SIR WILLIAM FORBES, in his "Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, L.L.D." has given, from the Diary of that author, the following very interesting narrative of the doctor's interview with their present Majesties. His pension, the deserved recompense for his Essay on Truth, had been already awarded to Beattie; he had also previously attended the Levee at St. James's, where he was presented by Lord Dartmouth, and graciously received by the monarch.

I set out (writes Dr. Beattie,) for Dr. Majendie's at Kew-Green. The doctor told me that he had not seen the King yesterday, but had left a note in writing, to intimate that I was to be at his house to-day; and that one of the King's pages had come to him this morning, to say, "that his Majesty would see me at a little after twelve." At twelve, the doctor and I went to the King's house at Kew. We had been only a few minutes in the hall, when the King and Queen came in

from an airing, and as they passed through the hall the King called to me by name, and asked how long it was since I came from town. I answered, about an hour. "I shall see you," says he, "in a little." The doctor and I waited a considerable time, (for the King was busy) and then we were called into a large room, furnished as a library, where the King was walking about and the Queen sitting in a chair. We were received in the most gracious manner possible, by both their Majesties. I had the honour of a conversation with them, (nobody else being present, but Dr. Majendie) for upwards of an hour, on a great variety of topics, in which both the King and Queen joined, with a degree of cheerfulness, affability, and ease, that was to me surprising and soon dissipated the embarrassment which I felt, at the beginning of the conference. They both complimented me, in the highest terms, on my Essay which, they said, was a book they always kept by

them ; and the King said he had one copy of it at Kew, and another in town, and immediately went and took it down from the shelf. I found it was the second edition. "I never stole a book but one," said his Majesty, "and that was yours; (speaking to me) I stole it from the Queen, to give it to Lord Hertford to read." He had heard that the sale of Hume's Essays had failed, since my book was published; and I told him what Mr. Strahan had told me, in regard to that matter. He had even heard of my being at Edinburgh, last summer, and how Mr. Hume was offended on the score of my book. He asked many questions about the second part of the Essay, and when it would be ready for the press. I gave him, in a short speech, an account of the plan of it; and said, my health was so precarious, I could not tell when it might be ready, as I had many books to consult before I could finish it; but, that if my health were good, I thought I might bring it to a conclusion in two or three years. He asked how long I had been composing my Essay?—praised the caution with which it was written; and said, he did not wonder that it had employed me five or six years. He asked about my poems. I said, there was only one poem of my own, on which I set any value, (meaning the Minstrel,) and that it was first published about the same time with the Essay. My other poems, I said, were incorrect, being but juvenile pieces, and of little consequence, even in my own opinion. We had much conversation on moral subjects; from which both their Majesties let it appear, that they were warm friends to Christianity; and so little inclined to infidelity, that they could hardly believe that any thinking man could really be an atheist, unless he could bring himself to believe that he made himself; a thought which pleased the King exceedingly: and he repeated it several times to the Queen. He asked whether any thing had been written against me. I spoke of the late pamphlet, of which I gave him an account, telling him, that I had never met with any man who had read it, except one Quaker. This brought on some discourse about the Quakers, whose moderation, and mild behaviour, the King and Queen commended. I was asked many questions about the Scots universities, the revenues of the Scots clergy, their mode of praying and preaching, the medical college of Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory, (of whom I gave a particular character) and Dr. Cullen, the length of our vacation at Aberdeen, and the closeness of our attendance during the winter, the number of students that attend my lectures, my mode of lecturing, whether from notes, or completely written lectures; about Mr. Hume, and Dr. Robertson, and Lord Kinnoull, and the Archbishop of York, &c. &c. &c. His Majesty asked what I

thought of my new acquaintance, Lord Dartmouth? I said, there was something in his air and manner, which I thought not only agreeable, but enchanting, and that he seemed to me one of the best of men; a sentiment in which both their Majesties heartily joined. "They say that Lord Dartmouth is an enthusiast," said the King, "but surely he says nothing on the subject of religion, but what every Christian may, and ought to say." He asked, whether I did not think the English language on the decline at present? I answered in the affirmative; and the King agreed, and named the Spectator as one of the best standards of the language. When I told him that the Scots clergy sometimes prayed a quarter, or even half an hour, at a time, he asked, whether that did not lead them into repetitions? I said it often did. "That," said he, "I don't like in prayers: and excellent as our liturgy is, I think it somewhat faulty in that respect." "Your Majesty knows," said I, "that three services are joined in one, in the ordinary church service, which is one cause of those repetitions." "True," he replied, "and that circumstance also makes that service too long." From this, he took occasion to speak of the composition of the church liturgy; on which he very justly bestowed the highest commendation. "Observe," his Majesty said, "how flat those occasional prayers are, that are now composed, in comparison with the old ones."—When I mentioned the smallness of the church-livings in Scotland, he said, "he wondered how men of liberal education would chuse to become clergymen there;" and asked, "whether in the remote parts of the country, the clergy, in general, were not very ignorant?" I answered, "No, for that education was very cheap in Scotland, and that the clergy, in general, were men of good sense, and competent learning." He asked, whether we had any good preachers in Aberdeen? I said, "Yes," and named Campbell and Gerrard, with whose names, however, I did not find that he was acquainted. Dr. Majendie mentioned Dr. Oswald's Appeal, with commendation;—I praised it too; and the Queen took down the name, with a view to send for it. I was asked, whether I knew Dr. Oswald? I answered, I did not; and said, that my book was published before I read his; that Dr. O. was well known to Lord Kinnoull, who had often proposed to make us acquainted. We discussed a great many other topics; for the conversation, as before observed, lasted for upwards of an hour, without any intermission. The Queen bore a large share in it. Both the King and her Majesty shewed a great deal of good sense, acuteness, and knowledge, as well as of good nature and affability. At last, the King took out his watch (for it was now almost three o'clock, his hour of dinner) which

Dr. Majendie and I took as a signal to withdraw. We accordingly bowed to their Majesties, and I addressed the King in these words:—"I hope, Sir, your Majesty will pardon me, if I take this opportunity to return you my humble and most grateful acknowledgments, for the honour you have been pleased to confer upon me." He immediately answered, "I think I could do no less for a man, who has done so much service to the cause of Christianity. I shall be always glad of an opportunity to shew the good opinion I have of you." The Queen sate all the while, and the King stood, sometimes walking about a little. Her Majesty speaks the English language with surprising elegance, and little or nothing of a foreign accent. There is something wonderfully captivating in her manner, so that if she were only of the rank of a private gentlewoman, one could not help taking notice of her, as one of the most agreeable women in the world. Her face is

much more pleasing than any of her pictures; and in the expression of her eyes, and in her smile, there is something peculiarly engaging. When the doctor and I came out, "Pray," said I, "how did I behave? Tell me honestly, for I am not accustomed to conversations of this kind." "Why, perfectly well," answered he, "and just as you ought to do."—"Are you sure of that?" said I.—"As sure," he replied, "as of my own existence: and you may be assured of it too, when I tell you, that if there had been any thing in your manner or conversation, which was not perfectly agreeable, your conference would have been at an end in eight or ten minutes at most." The doctor afterwards told me, that it was a most uncommon thing for a private man, and a commoner, to be honoured with so long an audience. I dined with Dr. and Mrs. Majendie, and their family, and returned to town in the evening, very much pleased with the occurrences of the day.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the fourth Number of your Magazine, you gave a description of London, collected from the various works of Dr. Johnson. The following paper is taken, with alterations, omissions, and additions, from an anonymous collection of Essays which was published above thirty years ago, and as they have long been out of print, perhaps you will not deem it unworthy of being preserved as a supplement to the Doctor's account, being equally applicable to this great metropolis at present as it was in 1769; painting the advantages and disadvantages of a commercial capital of immense population and riches.

If it be asked what superior attractions are there in London, where the majority of the inhabitants must, as long as they continue there, bid adieu to Nature, and shroud their heads in darkness, smoke, and cloudy vapours.

It may be answered these are many and various, well adapted to a variety of tastes and characters. Some are indeed criminal, others merely frivolous, and others again of a laudable nature. Let us take a cursory view of the principal.

The gay and the ambitious, whose enjoyment is centred in making a figure in the world; who are willing to undergo a thousand miseries, if

they may but appear happy, will naturally crowd to the metropolis as to the proper theatre of exhibition.

That place best answers their purpose which contains the greatest number of eyes, and an universal neglect of admiration would render them completely wretched.

The beauties of creation can wear no charm to those whose attention is perpetually turned on themselves. Lawns, groves, and rivers, neither compliment nor flatter; but to this class of beings, all other language is insipid. Therefore they fly with impatience to a spot where that dialect chiefly abounds.

But the inconveniences attending so great a conflux of the rich and gay are obvious. Their multitudes pall the sight, until a chariot and a dray-cart pass equally unnoticed; or should studied splendour awaken the attention of the public, yet those rays of admiration are unhappily divided and subdivided into a thousand diverging and enfeebled fragments, which each fondly wishes to be collected in one focus, and to be centred upon himself,—“The world the pedestal, himself the statue, and all mankind the lookers on.”

With these we will associate the numbers who

consider pleasure as the first business, the worthy pursuit of life, and to such London is the grand mart, the Paradise of Mahomet, where they may revel the whole circle of the hours in scenes of the most refined, or of the grossest dissipation. They may wander from auctions, morning exhibitions, and idle amusements innumerable, to plays, operas, balls, concerts, routs, masquerades, •gaming-tables, taverns, brothels, &c, till they have exhausted the largest patrimony, the most promising health, and their whole stock of credit, character and morals.

The town affords a transient entertainment to the occasional visitor, who is amazed at a mode of living so opposite to native simplicity. The bustle of the city, the splendour of the shops, the parade of business, the variety of carriages and equipages, the immense congress of people strike him as a superior kind of perspective-box, or magic-lantern, and he recites after his return, the wondrous tales of what he has heard and seen, to his listening and astonished family.

London is also the stage of action for a man of business, whose principal object is the accumulation of wealth, and who, sportsman like, places all his bliss in the pursuit, being destitute of either leisure or taste for the enjoyment of his wealth.

A man of this character cares not where he lives nor how he lives, provided he can but engross the means of living; and let him but possess a large number of the tickets of enjoyment, he is by no means anxious whether they be drawn prizes or not. The whole extent of his desires is to make a figure on the 'Change; to render the firm of his house familiar to all Europe, and to both the Indies; to be able to influence the price of a commodity, and to affect the rise and fall of Stocks. To such a man, London is, as it were, the important spot, the point, the *fulcrum* on which he may place his commercial lever, and where, provided his lever have a sufficient purchase, he may be able to move the world at will.

The city is the most encouraging mart for superior abilities in all departments. It gives an equal chance to every trade and profession; it is a place where the meanest of employments may become the sources of wealth; and where chimney-sweepers, old-clothes-men, hair-dressers, tailors, and quacks, sometimes acquire affluence, and frequently enjoy the privileges of being ranked in the class of gentlemen. But the inconveniencies and misfortunes are, that the man who brings his talents to sale, is often starved before he can find a purchaser: that the arts are generally encouraged in an inverse proportion to their utility, and those which most administer to the luxuries and vices of mankind, are the

most certain of rapid success: that the forward and self-consequential, wrest from the rich and powerful that patronage which is due to modest merit: that the ingenious artist and manufacturer has such temptations to indolence, extravagance, and profligacy, as greatly endanger his complete ruin. He who is able to set these various hands at work, often becomes rich by their ingenuity, while the promoters of his abundance suffer all the miseries of dependence, and the insults of capricious wealth.

London is the happiest place of resort for the numerous gangs of sharpers and swindlers of different denominations. It is here they may follow their various honourable professions, appear in numberless shapes and characters with impunity; may meet with unsuspecting dupes in abundance, and, by frequent acting, become so perfect in their part, as to be able to deceive every one who has the misfortune to fall into their way.

With these we may class the whole tribe of pick-pockets, thieves, house-breakers, girls abandoned to vice, bullies, hiring constables, and trading justices, who conspire together to be the terror and pest of all decent and sober families.

• Single men, whose circumstances or whose apprehensions will not suffer them to enter into the conjugal state, too easily find in town all their wants supplied. The whole city is their own, if either the proper use or the abuse of any thing deserves that title. The adage that "a good man is always at home," may in a certain sense be claimed by them. For they may breakfast in one place, dine in a second, sup in a third, lodge in a fourth, or not lodge at all, without being missed, or responsible to any one. It is here that their virtue is put to the utmost proof: that goodness shows itself to be the genuine offspring of an upright heart and just principles, and not the illegitimate produce of prudential regard to character: and it is here also that an unblemished reputation and foul deeds are by no means incompatible; and that prudence, decorum, and hypocrisy may long serve a man instead of all the abstemious virtues.

And yet, these roving privileges soon grow tiresome to such men as lead such a life; they are for ever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and the enjoyments of a well regulated family. He that is indiscriminately at home is never at home, and he feels himself a stranger or a visitor amidst his closest connexions.

To the busy politician who leaves all his domestic affairs in confusion, to settle those of Europe; who is more anxious about the national debt than about his own; and who patiently re-

signs his family to indigence and beggary, provided the public commerce be in a flourishing condition : And to the eager newsmonger who continually craves after fresh intelligence ; who imagines that nothing can be of importance that is three days old ; and who feeds as heartily upon trials, bankruptcies, fires, shipwrecks, battles, executions, murders, and deaths, as upon the most interesting and happy occurrences, the numerous coffee-houses and other places of colloquial intercourse become the centre of happiness.

London is certainly in a high degree favourable to sociability. Its inhabitants have superior opportunities of chusing their company. Here persons in similar pursuits, of congenial tastes, and whose ideas perfectly amalgamate, may associate in a friendly club, and spend their evenings in agreeable converse. Yet it is a pity that late hours, and temptations to intoxication, should often render it prudent for a cautious man, not to frequent convivial meetings.

Men who retain religious principles, and whose education or conviction teach them to prefer one mode of worship to another, may in this great city, worship their creator according to their inclinations, or the dictates of their consciences ; or rather, they may chuse which road they please in their journey to heaven. And it is not to be doubted but that the honest and good in each road will find their way. Quakers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Independents, Methodists, Roman Catholics, and Jews, as well as churchmen, may there worship according to their own particular modes, and associate with those of their own persuasion. While the peculiar circumstances of the place, frequent intercourses of a commercial nature, and a general inattention to every other part of a man's character, except that of honour in his vocation, give to persons of these different beliefs, the fortunate habit, if not the virtue, of universal and reciprocal toleration.

To those pious souls who place the sum of religion in punctually frequenting lectures and sermons, and who dream that constantly going to school and learning their duty is exactly the same as practising it, London is " a little heaven below." Tabernacles, conventicles, morning, noon, and evening lectures amongst the disciples of Whitfield and Wesley, among Antinomians, Hutchinsonians, and Sandimanians, besides occasional preachers in Moorfields and other convenient places of open exhibition ; may so fully occupy every portion of their time, as scarcely to allow them leisure to censure those who by omitting some few of these forms of godliness, enjoy more frequent opportunities of conducting themselves by its genuine power.

London is also a place very advantageous to

the student in his pursuits of various branches of science ; where, by attending on different Professors, conversing with men of genius, learning, and experience, consulting libraries, visiting museums, exhibitions, &c. he may enjoy the means of making the most desirable progress in his studies, if he have sufficient resolution to escape the dangerous dissipations of the place.

The town may also be thought the proper school of manners ; where the collegiate may wear off his pedantry, and the country squire his awkwardness. The town in this sense must mean the multitudes of strangers who occasionally assemble there, and from whom true politeness and courtesy of behaviour may sometimes be acquired. For the plainest rustic would not improve much by his commerce with the natives. Very few of those whose education has been confined to London are examples of address and engaging deportment ; considering Europe as the most important part of the globe, England as the most important part of Europe, the metropolis as the most important part of England, and perhaps the place of their residence, as the most important part of the metropolis, these citizens of accumulated consequence, treat with airs of childish superiority and disdain, all those unlucky objects who were not born within the sound of Bow bells. These gentry are also very apt to mistake negligence and inattention for ease ; a dull repetition of the contents of a newspaper, for edifying conversation ; pert reflections and satirical insinuations upon country life and manners, for wit and humour ; whilst their good ladies substitute affectation for politeness, a passion for every whimsical fashion for taste, and extravagance for grandeur. And they both unite in the opinion, that all strangers are bound to admire every thing peculiar to the place, even to its noise, confusion, and filth. In a word, they seem to claim the privilege of behaving as they please ; and forgetting that London may not be the first mart for manners, though it be for various other articles, they exhibit their own coarse goods, for the very best of the kind.

But, to take the town in its most ample signification, as the resort also of persons of fashion and distinction, it is indubitably a place where a countryman may rub off his rust ; but still he must be careful what he rubs against, or he may exchange country dirt for city coom ; he must be cautious not to lose in good sense more than he gains by refinement ; not to part with his honest plainness for duplicity of manners, or substitute a courteous bow and fine promises, for real offices of benevolence and friendship.

The capital is a place worthy the temporary residence of the speculative philosopher who thinks " the proper study of mankind is man."

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By conversing with a diversity of characters he may acquire a considerable insight into the modifications of the human heart. Here he will constantly behold the force of evil example counteracting the original bent of a virtuous education; the power of sordid interest over one who had early imbibed the principles of strict integrity, perhaps of generosity; and of criminal pleasures over the pupil of sobriety! He will learn in time to calculate the weeks or months requisite to metamorphose the son of a humble peasant into an insolent footman; of a plain farmer's lad into a coxcomb or fine gentleman! He will lament to see the labours of a pious parent, who, when he was teaching the "young idea how to shoot," strove to make it shoot towards heaven, and watered the tender plant with many a supplicating tear; he will lament to see all this fostering care rendered abortive by the attendance, during a single month, upon some disputing club, or seminary of systematic vice! where the porter-inspired orator affects to laugh at his former principles, as the dull notions of dotards, unworthy a man of spirit and free enquiry, stands forth the champion of infidelity, or, prompted by vanity, becomes the hypocrite of sin! dares to deny a faith which he still believes; openly dispute tenets he secretly reveres, and argue against convictions which in his retired moments "harrow up the soul."

Our philosopher will discover the power of connexions and example, of interest or of pleasures, to change the principles and dispositions of men; and he will remark how easily those who have no *stamen* of their own, no genuine unshaken rule of conduct, no settled notions of virtue, and rational fear of heaven, how easily they yield themselves up to foreign impressions, like wax to the seal; or bear a diversity of vicious resemblances according to the moulds in which they may accidentally be cast.

After he has made general observations of this nature, for which this great city will furnish ample materials, he may study the leading characteristics, the distinguishing type of each division.

In the western quarter he may contemplate the proud and fastidious courtier, uniting the extremes of haughtiness and servility; swoln with the idea of his own importance, and yet courting the admiration of every transient spectator; meanly cringing to those in power, but treating his inferiors with disdain; lavish of his bounty to sycophants and panders to his pleasures, but deaf to the cries of indigence, or the demands of justice; betraying his country for gold, and risking that gold on the turn of a die! supercilious to those who are dependent on his smiles, himself a stranger to the independence of

a man; destitute of every moral excellence, but vain of his manifold titles and trappings of pre-eminence; ridiculing the rigid restraints of virtue and religion, and torn asunder by the contest of irregular passions, or corroded with diseases generated by criminal excess.

After he has studied this portrait of modern greatness in our sex, which, with a few honourable exceptions may be too close a resemblance, he may cast his eyes on that whimsical and insignificant thing called a *fine lady*; in whom, although she thinks herself the most important personage in the whole creation, he will search in vain for those characteristic excellencies of women, winning softness, modest reserve, delicate sensibility, and the regular management of domestic affairs, filial, conjugal, and parental affection, and a heart attuned to friendship, sympathy, and love. He will perceive the whole business of her life to be pleasure, and the indulgence of her capricious humours; and that she is, notwithstanding, a novice in her profession. He will find her a slave to fashions which disfigure that person she is so anxious to adorn; a stranger to elegance and taste, although what she chiefly affects; and disgusted with the very amusements which occupied all her thoughts. He will smile to see her mistake affected airs for gentility, impertinence for familiarity, haughtiness for dignity, volubility for eloquence, trite ideas, and a round of hackneyed phrases for sentiment, the most absurd prostitution of strong expressions upon trifling subjects for sublimity of thought, a troublesome pettishness of disposition for a delicate sensibility of nerves. And he sometimes will have reason to be shocked at her breaking the modest, the amiably timid restraints of nature, and considering impudence as a womanly virtue. At her affecting to disbelieve the truths of religion, whilst she is the dupe of childish credulities; braving her maker with more than masculine infidelity, and yet screaming and trembling at the sight of a frog or a mouse. He will observe her strictly maintaining all the appearances of friendship but totally lost to its reality; making generous offers of assistance to those who do not want it, and neglecting common civility to the needy and oppressed; classing herself among the warmest of your friends in your presence, and sporting with your person, character, and situation in your absence; estimating the worth of her associates according to their rank in the fashionable world, and yet lavishing all the confidence of friendship to her chambermaid, and the best affections of her sophisticated nature to parrots, lap-dogs, and monkeys!

He will observe her most serious occupations to consist in receiving and paying irksome cere-

monious visits, in which her expressions of the happiness she feels at the interview, can only be equalled by the real languor and disgust she experiences; or in answering cards of unmeaning compliments; or in satirizing her own conceptions of friendship and politeness, by sending round an empty equipage, attended by a train of servants, to enquire after the welfare of her most intimate acquaintance! In the evenings he will see her seated at the card table with anxiety, impatience, anger, envy, and other evil passions in her train; and perhaps he may detect her, under the sanction of her sex and quality, practising at the pool the dirty tricks of a sharper and common cheat.

Thus, from a general review of her whole life, will our philosopher either be tempted to turn a partial Mahometan, and doubt whether some of the fair sex may not be formed without a soul, or he will place the existence of such a being among the inscrutable mysteries of Providence!

Satiated with these sights, he will not be much disposed to visit the publicus of the Haymarket, Cockspur-street, and Piccadilly, where the dependants and appendages of greatness chiefly resort; or he might here contemplate human nature in a masquerade, if possible still more fantastic! He might behold persons descended from the meanest parentage, and educated in the humblest walks of life, suddenly springing up, like gaudy and pernicious weeds in the place of nutritive grain; and in their professions of barbers, hair-dressers, tailors, milliners, huggists, dancing-masters, singers, musicians, players, &c. assuming the airs, and aping the manners of their superiors.

If our philosopher should take a walk among the new buildings in Marybone, he will not fail to admire the provisions so commodiously made for administering to vice, and preserving the appearance of virtue. Here he may chance to see many a sallow head of a family toying with a girl of the town. Ladies of strict honour, punctual in their appointments with their gallants; kept-mistresses, counterbalancing infidelity to their benefactors by generosity to strangers; and females of unquestioned virtue destroying the constitutions of sober youth.

Passing through St. Giles's, he may have opportunities of seeing man reduced to the lowest scale of villany. He may behold vice enthroned on a dunghill, surrounded with a retinue of begging impostors, pick-pockets, thieves, house-breakers and highwaymen, enjoying in common all the privileges, without the chains of marriage; and acting over again, in garrets and in cellars, the crimes of the abandoned rich!—He may pick up these valuable truths out of the filth—that dissolute manners are universally

odious in rags—that vice appears in all its deformity and ignominy, where external splendour is wanting to varnish the crime, or dazzle the eye; and he may feel the force of the Poet's adage:

“It is the fall degrades her to a * * * * ;
“Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more.”

Let our observer visit the city, and he will behold the full power of interest, and the various modifications of that ruling principle, the love of money! He will observe the virtue of industry swallow up almost every other virtue; or, like subtle leaven, insinuate itself into every action and every motive. He will find this at the bottom of many a vice, and largely blended with many a virtue—the bond of all social connexion, as well as the general cause of discord.

The city is a place where almost every act of courtesy and politeness may be set down to the score of policy, where subscriptions and donations to misery shall mostly be regulated by some latent expectations of advantage; where the views of interest shall accompany the man to the tavern, to the play-house, to the public gardens, and authorize expensive dissipation and midnight revels! Nay, it shall even mix with his very religion, influence his choice of a preacher, or direct his dubious steps to a place of worship, where he may learn “not to love the world, nor the things of the world.”

He will find the distinguishing character of the ladies to be an eagerness to pay the most extravagant compliments to their husband's wealth, and, by various arts of dissipation, put his gains and credit to the utmost proof. In a word, he will observe such a general spirit of luxury, such an affectation of affluence amongst our city dames, as to discountenance the very appearance of economy, and render them a willing prey to milliners, laundresses, and their own domestics! He will see such a rage for imitating the prevailing fashions, as breaks down every distinction, and confounds every class; so that he shall find it difficult to distinguish the mistress from the waiting-maid, or decipher the wife or daughter of a butcher, baker, poulterer, or fallow-chandler, in a public assembly, from a rich heiress, or the consort of an opulent merchant! He will frequently hear of affectionate wives, who plunder their dear partner at home, that they may support his reputation abroad; and, in league with their servants, advance the price of every marketable commodity in their daily accounts, to raise a fund for these laudable secret services. He will often meet females stepping out of paltry shops, and little dirty courts, like heroines on the stage, from a cottage or a prison, in all the pomp of dress! and he may some-

times detect the notable housewife performing her common domestic drudgeries in silks, laces, and muslins, either from her insurmountable passion for finery, or because the poverty of her wardrobe will not allow her the necessary change of suits.

In the out-skirts of the town, our inquisitive observer may be witness to an odd assemblage of character and situations. He will find a few who desire to live, and deserve to live, and are so fortunate as to succeed; many who would live and cannot; numbers who might live and will not; and greater numbers who do live, and do not deserve it.

He will often discern numbers in silent want and sickness privately struggling with woe, whilst imposture intercepts the plenteous streams of mercy, which would otherwise gladden their hearts! He will remark with a mixture of pity and indignation the cruel policy of the times, which sets open such multitudes of houses for the purposes of intoxication and riot; and thus debauches the morals of the people, in order to increase the public revenues! To this cause will he principally attribute the frequent sight of insolence in rags; of spirits grown uncontrollable by being lost to every sense of decency; of men reduced to the lowest ebb of wretchedness, even so as no longer to feel their own misery; and terminating their worthless existence by falling victims to the laws, through crimes of which the laws themselves have been the parents, the nurses, and the guardians.

By the river side he will contemplate the sons of Neptune. He will see an impetuous race, equally ready for great and noble exploits, or for riot and confusion, as the most trivial circumstances shall decide; he will find them generous, because thoughtless and imprudent; brutal, because they are themselves hardy; and courageous, because they are ignorant of danger; in the same persons he may witness instances of the most exalted virtue and heroism, mixed with the vices of a ruffian.

He may sometimes behold a city mob doing wrong, in order to rectify abuses; sallying forth to revenge real or imaginary evils, and committing still greater in the attempt; meaning well, and actuated by right principles in the first instance, but in the next degenerating into a lawless banditti; hissing, hallooing, pelting, or leading in triumph, a prince or a beggar, according to their ideas of merit or demerit; but changing these ideas with every wind that blows.

If curiosity or commiseration shall induce him to visit the numerous prisons, he will see places intended for schools of reformation become nurseries of vice; he will observe men rendered tenfold more daring and experienced in iniquity by their punishments; lost to every sense of shame, except that of having any remaining virtues; and familiarized to ignominious deaths, until they placidly contemplate them as natural events.

To conclude our observations on London, should our speculative chance to be at the same time a practical philosopher, he will retire with due expedition from a place where, although there is so much to learn, there is so little to please. But if destiny should oblige him to take up his residence there, he will make the best of the matter; prudently enjoy all the advantages the town affords; convert his knowledge of mankind, if possible, to their use, and judging with Horace,

*Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur iniquè;
In culpa est animus.*—Lib. i. Epist. xiv.

“Fools only, fault with places find;

“The fault is solely in the mind.”

He will seek happiness within himself, by the practice of virtue, and the pursuit of useful science; which, fortunately for man, require no particular soil of town or country, but will grow and flourish equally well wherever they are properly cultivated.

T.

THE FIRST PLAY-BILL ISSUED FROM DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians,
At the new Theatre in Drury-lane,
This day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663,
Will be acted, a Comedy called
THE HYMOVROVS LIEVTENANT.

The King.....Mr. Winterset.

Demetrius.....Mr. Hart.

Seleucus.....Mr. Burt.

Leontius.....Major Mohan.

No. IX. Vol. I.

Lieutenant.....Mr. Clvn.

Celia.....Mrs. Marshall.

The play will begin at three o'clock exactly.
Boxes 4s. Pitt 2s. 6d. Middle-Gallery 1s. 6d.
Upper-Gallery 1s.

Govent-Garden Theatre opened in the year
1732, with “*The Way of the World*,” under
Rich. Admittance to the Boxes 5s.

3 S

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[Continued from Page 213].

THE price of starch depends upon that of flour; the best will keep good in a dry warm room for some years; therefore when bread is cheap it may be bought to advantage, and covered close.

Pickles and sweetmeats should be preserved from air; where the former are much used, small jars of each should be taken from the stock jar, to prevent frequent opening.

Some of the lemons and oranges used for juice should be pared first to preserve the peel dry; some should be halved, and when squeezed, the pulp cut out, and the outsides dried for grating. If for boiling in any liquid, the first way is best. When these fruits are cheap, a proper quantity should be bought, and prepared as hereafter directed, especially by those who live in the country, where they cannot always be had; and they are perpetually wanted in cookery.

When whites of eggs are used for jelly, or other purposes, contrive to have pudding, custard, &c. to employ the yolks also. Should you not want them for several hours, beat them up with a little water, and put them in a cool place, or they will be hardened and useless. It was a mistake of old, to think that the whites made cakes and puddings heavy; on the contrary, if beaten long and separately, they contribute greatly to give lightness, are an advantage to paste, and make a pretty dish beaten with fruit, to set in cream, &c.

If copper utensils be used in the kitchen, the cook should be charged to be careful not to let the tin be rubbed off; and to have them fresh done when the least defect appears, and never to put by any soup, gravy, &c. in them, or any metal utensil; stone and earthen utensils should be provided for those purposes, as likewise plenty of common dishes, that the table set may not be used to put by cold meat.

Vegetables soon sour, and corrode metals and glazed red ware, by which a strong poison is produced.

Vinegar by its acidity does the same, the glazing being of lead or arsenic.

In hot weather, when it is difficult to preserve milk from becoming sour, and spoiling the cream, it may be kept perfectly sweet by scalding the new milk very gently, without boiling, and setting it by in the earthen dish or pan that it is

done in. This method is pursued in Devonshire, and the milk is not skimmed under twenty-four hours, and would equally answer in small quantities for coffee, tea, &c.

Cream already skimmed may be kept twenty-four hours if scalded without sugar, and by adding to it as much powdered lump-sugar as shall make it pretty sweet, will be good two days, keeping it in a cold place. Syrup of cream may be preserved as above in the proportion of a pound and a quarter of sugar to a pint of perfectly fresh cream, keep it in a cool place two or three hours; then put it in one or two ounce phials, and cork it close. It will keep good thus for several weeks, and will be found very useful on voyages.

To cool liquors in hot weather, dip a cloth in cold water, and wrap it round the bottle two or three times, then place it in the sun; renew the process once or twice.

The best way of scalding fruits, or boiling vinegar, is in a stone jar on a hot iron hearth, or by putting the vessel into a saucepan of water, called a water-bath.

The beautiful green given to pickles formerly was made by the use of bell-metal, brass, or copper, and consequently very injurious to the stomach.

If chocolate, coffee, jelly, gruel, bark, &c. be suffered to boil over, the strength is lost.

Marbles boiled in custard, or any thing likely to burn, will, by shaking them in the saucepan, prevent it.

Gravies of soups, put by, should be daily changed into fresh scalded pans. When there is fear of gravy-meat being spoiled before it be wanted, season it well, and lightly fry it, which will preserve it two days longer; but the gravy is best when the juices are fresh.

The cook should be encouraged to be careful of coals and cinders: for the latter there is a new contrivance to sift, without dispersing the dust of the ashes, by means of a covered tin bucket.

Small coal wetted makes the strongest fire for the back, but must remain untouched until it cake. Cinders, lightly wet, give a great degree of heat, and are better than coal for furnaces, ironing stoves, and ovens.

[To be continued.]

EATING.

[Concluded from Page 368.]

A Boy, who had crammed himself as much as he could at a grand dinner, fell a crying. He was asked what made him do so. I can't eat a bit more, said the boy.—Well, then, fill your pockets, whispered his neighbour.—I have, replied the child.

RECEIPT TO BOIL A LEG OF MUTTON.

The leg of mutton is to be closely wrapt up in a clean white napkin. The water in the kettle must boil with great bubbles before the mutton is put in, and continue in a state of ebullition. The leg should boil as many quarters of an hour as it weighs pounds, and one quarter more, if it is intended to remain sanguineous; but if it is required to be thoroughly done, then it must be kept in the boiler two quarters more.

RECEIPT TO ROAST A SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

The sirloin must be sent to the tallow-chandler; and when the tallow is ready to boil, is to be dropped, by means of a string, into the caldron, and left there till parboiled. It must then be taken out to drain dry, and hung up in a cool place, in order that the tallow, when cold, may form a wrapper of crust, all round the loin.—When it is required to be roasted, spit it and place it before a clear fire, which will cause the tallow to melt and drop into the dripping-pan; but the meat is not to be basted with it.

This tallow having penetrated into all the pores of the loin, has prevented the juice from running out; so that when it is enough done, served up at table, and then cut in thin slices, it yields gravy in such abundance, as to appear like an inundation.

A preserver (*une garantie*) is a breadth of more or less ells of that very thick and coarse woollen cloth which was formerly used for the clothing or habits of the Capuchin friars. The breadth is about three-quarters: all along the list, small hooks are fastened at a foot distance from each other, which catch into pins with eyes, fixed to the backs of all the chairs in the drawing-room. When the guests are seated, the preserver is fastened; and, surrounding the back of all their chairs, and falling quite down to the floor, inter-

cepts all the cold winds, and keeps their legs completely warm.

It is surprising that this cheap and simple method of remaining warm, or at least, not suffering from cold, during the repast, is not universally adopted. It was well known to the gourmandizers of the last age, who never met at meals without being enclosed in a preserver; which, cherishing under the table a gentle and natural warmth, enabled them to digest their food properly, which cannot be done if the legs are cold. As to the feet, they are placed on a carpet, which remains, or ought to remain, nine months in the year, on the floor of the dining-room.

A preserver is, therefore, a necessary as well as economical piece of furniture; for it supplies the want of fire, when the cold is not very rigorous, although sufficient to make the legs uncomfortable without such a substitute.

It has been objected, that the guests are in some measure prisoners, because they cannot leave the table whilst the preserver encompasses them, and the whole must be taken off to let a single guest depart. But, as a well-bred guest never thinks of quitting the table without the rest of the company, and that the cases which may compel him to this incivility are extremely rare, we do not think the objection important enough to forego the good which a preserver does to the legs and the stomach.

As to the *amphitryon*, or master of the house, who from the duties of his place is sometimes obliged to rise and retire a few moments, as the preserver is always, both beginning and end, fastened to his chair, he can easily disengage himself, without disturbing the company.

There results from all these details, that the preserver ought to be in general use during two-thirds of the year in the dining-room of those *amphitryons* who wish their guests to enjoy every elegant comfort at their hospitable board.

A Mr. Beyer, to whom France owes the construction of the principal conductors (*Para-tonnerres*) in that empire, possesses one of the completest collections of electrical machines in Paris, in *la Rue de Clichy*, No. 33. His magnificent battery, of sixty feet in circumference, kills an

ox in a second of time. It is powerful enough to kill an elephant. An infinitely lesser shock kills the largest species of game, such as deer and hares; and a still slighter, all sorts of volatiles, as turkies, geese, &c.

As soon as the animal is put to death by these means, the flesh acquires a degree of tenderness which is really wonderful. There is no time to be lost in passing it from the electrical machine to the spit. This effect is more or less rapid, according to the season, the species, and above all, the size of the subject on which the operation was performed.

We invite all those persons who wish to have their poultry or pigeons made immediately tender and fit for the cook, to send them alive to Mr. Beyer. He will direct, for those who may desire it, electrical machines to be made, and disposed in such a manner as to make the flesh of their fowls, &c. soft and tender in the twinkling of an eye.

The foregoing narrative, of the sudden death of animals, and of the speedy mortification of their flesh, is taken from the second Almanack of the Gormands; and from the fourth, we have translated the following curious account of frogs as an aliment:—

Frogs are a very delicate kind of food, being light and wholesome, agreeing with every stomach, and equally suitable to the invalid and the robust gormandizer. But they are only in season in Lent, which is the period they are generally served up at the Parisian tables.

No other part is used but the thighs, which are eaten fried, or as a white fricassee, with pastry.

Sometimes broth is made with them, which is very wholesome and nourishing, and is given with success to consumptive persons.

There is now living at Riom, in Auvergne, a publican named Simon, who has a peculiar talent for dressing frogs. He does not make any secret of his method of cooking them, and fricassees them in presence of every person who wishes to see it: notwithstanding which, among all the cooks who have witnessed his proceedings, and who have imitated them exactly, not one has been able to catch his method, nor to make the frogs, as he does, so nicely crisp, that the bones cannot be distinguished.

Gormandizing travellers often turn twenty leagues out of their road to go to Riom, solely to eat frogs; and this is also one of the greatest treats to the inhabitants of that town.

What proves at once the goodness of this mess, and the impossibility of counterfeiting it, is, that its author has gained above two hundred thousand livres (about ten thousand pounds) by

this trade, although he sells a dish, which contains three dozen of frogs, for a shilling; so that he must have sold above seven millions of frogs.

When a person has once tasted them, he thinks he can never eat enough; and as it is almost impossible they should cause an indigestion, the very salubrity of this aliment turns to the profit of the cook. He not only serves them up in his own house, but supplies many private families, and all the taverns in the town, and is not able to furnish enough for the consumption required.

His manner of preparing them is this. After having skinned the frog, and cast away all but the thighs, he throws them into cold water, which cleanses and whitens them; he then steeps them in whites of eggs, powders them with flour, and fries them. When in the dish, he squeezes a little lemon-juice over them, and sends them to table burning hot.

As every body may easily do the same, there is reason to believe that the exquisite quality of M. Simon's frogs, proceeds much more from the manner in which he feeds them, than from his way of dressing them. No one knows of what that food consists: this is a mystery which he has never been willing to discover. It is only known, that in his immense cellars there are a vast number of large tubs of water, filled with thousands of frogs, which, with their perpetual croaking, make a music which appears delightful to the gormandizers who are within hearing.—But M. Simon is the only one who enjoys it nearly; for he takes special care to lock himself in when he visits his boarders.

We have one important remark to make, which is, that although frogs, as we have already mentioned, are only in season in Lent, they are, with M. Simon, delicious all the year round, even in spawning time, which is so prejudicial to all aquatic animals.

Does this proceed from the food he gives them, or from some particular precautions? This is impossible to be known; and on this subject we have only leave to form conjectures.

We have now extracted the quintessence of these four Epicurean Calendars, and have only to add, that there is a fabric or manufacture of barley-sugar, in Paris, which, during ten months of the year, (excluding the two hot months,) boils daily, three or four times, thirty or forty pounds of sugar each time; and this prodigious consumption is to be attributed as much to its goodness as to its moderate price.

In the article of Guinea Fowls, (*Poules Pindades*), the author says, "The interesting Cla-

rissa Harlowe took great pleasure in feeding and taking care of these birds."

De Lolme, the Swiss author of a well-known work, on the *Constitution of England*, which was published in 1775, told the writer of this account, that he had gone purposely at midnight, after having just finished reading the interesting story of *Clarissa*, merely to look at the outside of the house where she is feigned to have died, at the corner of King-street, looking into Covent-Garden. It is at present an orange-shop.

It is remarkable that no mention is made of turtle.—We shall be obliged to any of our turtle-eating readers, if they will have the goodness to send us a particular description and account of the dressing the *callipash*, *callipee*, *green fat*, &c. in order to form a precious and acceptable article in the almanack for the ensuing year. Such account shall be translated and forwarded to the French editor, and honourable mention shall be made of the contributor, who will thus stand a fair chance of being immortalized in the next almanack.

FINE ARTS.

A LETTER ON LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

FROM AN EMINENT ARTIST.

SIR

You are of opinion, that an account of the route I have pursued, to acquire so late in life some proficiency in the arts, might be both useful and interesting. How much it were to be wished that many artists had done so before me! What advantage should we derive from it, were we to find in the lives of painters a history of their art; the means by which they attained to excellence; their difficulties, and how they surmounted them; together with the observations they made during their progress to perfection. Their works would, perhaps, be less learned than those of profound connoisseurs, but they would contain many useful reflections, that occur to the artist in the exercise of his profession, which the mere critic can never have an opportunity of making. Thus, for example, the work which *Lairesse* began to write, after he had attained the highest degree of excellence, contains the most useful materials and things which none but a *Lairesse* could have observed with such accuracy, during his studies and those years in which he executed his best performances. How invaluable is the little work of *Mengs*, which furnishes more subjects for useful reflection than are to be found in ponderous folios! If as a philosopher he is sometimes obscure, yet his remarks as an artist are highly energetic and luminous; they manifest such a refined taste, such a spirit of observation and research, as can be expected only of the greatest artist of the present age.

But to return to myself: I am almost afraid to perform my promise. I fear I shall have nothing to say but what is of little importance. In this case, however, I shall only have troubled you

with an insipid epistle, which may share the same fate as letters of that description generally experience: and for your own sake as well as mine you will not suffer it to be the only blemish in your work.

You know that I was never intended for an artist, and therefore, in my youth I had no inducement to cultivate the arts. Though I was continually occupied in daubing, yet these attempts were nothing more than childish amusement, without object or motive. The natural consequences were, that I could not make any progress, and I lost much of my inclination for the pursuit.—The beauties of nature and the correct imitations of that original made, nevertheless, the deepest impression on my mind: but my taste for the art was only an undefinable sensation, unconnected with the knowledge of its principles.—Hence I was led to prefer another mode of expressing my sentiments and the delight with which I contemplated the beauties of nature—a mode which requires less mechanical practice, but the same talents, the same sensibility, and the same attentive observation of her charms.

The daily opportunities I enjoyed of examining the valuable collection belonging to my late father-in-law* revived my passion for the arts;

—
* M. Henry Heidegger, who died in 1763, was from his youth an admirer and connoisseur of the liberal arts. His cabinet is one of the best in our native city, and contains the best engravings from the Flemish school, and likewise a complete collection of the first impression of *Frey's* work, consisting of the best copies that have yet appeared of the sublime productions of the Roman school.

and, in my thirtieth year, I formed the resolution of trying whether I could attain to such proficiency as would procure me reputation among artists and connoisseurs.

My inclination led me more particularly to landscape; and I employed myself assiduously in drawing: but the same obstacles, which so many others have met with, impeded my progress.—Nature is doubtless the best and the most perfect model. Thus I thought and resolved to draw after nature. But what difficulties had I not to encounter, because I had not sufficiently studied in the works of the best masters the different methods of expressing objects! I followed nature too closely, and found myself involved in minute details, which destroyed the effect of the whole; and I seldom caught the manner which, without being servile or laboured, preserves the true character of objects. My grounds were overloaded with complicated details, my trees were tame and not arranged in imposing masses, and the whole was too much broken by labour without taste. In a word, my eye was not yet accustomed to consider nature as a picture; I was yet ignorant of the method of adding, or of omitting what it is not in the power of art to express; but at length I found that it was necessary to form myself by the works of the best masters. Is not the error into which I fell, the fault of those ancient artists, who practised the art in its infancy, and consequently had no good models? They copied nature so closely, that the least important objects in their works are often finished with as much care as the most conspicuous. On this account their pictures want the effect they ought to possess. Later artists, observing these defects, endeavoured to avoid them, and made themselves acquainted with the principles of beauty, relating to disposition and variety, masses, light and shade, &c. It was therefore necessary to study after these, and to abridge my route as much as possible, I selected for models only the best and most distinguished performances of their kind. This careful selection of the best works ought to be made the first fundamental principle both by the master and the pupil. Mediocrity is the most prejudicial, and ought to be avoided more than very bad productions, whose defects are more striking. How much might not engravers contribute to the improvement of good taste, if they would endeavour to obtain the approbation of connoisseurs, as well by the judicious selection as by the execution of their performances. What a number of indifferent works that never deserved the labour of a day, have many of them multiplied and been dispersed in the world. Or is it not worth while to reflect a little to what purpose we shall apply the labour of so many months?

It is a most pernicious loss of time in the instruction of young artists, to detain them with works of mediocrity. It is not thus that they will acquire a taste for what is really beautiful; the *mediocre* becomes supportable to them, and cherishes pride and conceit, because they find it easy to come up so nearly to their originals. Let a young artist study the heads of Raphael, and the sweet, insipid countenances of many of the moderns will become insupportable to him.—Let him, on the contrary, copy the works of many fashionable artists, and then delineate the Apollo or Antinous; he will transform them into common figures or bad dancers; and what is still worse, he will not be sensible how ill he has accomplished his task.

In my studies, I found it the best plan to go from one principal part to another. He who attempts to forward the whole together, certainly adopts the most laborious method; his attention is too much divided and must be fatigued by the numerous difficulties he meets with at once amid such a variety of objects. My first attempts were trees, and for my model I selected Waterloo, of whose works I found nearly a complete collection in the above-mentioned cabinet. The more I studied him, the more I discovered the true character of nature in his landscapes. I practised his manner till I could with facility express my own ideas. At the same time I did not neglect to consult other masters, who, though their manner was not that of a Waterloo, nevertheless imitated nature with success. I accustomed myself to work after Berghem and Swaneveld; and whenever I met with a tree, a trunk, a bush that particularly engaged my attention, I always made a more or less hasty sketch of it. By this mixed practice I acquired more facility of expression and more originality of style, than when I attached myself to Waterloo as my only model. I proceeded from one part to another. For rocks I chose the bold masses of Berghem and Salvator Rosa, and the drawings of Felix Meyer, Ermel, and Hackert, in which they have copied the true character of nature. For hills and grounds I took the luxuriant scenes and softly-fading distances of Lorrain; the gently-flowing slopes of Wouwerman, which, illuminated by a moderate light, are covered with a tender verdure, that too often, indeed, resembles velvet; and Waterloo, whose grounds are nature itself, so that in this particular he is very difficult to-copy. For sandy or rocky grounds, with patches of grass, shrubs and underwood I preferred Berghem.

I found my efforts much less laborious, when I again returned to the study of nature. I now knew in what originality of style consisted; I had learnt to observe a thousand objects in na-

ture which had before escaped me; and, with greater ease, to give expression in cases to which the principles of art will not apply. At first I had often sought in vain in my walks for objects for picturesque design; I now discover some at every step. I may often look in vain for a tree whose whole form is beautifully picturesque: but now that my eye is accustomed to it, I can find in a tree, otherwise of a bad figure, some individual part, some well-formed branch or mass of foliage, some particular portion of the trunk, which, if judiciously introduced, imparts truth and beauty to my works. A stone may furnish me with a model for the finest mass of rock; I can expose it to the sun in any point of view I please, and observe the most pleasing effects of light and shade, *chiaro oscuro* and reflection.—But in this mode of studying nature, I am obliged to be upon my guard not to suffer myself to be led away by a taste for singularity; but, on the contrary, to seek what is noble and simple, otherwise I may easily acquire an extravagant style, and overload my compositions with fantastic figures.

My studies from nature were neither laboured nor superficial, whether I designed small portions or whole views. The more interesting any part of my subject appears, the more I finish it on the spot. Many artists content themselves with borrowing from nature some grand idea in a hasty sketch, which they finish at some future time. But how? In the manner they have adopted; the truth and peculiar character of the objects are lost. This deficiency cannot be compensated either by the magic of colouring, or by the highest effect of light and shade. The spectator is enchanted, but only for a moment; the scrutinizing eye seeks truth and nature, but these are not to be found.

But when I wished to complete any subject I had taken from nature, and to make such additions as to form a picturesque whole; I found myself embarrassed, and often introduced factitious circumstances, which would not harmonize with the simplicity and truth of those parts which I had selected from nature. My landscapes wanted grandeur and harmony; the light was too much dispersed, and there was no great and striking effect. I was therefore obliged to study how to produce a more perfect whole.

I was particularly anxious to discover those artists, who appeared to me to excel with regard to ideas and the choice and disposition of their subjects. In the landscapes of Everdingen I found rural simplicity, even in scenes in which reigns the greatest variety of impetuous torrents, craggy rocks thickly overgrown with bushes, where contented poverty has constructed its simple abode. All his works display boldness, taste and originality; but for rocks it is necessary to have a superior model, and such a one is Dietrich. His productions of this kind are of such excellence, that we are ready to take them for performances of Everdingen, in which he has surpassed himself. I admired Swanefeld's noble ideas, which are executed with such effect, and the reflected lights that fall on his vast masses of shade; the daring genius of Salvator Rosa, and the boldness of Rubens in the selection of his subjects. These and several others I now studied for a whole, as it was my principal object, to impress my imagination with the true sublimity of their style. At length I began to attach myself exclusively to the two Poussins and Claude Lorrain. In these I found real greatness; not a servile imitation of nature, but a selection of the most beautiful objects she affords. In the Poussins a poetic genius unites all that is great and noble; they carry us back to those times, for which history and poetry fill us with veneration, and transport us into countries, where nature is not wild but varied and luxuriant, and where, under the happiest climate, every vegetable production arrives at the utmost perfection. Their buildings are in the beautifully simple style of ancient architecture, and their inhabitants possess all that dignity which our imagination, warmed by their great actions, attribute to the Greeks and Romans.—An air of loveliness and content pervades all the scenes which Lorrain's pencil has created; they excite in us that rapture and those tranquil emotions, with which we contemplate the beauties of nature. They are rich without wildness and confusion; though diversified they every where breathe mildness and tranquillity. His landscapes are views of a happy land, that lavishes abundance on its inhabitants, under a sky, beneath which every thing flourishes in healthy luxuriance. [To be continued.]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ROBIN RED BREAST.

C BY PETER FINDAR, ESQ.

SWEET warbler, thy song on the thorn
Inspires me each day with delight,
I hear thy soft carol to morn,
And thy minstrelsy charms me at night.

But the blossoms of summer must fade,
And thy beak will be robb'd of its fruit;
The groves will deny thee a shade,
And with sorrow thy voice will be mute.

I mark thee forlorn in the wood,
All leafless, a tear in thine eye;
I see thee a stranger to food,
And knowing not whither to fly.

Then wing thee to Rosalind's bow'r,
Whose song is a rival to thine;
Her goodness will gild the dark hour,
For the virtues in Rosalind shine.

Thou wilt gather the crumbs from her hand,
And shake from thy pinions the snows;
Thy wish will her myrtles command,
To yield thee from storms a repose.

How chang'd then thy fate and the scene!
When her green-house resounds with thy lay;
Unruffled by winter's stern reign,
Forgetting the sunshine of May.

VERSES

*Written by a Lady, to whom a Gentleman
had sent a present of a pair of fashionable
Garters, in which was woven, as a motto, the
charge given to the men just before the battle of
Trafalgar — "England expects every man will
do his duty." — HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.*

If once a single Garter could surprise,
And lure a courtly circle's wond'ring eyes,
Could draw from Majesty a royal charter,
And cause an institution of the Garter;
If such high honours were, as said to be,
Shown to a lady's ribbon from her knee;
What! ought not I a grateful sense to show?
If, fast as thought, the power of words could
flow.

But, since nor words nor language can impart,
My vast susceptibility of heart,
Permit me just to say, respecting charters,
I reverence most your Order of the Garters.

THE ROLLING YEAR.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

PENSIVE I sat, with melancholy fear,
To watch the movements of the rolling year,
And from my eye did gently fall a tear
For Sarah.

Ah, cruel girl! to steal my heart away,
And leave the spot where oft' I wish'd to stay,
The brightest object of the fairest day,
My Sarah.

The curling lock, thy lovely sparkling eye,
Thy look so cheerful as the morning sky—
Ah! happy place, when thou art nigh,
My Sarah.

Thy heart so gen'rous, kind, and free,
And glowing with sweet piety—
Oh! deign once more to look on me,
My Sarah.

Could I but follow your retreat,
(The thought e'en makes my heart to beat,)
No hill nor dale should stop my feet
From Sarah.

Ah! why not tell me where you dwell?
There many a tale I would you tell,
And never more could say 'Farewell'
To Sarah.

My anxious breast heaves oft' a sigh—
Tell me, O friends! if she be nigh,
On wings of Love that I may fly
To Sarah.

But all is silent and serene—
She's gone!—and no more can be seen—
To village cot and pasture green—
My Sarah.

A heav'nly voice thrills thro' my ear—
"Be still, and watch the rolling year,
"She has a heart, and loves sincere"—
Ah, Sarah!

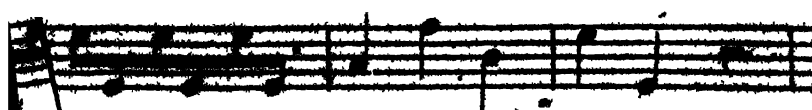
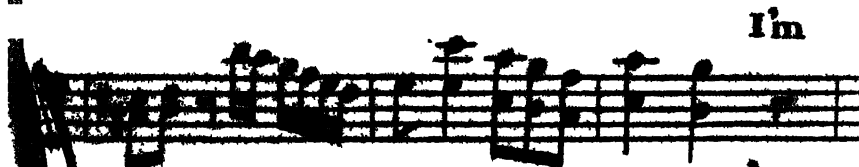
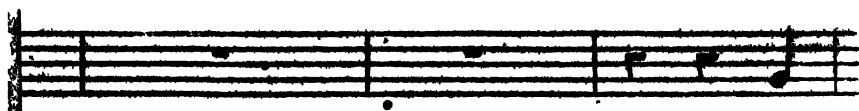
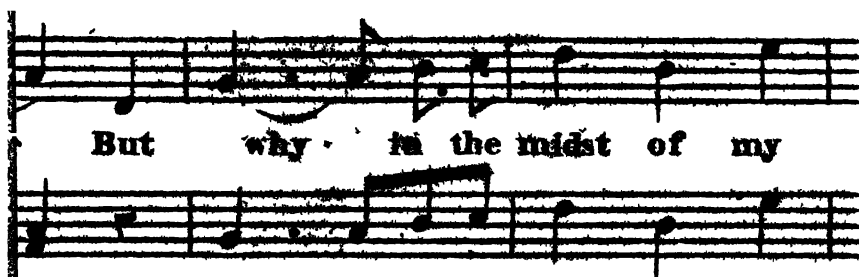
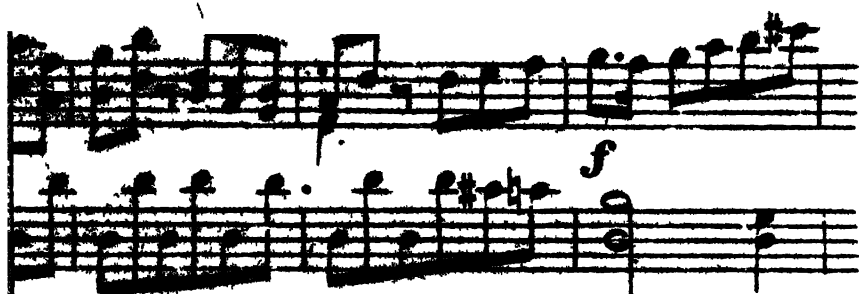
I will be still, and wait the day
Of her return, like blooming May,
And then I shall for ever say,
My Sarah.

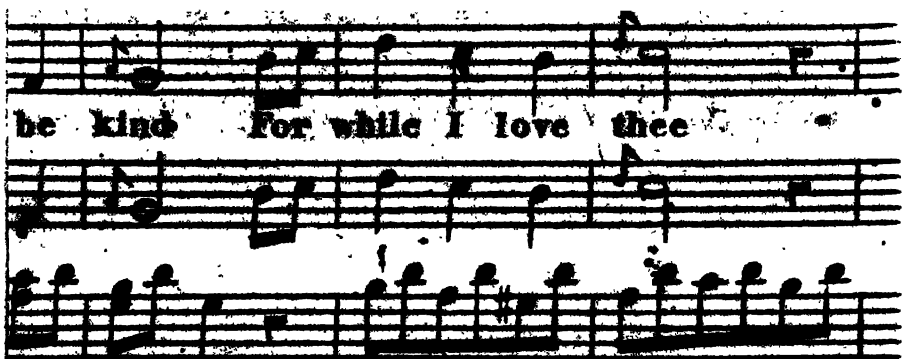
A. M.

Somerset-House, August 23, 1806.

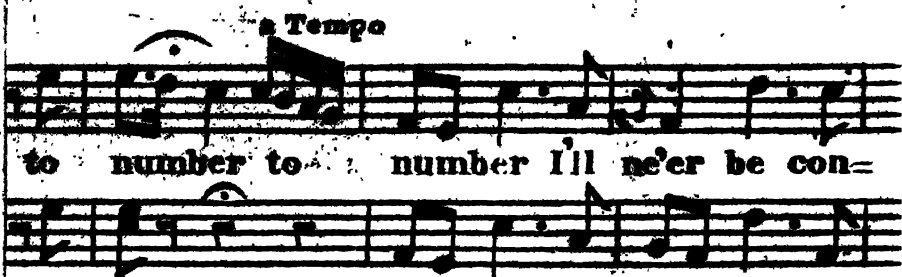
KISSES.

& exclusively for La Belle Assemblée





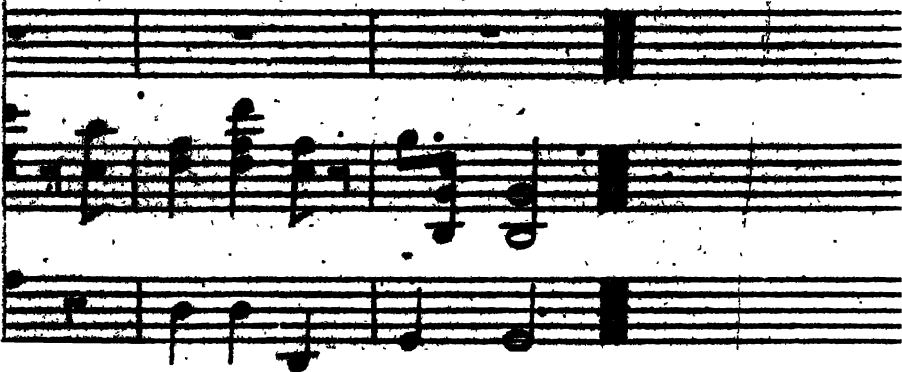
be kind For while I love thee



a Tempo
to number to number I'll ne'er be con=



a Tempo



MOMENTS OF REFLECTION,

In the Hermitage of a Gentleman's Park, in Norfolk.

FRIENDS of my youth! as dear as ye are few,
And ye enchanting scenes!—romantic shades!
I yield me all to solitude, to you,
And not a meaner thought the dream in-
vades.

The awful silence of this dark retreat,
At times dispell'd by choral warblers' notes,
Where the wood-pigeon, melancholy sweet,
With thrush and black-bird tune their mellow
throats.

Or breeze Æolian, whisp'ring in the grove,
Skimming the surface of the winding lake,
A gently rustling through each green alcove,
A sickly fancy might suggest it spake.

All ask thy pen, Oh Hammond! to diffuse
The glowing tenderness their sounds have
lent,
As mem'ry's retrospective charm renews
Vuluptuous hours with sweet associate spent.

But memory's pleasures ever mix with pain;
They not alone present existing friends,
But those who in their narrow mansions lain,
Heed not the tribute such remembrance
sends.

The mystic characters my hand gave place,
(Oh, sacred name upon my heart imprest!)
On yonder bark some searching eye may trace,
When hand and heart with long lost kindred
rest.

Then may yon fane, that rears its gilded spire,
Now imperceptible athwart the gloom,
Kindle in them, as animate desire,
Of future worth to meet a future doom.

May this lone Hermitage, (which now reminds
That time bears lightly in his rapid flight,
The day* that scatters to inconstant winds,
Licence of childhood for each vain delight.)

Amend the faulty, and maintain the good,
Dismiss an Anchorite in ev'ry guest,
With mind that, free from folly's blinding hood,
Excludes pale envy from th' admiring breast.

In cell surrounded by this rich domain,
I pray not fortune for a splendid gift,
If one sole point my constancy shall gain,
Let other mortals plod for worldly thrift.

* In allusion to the writer's approaching ma-
jority.

The noble owner of this smiling plain,
Whose stores are ample as his bosom's warm,
Feels not more pleasure in the wile champaign,
Then I in pausing on each separate charm.

Friends of my youth! I quit Elysian bow'rs
Without one sigh, I bid these haunts adieu;
For pass some quick-revolving round of hours,
And ev'ry step shall bring me nearer you!

G. A. G.

STANZAS.

ON silver wings exultant borne,
See the midnight fairies glide,
A dew-drop wreath their locks adorn,
Reflected by the sleeping tide.

Now, o'er the dew bespangled lawn,
The splendid elfin circle move,
Glide o'er ripe fields of golden corn,
Or tell the fairy tale of love.

Or sportive chase some brilliant star
Swift shooting from its heav'n-bright sphere,
Or ride, 'midst elemental war,
Their fairy car on evening tear.

Or chase some comet's fiery form,
Whose flames night's shadowy vale illumine;
Or ride unhurt the light'ning storm
Or tend some sister fairy's tomb.

Or up the slanting moon-beams climb,
Or chase some meteor's rapid ray,
Till morning comes, "sweet hour of prime,"
And warns the Sylphed tribe away.

Kingsland.

J. M.

IRREGULAR SONNET.

THE THEFT.

I STOLE a kiss!

A kiss, than incense sweeter, or the gale
That sighs, luxuriant, o'er the blossom'd vale,
Rifling nectareous dews! extatic bliss!
Not all the honey'd stores of balmy Spring,
Or Autumn bearing the replenish'd horn;
Nor pleasures, of the bright-eyed Fancy born,
Which fleet across the brain on gilded wing,
And, ever as the faint ideas hold,
Diffuse their raptures o'er the charmed mind,
Can with such raptures all the feelings bind
As sweet affection's kiss!—then be not cold,
But, chaster than the mate-enamour'd dove,
Impart the sacred pledge, the bond of love.

G. L. C.

TO THE WATERFALL.

Is this the spot where, drunk with pleasure,
Beneath embow'ring shades I lay?
Is that the rock from whose brown summit
The streamlet dash'd its headlong way?

Ah see, where pour'd the limpid torrent
O'er stones and moss its foaming tide,
Now glistens bright a crystal column,
Depending from the tall cliff's side.

How dull the grove, stripp'd of its honours,
Where once beneath the darksome shade,
Among the gently-waving foliage
The zephyrs with the blossoms play'd.

How lovely gleam'd the dancing sun-beams,
The thick o'erarching boughs between,
On the soft moss, the stream, the flowers—
How dreary now—how chang'd the scene!

But soon again shall spring returning
With freshest verdure clothe each bow'r;
Again dissolve the ice-bound current,
And shed around its gladd'ning pow'r.

O then beneath your shades receive me,
Where free from care my hours may fly,
As, list'ning to the cascade's murmur,
Upon the mossy bank I lie.

Then shall the dark wood and the valley,
Th' enamell'd plain and breezy hill,
And ev'ry simple vernal flower
My heaving breast with transport fill.

Nor kings nor princes then I'll envy
As near the cool stream I recline;
And, while my senses swim in pleasure,
I quaff with glee the gen'rous wine:

Or when, beneath your shady bowers,
The Muses glowing themes inspire,
Whose streams shall, e'en in unborn ages,
Each breast with virtuous ardour fire.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GIVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to her song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast:

Of long, long years of future care
Till lingering Nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair
Beyond the judgment-day of death—

The weeping Minstrel sings;
And while her numbers flow,
My Spirit trembles thro' the strings,
And every note is full of woe.

Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The strings, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind
With luxury or grief,
The Soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
—A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet—yet mournful still.

O snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who has been a stranger long:—
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's Life thy song!

Of vanished troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers, that hear the voice of spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth;—

Sing heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom controul,
And at thy voice shall start
A new Cr  ation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE FOURTH COALITION.

ITS PROBABLE EVENTS AND CONSEQUENCES.

A Fourth Coalition has at length been formed against France. It cannot but be generally interesting to endeavour to collect its probable event. The present circumstances of Europe, and the coalesced Powers so nearly resemble those of the commencement of the year 1805, the period of the Third Coalition, that something may doubtless be deduced from the analogy.

To what were all the misfortunes of the Third Coalition to be imputed? To nothing but their errors. The first consideration in the present moment is to avail ourselves of our past experience, and, standing on the ground of knowledge so dearly purchased, to avoid a repetition of the same fatal faults.

The detail of the circumstances of the Third Coalition will answer two most important ends, that of exhibiting before our minds the causes and fatal effects of these errors, and by this historical analysis, enable us either to elude, or apply correctives to such of the same events, as from the similarity of circumstances may be expected again to occur.

The first cause of the disasters of the Third Coalition was the celerity of the motions on the part of Bonaparte, and the comparative tardiness on that of the Allies. The treaty of coalition was signed at Petersburg about the end of April, 1805, but every motion was suspended till Novoziltzoff should return from his mission to Paris,—a mission upon which he had not at that time departed. The union was endeavoured to be concealed on the part of Russia and Austria under the pretext of an armed neutrality. Bonaparte, however, was not the dupe of this finesse. He replied to it with equal dexterity by collecting an immense army at Boulogne, under the pretext of invading England; whilst Novoziltzoff, therefore, was negotiating, Bonaparte was acting,—collecting his army, and animating his people.

Let us recall to our minds this singular man during the months of July, August, and September, 1805—Observe him not a moment inactive. In council, on the parade, at Paris, at Boulogne, at the Hague, every where almost at the same time, moving with the simplicity, and therefore all the unimpeded velocity of his natural character. By his impulse every thing is put in motion,—the *Moniteur* reasons, the Bishops

preach, men of learning write, the Prefects address their several districts, public opinion is cherished and animated on all sides.—All France moves to Boulogne, and songs of anticipated triumph precede the march.

Let us return from this review to that of the allied cabinets. What are they doing all this time?—They are negotiating. Novoziltzoff is writing dispatches to and from Berlin, and referring to public law, which Bonaparte acknowledges about as much as the Tartar hordes themselves. In the cabinet of Vienna cabal, dissension, jealousy, disunion; every thing, in a word, which is contrary to simplicity, force, directness, and a confirmed purpose.

Thus was the comparative state of the preparation on the part of the coalesced Powers and France. Is it necessary to say, upon which side was the most promising appearance of a favourable result.

2. Let us hasten from this preparation to the commencement. The mission of Novoziltzoff failed, the French armies were collected, and the Allies saw that not a moment was to be lost. The march accordingly began,—let us see according to what plan, to what point, and with what concert.

In the first place, Austria was to concentrate herself in some strong point of her empire, behind the Inn, and there to wait the junction of the Russians who were marching through Moravia.

In the second place, the Russians were to march in three bodies or divisions, about 60,000 each,—the two divisions to the west of that which marched direct for the Inn, were to proceed by Prussia and Sweden, and endeavour to collect the forces of these two monarchs, of whose intentions the coalesced Powers made too certain. The union effected, they were all to march direct for the common point of junction. Suabia, Bavaria, and Franconia would thus have been the theatre of war.

In the first place, a strong army was to have been stationed in Italy, the *avante garde*, as it were, of the German army, and that which, in the event of any success, must have effectually completed the ruin of the French armies in Germany.

Such was the plan of the campaign. Was there any thing here to censure?—No; let justice be done to Mr. Pitt, it was a coalition worthy of

him and the Russian minister—It was great in every part, and had every human promise of success. But man contrives, and Heaven controuls.

3. In this manner, therefore, the armies marched. Now, indeed, commences the period of their errors. The Austrians, rendered timid in their councils by long misfortunes, still attempted to disguise their purpose, and resolution of hostility, when disguise was no longer possible; but, as leading to indecisive uncertain measures, was attended with the most extreme danger.—With this purpose, to prove to Bonaparte that they were unwilling to attack him, the Austrian cabinet delayed its negotiation with Bavaria. Nothing was settled when the Austrian army arrived in the territories of this Electorate, and this Prince began to balance between two allies almost equally formidable. The tardiness of the negotiation on the part of Bavaria, the high tone and severity of Austria with regard to that power, the evident intention of the Austrian cabinet to disregard her decision, and in any event to treat her as an enemy, added to the circumstance of the son of the Elector being at that time at Paris, prevailed, and this Prince connected himself with and declared for Bonaparte.

Here, therefore, was a most fatal error,—that of indisposing a Prince, whose interest might otherwise have induced him to become an ally, at least a neutral.

The first error led of necessity to a second. It was no longer possible to wait for the French behind the Inn, as had been previously concerted with the Court of Petersburg. The Austrian armies, therefore, found it necessary to pass the Isar and the Lech, and advance towards Augsburg and Dunauburg, in the hope of sustaining the first shock of the French arms in Suabia.—They hastened therefore to the fatal spot, and employed themselves in securing defiles, and entrenching themselves in their positions. They calculated that Bonaparte could not reach them by the ordinary course of march till the Russians had joined them; they forgot, however, that this extraordinary man is not accustomed to do any thing in an ordinary manner. Here was their third error,—an error as to the character of their enemy; and a most fatal error did it prove.

4. Let us now look for Bonaparte.—On the first of October he entered Germany at the head of the French armies, and swept every thing before him. He approached the enemy,—Bernadotte was separated from him by the territory of Anspach. It was impossible to attack the Austrians unless united with Bernadotte. But was Bernadotte to march round the territory of Anspach, so as to effect the union without violating the territory of the King of Prussia? The Rus-

sians might arrive before the union was effected. What was to be done?—Bonaparte gave orders for an instant march across the territory of Anspach, and effected his union.

5. A fourth error was in the manner in which the Austrian army under Mack, when thus surprised, where they should doubtless have been prepared against every thing, received the French, in scattered parts and divisions, instead of entrenching themselves in one position, and suffering the French to exhaust themselves by repeated attacks. If Mack had held out in this manner, one of two events must have happened,—either that he would not have been subdued till the arrival of the Russian armies, or that the French armies, in subduing him, would have so exhausted themselves as to be unable to meet the fresh armies of the North. Mack, however, was a traitor, or a coward,—corrupted or panic struck. The French no sooner reached the scene of action than victory succeeded victory, to the ruin of the Austrian monarchy. Bonaparte had entered Germany on the 1st of October,—on the 2d he violated the territory of Anspach,—on the 3d he fought at Vellinghausen,—on the 7th he reached the Danube,—on the 9th he fought at Guntzburg,—and on the 11th at Memmingen. The Austrian forces met the French in detachments, and were successively subdued by superiority of numbers. Perhaps the whole history of mankind cannot parallel the folly, the insanity of General Mack.

The event of the battle of Memmingen concluded the drama. Ulm fell of course. The Austrian army was annihilated, and Vienna exposed.

This detail will enable our readers to form a judgment of what may be expected to be the event of the present coalition, a coalition which has nearly all the force of the Third Coalition, without its principle of weakness.

The Third Coalition consisted of the five Powers of Europe, Austria, Russia, England, Sweden, and Naples. Austria is not indeed in the Fourth Coalition, but her place is occupied by a Power more strong, more compact, and what perhaps is still more than all, unbroken in spirit by the long habit of defeat.

There is still another consideration in favour of the Fourth Coalition,—if it be not assisted, it is at the same time not impeded by the Austrians. The Austrian cabinet contributed in no slight degree to the misfortunes of the Third Coalition, and the Russians gave up every thing to their decision. These things are all in favour of the Fourth Coalition; and if the resolution of Prussia continue (of this we are sorry to add that we entertain a considerable degree of doubt) some may thing be expected.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR OCTOBER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Monday the 18th, the Tragedy of *Macbeth* was performed at this Theatre.

The *Macbeth* of Kemble, and the *Lady Macbeth* of Mrs. Siddons, have been so often repeated, that we have nothing to add upon the point of their performance of this boast of the English drama. But we cannot abstain from some remarks upon what is equally material to the perfect effect of this Tragedy, the little taste, or rather the absolute want of taste, in what regards the management of the Stage, and the propriety of mechanical apparatus.

It is one of the essential rules of the drama, as of painting, that the scenery should always have the same general characteristic as the fable and main action. This rule is undubitably wholly artificial, as nature, or rather fortune, does not always follow this propriety, and it is no uncommon thing in the varied incidents of life, to see misery amidst scenes of gaiety, and melancholy amidst general joy. But if the rule above mentioned be but an artifice, it is one of those artifices which the poet has a right to employ, and which, by the accumulation of similar images, all concurring to one effect, produce the most powerful emotion of the mind, and elevate simple astonishment, and imperfect wonder, to the full swell of the sublime and terrible.

In the stage management of *Macbeth* is a most glaring deficiency of this poetic propriety. The images of sublimity and horror belong not to light and meridian splendor. The proper field of the great and sublime is the field of darkness,—the barren, blasted heath,—the wide waste of night and desolation.

"Where Heav'n peeps through the blanket of the dark

"To cry—Hold, hold!"

Why then is the house more than usually lighted as the Witches come forward? Why do they come so forward, as if fearful of not being

Is there any thing in Shakespeare, or in this noble Tragedy, more sublime, more truly an image of horror, than the Witches' cauldron? By what strange perversion of taste is it diminished into a carpenter's pitch kettle? In a word, why is the effect of this whole scene thus miserably marred? Why is it made as ridiculous on the stage as it is awful in the closet? Why is *Hecate* turned into an old mumbling termagant, and every Witch, young and old, rendered laboriously ridiculous? Shakespeare has indeed writ-

ten his magic in vain, and wish all the good sense and solid taste of an English audience, this scene, the best worked in the play, is scarcely endured. With the real taste of Mr. Kemble this is more than surprizing.

The afterpiece of *Robin Hood* was brought forward for the purpose of introducing Mr. Bellamy, from the Dublin Theatre, in the character of *Robin Hood*. This Gentleman possesses a fine bass voice, including at least two perfect octaves, equally distinguished by its strength and flexibility. We were at one time inclined to believe, from this circumstance, that his voice was a *barytone*, but it proved to be a *bass*, of larger compass than usual. In this line of characters, we doubt not that Mr. Bellamy, with the aid of a manly figure, and action more graceful than belongs to the general mass of singers, will render himself both useful and popular.

A young Lady of the name of Bolton, made her first appearance on Wednesday, the 15th, in the character of *Polly*, in the *Beggars' Opera*—We never remember to have witnessed a more interesting appearance.—She was received with that kindness which the first introduction of youth and beauty always ensure, and in proportion as her merit developed itself, with a rapturous acclamation.

But it is chiefly as a singer that she must expect the continuance of her present reputation.—As a singer she delighted us beyond any actress for this long period.—Her chief characteristic here, as in acting, is simplicity, and natural sweetness. She warbles her "native woodnotes wild" with a melody and effect which excited the surprise of the house.—The duet, "Were I laid on Greenland's coast," and "The Miser thus a shilling sees," she gave with equal harmony and natural feeling. In the duet, "How now, saucy jade," she wanted force,—this duet is not only out of the character of Miss Bolton, but of the general character of *Polly*—*Polly* is here confounded with *Lucy*.—The song, "Cease your funning," was invented by the Author, and is formed by the Composer, so as to be a direct burlesque on the bravuras of the Opera-House.—It required therefore a peculiar force, and science, which Miss Bolton does not as yet possess.

In every other part of the character she was all that we wished, and is beyond all possibility of dispute, with the exception of Mrs. Mountain, the best *Polly* on the stage. We think it but justice to say this.

Mr. Melvin, the new actor from York, has appeared twice in the character of *Walter* in *The*

Children in the Wood, without much awe from the reputation of Bannister, or fear of the censure of the critics.—Courage is commendable sometimes in its overthrow; but we fear that Mr. Melvin has nothing to soften his ill success from any degree of merit which he has shewn in the contest.

The part of *Walter* requires some analysis.—There is a distinction between a character well drawn, and a character which furnishes an opportunity for being well acted. The first requires a good writer, the other an excellent actor. On the part of the writer nothing more than a sketch is here necessary; the actor fills it up. It is a great help to the Comedy writers of the present day, that the actors are for the most part as excellent as the authors are absurd. An instance of this in the tragic drama is Kemble's *Octavian*, and perhaps his *Rolla*. In the comic line no example stands more prominent than Bannister's *Walter* in *The Children in the Wood*. A more naked insipid piece of dulness was never perhaps put to paper; a finer or more effective piece of acting was never witnessed on the stage. The genius of the actor here comes to the relief of the author; the author has simply to say, "Give me an honest carpenter," and the actor furnishes the rest.—It is the latter who imitates life, and, with real talent, gives to every character, and every mode of character, its proper traits; selecting those which have most effect, and rejecting others which might lessen its force, but in his selection, as in his rejection, still within nature. Bannister's *Jobson* is another illustration of this remark; except that *Jobson*, as written by Moliere, is almost portrayed with as much talent as it is acted.

It is in the part of *Walter* that Melvin appears in competition with Bannister. Melvin's *Walter* is a laborious and most unsuccessful effort; he has no nature, no feeling; every thing is acted, and even not acted according to a just idea. He twists, doubles, shrugs, &c; he is an antic all through; a character which is not natural in this nation, and that for the best reason in the world, because it is not rational. The common people of England may be characterised as a people of strong sense. Affectation alone makes antics; but affectation is not the vice of low or middling life. Melvin's *Walter* was perhaps the *Waller* of the Comedy,—a most insipid, feeble, insufferable piece of dulness. It excited no one emotion whatever; it only served to impress us with a sincere regret at the absence of Bannister from the other house.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Thursday the 16th was performed Reynolds's drama of *The Will*, for the purpose of introducing a lady of the name of Forbes, in the character of *Albina Mandeville*.

The character of this play, like every other of Mr. Reynolds's, is somewhat difficult to give; it is like those persons in common life, of whom all are unanimous in saying that they have no character at all.—By long habit the taste of the town has been formed to these things, so that better would not be understood. It is a lamentable era in the public taste when it is thus corrupted; there is then little hope of any amendment, as all possible source of such amelioration is itself the channel of corruption.

Authors first corrupted the stage; the stage now corrupts authors.

To compare great things with small, something of this kind happened in the decline of Roman wit. A Seneca appeared who had excellence enough to recommend and introduce a bad taste; he was followed by others who had all his faults but little of his excellence; and this class was succeeded by a third, who had all his faults, and none of his merits. We do not here mean to compare Mr. Reynolds to Seneca. We will not even put him in the second or even third class of corruptors; but "if in the lowest deep a lower still remains," we shall assign it as the fit station for this arch destroyer of sense and grammar. We certainly do not wish to see a religious inquisition adopted in literature; we will allow sects in wit as in faith; but where heresy rears so tremendous a head, we should be almost inclined to recommend the ancient application of the faggot, not indeed to the persons, but to the works of these authors.

Whilst we say this of the dramas of Mr. Reynolds and his cotemporaries, we think it but justice to add, that it is our opinion that he writes rather to please the town than to please himself; he doubtless laughs at his own comedies, and perhaps from another impulse than his audience.

Mrs. Forbes appeared in *Albina* in this play.—Her figure is graceful and interesting; and she seems to understand her business. The character has a good deal of effect, though nothing which can properly be said to resemble either nature or art; it has not the propriety of the one, or the skilfulness of the other. We remember it with pleasure in the hands of the inimitable Jordan,—Mrs. Forbes must be considered as a second to her.

new Fashions for October 1806.

N^o 1.

N^o 4.



LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For NOVEMBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 1.—A WALKING DRESS.

A Walking Dress, of plain cambric muslin, with simple wrap front, and frock back. A pale fawn-coloured sarsnet, trimmed all round with a mohair fringe, flowing open, but which is occasionally wrapped round the figure, as taste or inclination may direct. Mountain bonnets of natural straw, worn low on the forehead. Bow of fawn-coloured ribband on the left side, continued under the chin, and terminating there, with bows and ends. High shoes, and parasol of fawn-colour, with white fringe and bows. Limerick gloves.

No. 2.—AN EVENING DRESS.

Plain clear muslin petticoat, with short train; worn over white sarsnet; bordered at the bottom, a little above the hem, in a Vandyke of shaded green chenille. A Spanish demi-robe of white satin, sloped in the form of a crescent behind and before, and terminating on each side in a point, from whence is suspended a tassel of chenille; the under wrap plaited in front, and a demi-wrap commencing on the right shoulder crosses the bosom, and terminates on the left side of the waist; worked backs, somewhat higher than usual; an under sleeve of white satin, embroidered at the edge, to correspond with the bottom of the dress; a muslin sleeve over, full at the bottom, and gathered into a pearl broach in the centre of the arm. Lace tucker to shade the bosom, quite straight. Flora cap of green velvet, with a flowing border of deep lace, caught up in front with a pearl ornament. Hair in crossed hands, with a few simple curls beneath, falling on one eyebrow. Pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets. White satin shoes; and white kid gloves, above the elbow.

PARISIAN FIGURES.

No. 3.—WALKING DRESS.

A plain frock of French cambric, simply open, hemmed at the bottom; the bosom cut low, gathered into a narrow worked band, and buttoned down the back; full sleeve, gathered into two rows of puckered net, and tied at the back of the arm with pale pink ribband; a sash of the same colour fastened behind in small bows, with unequal ends, not exceeding one yard. Bonnet of white straw, *à la Pamela*, tied so close as nearly to conceal the chin; crown of pink figured sarsnet; a puffing of ribband round, and bow and ends in front. Hair in loose curls. Brown India shawl, checked with pink. Amber earrings, and brooch. Brown kid high shoes, laced with pink cord. Tan-coloured gloves, fastened above the elbow with a puckered glove-top. Pink parasol.

No. 4.—FULL DRESS.

A white crape under dress, white satin over it, embroidered up the front and round the bottom with a border of tulips. A Circassian robe of lilac sarsnet, embroidered with the same, in natural colours; robin back, cut very low; sleeves of white satin, very full, with crape cuffs, embroidered in colours to correspond with the robe; plain round bosom, very low, with a simple tucker of plaited net, an erect plaiting of Vandyke lace, commencing from the edge of the shoulder, and continuing round the back. A white silk fringe round the bottom of the petticoat, and up the sides of the robe. Bandeau of laurel leaves in foil, round the temples and across the forehead, totally obscuring the flow of hair. Plain bands, however, are seen above, united in a bow on the top, and attached to a Jockey crown of white satin, ornamented with foil. Three curled ostrich feathers in front. Diamond necklace and earrings. Gloves, accidentally below the elbow. Shoes of white satin, with bows of silver embossed ribband. Fan of white crape, ornamented in natural flowers of foil.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS.

ALTHOUGH we have seldom witnessed a more delightful autumn, yet the severity of the air has worked a sensible change in the face of nature. The foliage has for some weeks past assumed its robe of various hues. Withering leaves sigh in the eastern blast, and rattle in dreary dissonance through the deserted walks. Trees, shrubs and flowers, yield to Nature's resistless mandate, and gradually sink into their annual rest, while her votaries are cheered with the pleasing thought that

"Another May, new buds and sweets shall bring,"

and the spring of nature be wafted back on the wings of time.

While these changes take place in the vegetable kingdom, the more animated part of creation shone in the general metamorphose. The chilly autumnal gales, the partial and enfeebled sun beams have obliged our fair country-women to discard the outward vestment of texture fine, and fabrick clear; and the form is now wrapt in the chaste pelice, or sheltered by fur tippets, mohair shawls and cloaks, and spencers of diversified forms.

The Spanish pelice, and Tuscan robe of fawn-coloured sarsnet, is admired for its novel and graceful appearance. Sarsnet bonnets of the same, trimmed with Turkish ribband or swansdown. The form *a la provencale*, or, the double arch front. These, with black chip, and a few fancy straw intermingled with velvet, will be considered as most fashionable till the winter standard of taste shall be established.

The Persian cravat is a new and distinguishing covering for the throat; it is formed of muslin half-yard wide and two long, worked all round in a rich border of embroidery, and lined throughout with coloured sarsnet. It is simply tied once round the throat, and the ends are left loose. When the spencer or pelice is made without a scarf, this cravat, worn on the outside, has a very good effect.

The Circassian robe of fawn-coloured muslin, flowing loose from the shoulders, trimmed with a broad Turkish ribband, and exhibiting a chemizette, and petticoat of white satin, is very elegant for an evening dress. Coloured muslin dresses (chiefly brown), of various forms, are very universal. They are occasionally trimmed with Vandyke lace, silver fringe, and swansdown.—Frocks of plain crape muslin are most simply elegant. They are worn over white satin slips, and a white satin ribband is tied flat round the bottom, at the edge of which is a deep lace, put on nearly plain. A few of our *haut ton*, distinguished for

youth and beauty, have adopted the short frock of French cambric, with high tucker, and now-sers of the same texture, edged with lace. This dress is, however, much too singular to be general.

At a splendid *dejeuné*, given lately at Margate, a new-made bride, of rank and beauty, appeared in a new and elegant Grecian wrap; the drapery of which fell full from the left shoulder, crossing the figure, and finishing on the contrary side at the edge of the train; it was then regularly festooned, at the distances of a quarter of a yard, with bands of pearl, till it reached its commencement. It is impossible to give a full idea of the chastity and elegance of this habiliment.

The backs of dress gowns are worn rather higher of late. The bosoms (if of plain muslin) plaited small, are formed of alternate rows of white satin ribband, and footing lace of equal widths. The sleeves various, either plain as a frock, full *à la Spanish*, or festooned *à la Circassian*, but still very short. The long sleeve continues very general, but we never wish to see it on young women in full dress. We neither expect nor hope to witness the decline of that becoming covering called the shirt-kerchief. It is still as universal as we ever remember it; but the double trimming of fine muslin *a la cork-screw*, and the ruff of moderate dimensions, *à la Queen Elizabeth*, either plaited or quilled, either plain, or in Vandykes of lace or muslin, are happily substituted for the masculine collars of antecedent adoption. In dress, the robe is made so high in the bosom as seldom to require any other covering. In a full form, however, we recommend a lace laid flat, or the round tucker of embroidery. Coloured embroidered borders on plain muslin, together with foil, or bugle trimmings, are often adopted by those families whose fortunes, rank, and frequent assemblage with the great and the gay warrant and render necessary, a versatility of attire. We are concerned to notice the decline of the ever graceful veil. The hair is now so much compressed as to render the head rather unproportionably small. We observe, however, with pleasure, the fall of those weighty, graceless, and unnatural bows of hair which sometime since gave so heavy and cumbrous an appearance to that intellectual part, unworthy of the taste and genius which often reigned within; but the loose flowing tresses, redundant in beauty, who but must admire. The braids and bands which now encircle the temples have rather too pedantic an effect. Let a few simple curls flow beneath, and above the bands on the opposite side, and with the small embroidered half square of lace, now much adopted, the external will excel in elegance, and best tally with internal grace. We have little to ob-

serve as to the fashion of trinkets since our last communication. The Maltese crop, broach, and diadem, continue as distinguishing ornaments. Diamonds and pearls can never be considered a vulgar decoration. The latter, for the neck, is formed in the stripe laurel-leaves, linked together with small chains of the same. The bracelet is worn on the outside of the glove. The necklace of mocho-stone, set in wrought gold, is now held in esteem; and broaches, of various precious mineral, are variously applied. The cecus, and clasp, are fast reviving. Bouquets, it is thought, will be generally adopted during the winter. The Parisian females wear at this time two drooping roses; an emblem, we trust, of revolutionary decline. The hunter's cap has made its *entrée* within this last month: it is of velvet, of the pheasant brown, and decorated with feathers, termed the partridge plume.

LETTER ON DRESS.

MATILDA TO CAROLINE.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,

ALTHOUGH the subject which forms the chief of my literary commune is not exactly congenial with my feelings, yet is my task not wholly void of interest; and I candidly confess, that so grateful a heart as Caroline's deserves to be indulged in all its innocent propensities. While Caroline so studiously endeavours to "set off what is already best," can she lay her hand on her heart, and affirm that her motives are always innocent? Alas! I fear, many neighbouring swains bear testimony to the contrary; and that the jealous whispers of many a cotemporary Miss, has made you pay the tribute exacted from superiority of taste and beauty.

I am going to furnish you with a few auxiliary weapons; by which means, I shall, in some degree, stand amenable to my conscience for the bleeding hearts which may be sacrificed at the shrine of your vanity. Jestung apart!—Now that I am about to be abundantly indulgent, in devoting to your service a whole morning, it is but justice that my filagree subject be relieved with a little sound logic and salutary advice. It is all very natural for a handsome woman to honour the bounteous gifts of nature by well-chosen, well-adapted, ornaments; but who does not know, that a superabundant decoration, like an over-strained representation, or a too copious definition, destroys the effect; and the substance of nature and truth is lost in the torturing maze of art.

Pardon me, dear Caroline, if I moralize! for since I am requested to direct your taste towards selecting a becoming covering for the body, it

would be unpardonable where I not occasionally to point at those more important ornaments which should adorn the mind; for without good sense, beauty has but a weather-cock influence—destitute of good humour, it becomes offensive—without decorum, mirth is folly—and without modesty, fashion exposes and ensnares; and superior advantages subject us to tenfold dangers.

Since my last address, I have been wandering from one gay scene to another. I have been at Margate, at Brighton, at Worthing, at the grand *fetes* of Lord L——; at the *dejeunés* of Sir F. M——; on summer excursions, directed by the whim of the moment; and at stately parties, preceded by a fashionable notice of three weeks.

I address this to you from Portman-square, where we arrived three days since. Two of the mornings have been fully occupied in shopping with my fair hostess, who accompanied her Lord to town for the express purpose of procuring a sort of interregnum for her wardrobe. By describing what this elegant friend has selected, you will be best informed of that which is considered most stylish amidst the endless variety which is offered to our view. A fawn-coloured pelice of twill sarsnet, lined with white, made to set close to the throat, with a high collar of reversed gathers. It wraps tight round the figure; and at the back of the collar is fastened a width of the same sarsnet, three yards long, which falls over each shoulder in the form of the canonical scarfs worn by our divines, except that the ends are gathered into a silk tassel of the same colour. Many are trimmed with Turkish ribbands to correspond, but Lady Louisa wears her's quite plain. Spencers are made in the same form; and from their somewhat novel appearance, are esteemed graceful and consistent. So partial a covering must, however, soon be relinquished for one of more universal warmth. The Spanish cloak, of velvet, with spencer waist, trimmed with swansdown, is a most elegant appendage; but is only adapted for those favoured females on whom fortune has bestowed the luxury of a carriage.

But, to proceed, and give you a description of Lady Louisa's very pretty, very little, and very fantastical cousin. Fashion (I have somewhat tritely remarked) is very versatile; and this honourable little article of Parisian mould seems her favourite child. She is like a sprig of mignonette in June—sweet, fresh, delicate, and fair; bending to the murmur of every passing zephyr, and coquetting with every bee and butterfly that flutters in her court. Singularity, with this little witch, is the order of the day. It must be allowed she has so much symmetry and

beauty, it were impossible to disguise her. She is in her nineteenth year; and yet possesses all that sense of her attractions which is sometimes found in handsome women of a more advanced period. She is all *naïveté* in appearance and effect, and all design in execution. It requires some portion of Lavater's skill and observation to acquaint yourself with her real character; her thirst for admiration and popularity, induces a singularity of costume which needs not the aid of beauty to arrest attention.

She came over to us, while at Windsor, on a beautiful Arabian horse, attended by two outriders; and wore a pale fawn coloured habit; the jacket of which was precisely that of a boy's second suit, on his commencing the masculine character. Her trencher-hat was of black beaver; and her exuberant hair was turned under it without a comb, and appeared in irregular and dishevelled curls on her forehead. She threw off her hat with an air of involuntary simplicity, on entering the drawing-room, and down fell her redundant tresses of bright black, which reached half a yard below her waist; and she sprung on the neck of my friend with all the apparent energy of native tenderness. The next morning several gentlemen breakfasted with Lord D—, and this singular *she* made her *entrée* amidst the group, in a frock of French cambric, scarcely reaching below the calf of her leg; with trowsers of the same, at the bottom of which was a broad French lace, whose transparent texture exhibited clearly to view the beautiful ankle they affected to shade. Her hair was confined under a founding cap, she wore a sandal of lemon-coloured kid, and her whole contour gave you the idea of a full grown cherub. Her evening dress was generally a plain clear muslin frock, above the ankle, with a lace falling from beneath the hem at the bottom, and worn over a slip of undressed white satin, a plain sleeve entirely formed of lace. The back and shoulders exposed, and only a drawn tucker of narrow lace shaded a small yet full and beautifully formed bosom. Her slippers were of white satin, with an elastic sole; her sash of the same; and her open-weave stocking was of a cream colour. She wore her hair without a single ornament, braided on one side, and fastened with a plain comb, and flowing in loose curls on the other. Her earrings were a single pearl, the size of a large pea; and her necklace one row of a smaller size, through which, when conversing, she twisted (as if by accident) the

rosy tips of her white and taper fingers. She danced with the graceful agility of youth and ease, more captivating than the highest scientific execution; and though studious of admiration, she seemed unconscious and indifferent. I have seldom seen so finished a coquette, and never in so diminutive a creature such attractive loveliness.

Are you tired of your white dresses? if so, border them with the Turkish ribband which accompanies this.* If that will not satisfy, purchase a fawn-coloured muslin, and let the sleeves, bosom, and bottom, be ornamented with this article. Let the sleeve be formed in a plain wrap, to meet the seam of the back, or turned up in a cuff of Vandyke form, or a full sleeve gathered into a broach in the centre of the arm. Should all this (however fashionable) be too gay, let a thread of Vandyke supply its place, or a narrow trimming of swansdown. The Parisian ladies wear the backs of their gowns lower than ever, even to a striking degree; but our English *belles* have very politically advanced theirs within these last three weeks. Surely the compressed shoulders, and consequently distorted back, must exhibit a most uninteresting spectacle. To some gowns are placed a small cape, to others a moderate ruff of the nature of those worn by Queen Elizabeth. Wear broaches as much as you please; not only for the neck of your shirt, and bosom of your robe, but one of a larger kind, to fasten your pelice at the knee, when the weather is such as to permit its being thrown open at the bosom. Choose your hat, for a fortnight to come, of brown twill sarsnet, or fawn-colour; ornamented with Turkish ribband of the same, in colours, or with swansdown. Your shoes and gloves should be kid, or velvet, of the same. Wear your morning dresses very high, but no collar.

Adieu, *ma chère amie*! I can write no more. For what I have omitted I refer you to the *Dictionary of Taste*, which accompanies this.—Good night,—the curtains of my eyes are closing; I go to my dear peaceful couch, from which nothing but death or a dun can remove me; who after several months' residence in the gay world, dread neither the one or the other. Dear, dear pillow! I long to converse with thee. Good night, once more, monopolizing Caroline! take the last efforts of your exhausted, yet faithful

MATILDA.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable PORTRAIT LIKENESS of Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS of CUMBERLAND.
2. FOUR WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT FIGURES in the Fashionable Dresses of the Month, in London and Paris.
3. TWO COUNTRY DANCES, with the FIGURES, by the celebrated Mr. GOW; two ditto by Mr. SANDERSON; and one ditto by Mr. WARE; a Strathspey, by Mr. SAUNDERSON; and two German Waltzes, by Dr. KOLLMANN, and Mr. ANDRE.
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SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

To be published January 1, 1807, with the next following Number (being the Eleventh) of this Magazine, which will conclude the First Volume of this Work, with the termination of the present Year.

IN order to render this Work as perfect as possible, it has been suggested to the Proprietors, that a REVIEW and CRITICAL ACCOUNT of the Literature of the day was necessary, as well from the want of a Work of this kind upon a principle of selection and elegance, as from the necessity of supplying the Subscribers of this Magazine with an Account of NEW BOOKS, which they would otherwise have to seek in the common Reviews.—The Proprietors, therefore, have been induced to offer to the Public a SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER, to be published on the 1st day of January, 1807, together with the regular Number of that month.—The SUPPLEMENT will contain a Review of Literature for the year 1806, and will proceed upon the plan which has been so deservedly popular in the Edinburgh Reviews. Its general principle will be the selection of such Books as, from their pretensions, the novelty of their subjects, and the reputation of their Authors, are most likely to interest the Public.—As the Works selected will be most conspicuous for Literature, so the method of the Review, it is trusted, will be equally conspicuous for its candour and impartiality. The extracts from Books will be very sparing indeed, never more than will be sufficient to give a general sample of their character and style, as the object of the Editors is to confine their Criticisms chiefly to ORIGINAL DISCUSSION, and to trespass as little as possible upon the ordinary functions of a Review.

THE DECORATIVE PART OF THIS NUMBER

Will have very high pretensions indeed to the patronage of the Public.—It will contain a FRONTIS-PIECE to the whole Work, of such decided and general interest, as will constitute it an object of primary estimation and concern to every one in the United Kingdom; and the execution of it, so far as relates to the Mechanical part, will be superior to any thing of the kind.

A Preface, a copious Index, and likewise Two Ornamental Title Pages, most elegantly designed and executed, will be given with this Number, in order that such as object to a too bulky Volume, may divide the numbers in equal parts, and bind them up separately.

As the Embellishments of this Supplemental Number must ever be considered, in every variety of taste and improvement of the ART, of an order of merit, and a weight of interest, which can suffer nothing from comparison, the Subscribers of this Work are requested to give their orders immediately, that the SUPPLEMENT may be sent them in the usual manner, with their next Number of the Magazine; so that their reasonable claims may not be superseded by any delay on their parts; but that the FIRST and BEST Impressions, to which they may maintain a better right, and which, to them, must certainly be of more than ORDINARY value, may be secured to them, before the Plates are impaired by the extensive issue which is expected of this Number.

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To prevent misapprehension and mistake, I feel it incumbent on me to declare, that I have not, directly, nor indirectly, any concern whatever with any other Monthly Publication than LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

JOHN BELL.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUTCHESS of CUMBERLAND,

London, Printed by Special Permission for John W. M. Wicks,
 Southwark St. 10 St. 10 St. 10 St. 10 St.

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Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,
For NOVEMBER, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF
ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Tenth Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ANNE, DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND is the Widow of his Royal Highness Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland, deceased, brother of our most gracious Sovereign, his present Majesty.

The Duke of Cumberland was the third son of Frederick Lewis, late Prince of Wales, born Nov. 7, 1745, created Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. Oct. 18, 1766, and was married to her Royal Highness the present Duchess of Cumberland, October 2, 1777. His Royal Highness died without issue, Sept. 18, 1790.

Her Royal Highness was the eldest daughter of the late Simon, Earl of Carhampton, and was married first to Christopher Horton, Esq. of Catton Hall, in Derbyshire, and, upon his decease, to the Duke of Cumberland. The following

account of the family of Luttrell is extracted from the Peerage of Ireland.

Henry Lawes Luttrell, Earl Carhampton, Viscount Carhampton, of Castlehaven, Baron Irnham, of Luttrellstown, Governor of Dublin, and a General in the Army, and Colonel of the 6th regiment of Dragoon Guards. Born August 7, 1742. Succeeded his father, Simon, the late Earl, January 14, 1787. Married, June 25, 1776, Jane, daughter of George Boyd, Esq.

Geoffry Luttrell, eighth Baron of Irnham, leaving no issue male, 6th Henry V. the barony descended to the heirs female; but from Sir John Luttrell, younger son of the fourth Baron, and proprietor of the isle of Lundy, descended Sir Hugh Luttrell, of Dunster Castle, who had issue Sir John, ancestor of the Luttrells of

Dunster Castle; and Robert, to whom he left the castle and estate of Luttrellstown, in Ireland, (which his ancestor Sir Gregory Luttrell had obtained by the grant of King John, on attending him to Ireland), and from him, in the ninth degree, descended Henry Luttrell, Esq. of Luttrellstown, who married Oct. 1704, Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Jones, Esq. of Halkin, in Flintshire, by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Simon Clarke, of Warwickshire, Bart. and had issue by her two sons, Robert, who died on his travels; and Simon, the late Earl of Carhampton, born in 1713, died January, 1787, who was created Baron Ingham, of Luttrellstown, September 28, 1768; Viscount Carhampton, of Castlehaven, December 12, 1780; and advanced to the dignity of an Earl on July 1, 1785. His Lordship married Maria, only daughter and heiress of Sir Nicholas Lawes, by whom he had issue, Henry Lawes, the present Earl—Temple Simon, (died February 14, 1803) having married, April 27, 1778, Miss Gould, daughter of the late Sir Henry Gould, judge of the Common Pleas, and died May 21, 1803—John, a Captain in the Navy, married Elizabeth Olmius, sister of the late Lord Waltham, on whose death she became sole heiress to the estate; his Lordship dying without issue, December 10, 1786; and Mr. Luttrell, by his Majesty's permission, April 3, 1787, took the name and arms of Olmius, and his Lady died June 14, 1797, having had issue a daughter—James, a Captain in the Navy, died unmarried December 23, 1788—Thomas, who died in 1766—Anne, married, first, to Christopher Horton, of Catton Hall, in Derbyshire, Esq. and secondly, on October 2, 1771, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, brother to his Majesty, by whom she was left his widow, (without issue by either marriage) September 18, 1790—Elizabeth, died August, 1799—Lucy, married to Captain Moriarty, of the navy. c

Heir Presumptive—John Olmius, brother to the Earl.

Creations—Baron, October 13, 1768; Viscount, January 9, 1801; Earl, June 23, 1785.

After the demise of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, her Grace made a tour abroad, and travelled through most parts of Italy and German. She was received in all the foreign Courts in a manner suited to her rank, and remained several years abroad. Upon her return to England, in the year 1799, her Royal Highness fixed her residence at Kensington, where she lived in a manner extremely private and secluded. She did not remain long, however, in this situation, and, upon the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens, she again made another tour to the Continent, and is now resident in Germany.

Her Royal Highness is of a most liberal disposition, open, engaging, and affable. She is finely accomplished, and very partial to the arts. In her youth, she was extremely fascinating in her person, and has still the remains of a fine face. She keeps up very little of what is called State, and lives abroad in a manner unostentatious and unobtrusive.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON MEDIOCRITY.

AUREA Mediocritas,—the Golden Mean. Thus thought and expressed himself, between Mæcenas and Virgil, a man laden with the favours of the muses and of fortune, the most voluptuous of epicureans, and the first of philosophical poets.

Strengthened by such important authority, I undertake the eulogy of mediocrity; it is more suitable to the present age than to that of Augustus, and I shall have the advantage over Horace of thus indirectly praising my contemporaries.

I should doubtless wound their feelings if, boasting of perfections which they do not possess, I were to celebrate the gifts of genius, and the prodigies of ancient virtue; but as there have never been so many middling people as in the present time, the moment which I chuse, and the subject I treat, equally ensure success.

If it should happen that an ill understood self-love, or an excessive modesty might engage some people to refuse the distinction they deserve, that they might believe they appeared above mediocrity by disdaining it, and that they might persuade themselves that a testimony of contempt would be a title to exemption, I would warn those who have no other proof, that this is at least a very equivocal one; because it is demonstrated that the defects which we most outrageously condemn, are not those which we least love, and that we affect to diffuse morality in our discourse, that we may dispense with it in our practice.

This opinion is of such weight with some observers, that they do not hesitate to enjoin us to abstain from all affairs of interest with people who are continually talking about probity; they likewise profess this other maxim,—do not expect any commiseration from those men who habitually extol benevolence.

With the detractors of mediocrity, I agree that it is insufferable in arts and in letters; that music without expression, a picture without truth, a tragedy without interest, are detestable; that when an author is feeble, he is loathsome; that when he does not possess the secret of pleasing, he certainly does that of wearying; that there is no gradation from middling to bad; that memory, method, and correctness are not equivalent to genius, of which nothing can sup-

ply the want; that the poet, the painter, and the musician must be animated with divine fire; that they must have been separated from the common order of nature, and that she must have endued them with as much sensibility as energy.

It is not then to those who aspire to charm the mind, to affect the heart, to master the soul, that I wish mediocrity; but is it then so difficult for a man without genius, to abstain from running after rhymes? Should not he who is deprived of a superior talent, renounce combining sounds from which can only result vain noise? Has repose then no charms? and should he not rather congratulate himself on that happy inability which saves him from numberless disgusts, from grievous watchings, and the labour of intense study, from those troubles which besiege the laborious artist, and which so often cause him to bedew with tears that production which is to form our delight?

No imagination solicits you; no powerful god spurs you on, your blood runs cool; do not inflame it with strong liquors; the fictitious heat you would feel, would not be communicated to any one else, and would soon be succeeded by mortal lethargy.

Content yourself with enjoying the sublime compositions of those privileged mortals on whom nature has accumulated her treasures. If you are too inferior to them to feel transported, they will still amuse you, and you will be, if not as illustrious, at least more fortunate than they.

There is something yet more tempting and extraordinary,—you shall be their judge. Unable yourself to write the most feeble phrase of their works, you will nevertheless be despotic in your decisions, and the object of them would be as blameable in excepting against them as he may be puerile enough to fear them, and weak enough to be uneasy about them.

You may also cultivate the sciences; mediocrity in them is not absolutely despicable. A learned man who does not exactly say every thing one might wish to know about a matter, generally makes us know something of it: moreover the works of a learned man are so little read, unless he illustrates himself by *pocket dictionaries*, or by *ana*, that nobody cares whether his erudition be superficial or profound, his own word is taken, and he is respected accordingly.

Will you do still better? Be neither amateur nor judge, scholar nor patron; be a plain simple man; yield without reserve to that mediocrity for which you are so manifestly born; do not thwart its gentle influence, let it penetrate into the heart, into the head, into all the faculties of the body, into those of the soul, and I would add, into thy fortune, did I not dread flying in the face of the present age, which might with appearance of reason reproach me for not knowing the existing manners, the motives which decide opinions, the proof which verify merit, and which would accuse me of being an inept philosopher, who, possessing more judgment than income, knows better how to descant on moderation and on wisdom, than he knows how to estimate the power of money.

I believe the age is right; being fully convinced that a satire against riches will not abate the rage for acquiring them; and besides, perceiving that they are almost always in the hands of people who are beneath mediocrity, I shall not prescribe any thing on that article. I shall merely affirm that there is no happiness but in the middle station, and that the father who is not in it, will ardently desire his son may, because experience has taught him that he may thus escape many evils, and thus obtain the only good to which we are permitted to pretend.

Observe this son, whom you may easily fancy to yourself; his figure neither attracts nor repels; his eyes are open enough, and his looks have no expression; he has regular features without any physiognomy; a smile is on his lips which indicates neither joy nor malignancy, it simply announces the absence of troubles; his stature, which wants elegance, offers no deformity; his gait is not agile, it is firm; his outward appearance attracts no notice; his complexion is settled, his constitution robust; contradiction does not grate his nerves, nor does chagrin interrupt his sleep; nothing impedes his digestion; his calm mind never gives birth to tormenting projects; his limited reason does not require him to account for what he cannot understand; he will establish no system, because he wants invention; not having pride enough to be indignant against prejudices, he will submit to them without a murmur, and his stupidity will render any profession supportable. Without idolatry for truth and without passion for virtue, he will not sacrifice to them either his time or his fortune.

If it be true, as a philosopher has so cruelly said, that "Love is only true as to the physical part," the man in question, who will never know its moral part, will have no reason to complain of it; the storms that arise between lovers, will never approach him; the frenzy of desire will not tyrannize over him; he will never even be

able to suspect that it is possible to place one's happiness in that of any other object whatever, one's sorrows in extraneous sorrows, one's life in another's life, and that we may have the faculty, so often fatal, of doubling our existences; he will form such connexions as exact only complaisance; will not cultivate a friendship which requires warmth of heart; he will not excite hatred, which only pursues great talents and rare virtues; he will estimate himself as he estimates all who surround him without examination, without preference, and without jealousy. The gates of the palace of Fortune, generally open to cringing mediocrity, will not be shut against him, as it is well known he will never attempt to obtain the first places; being in no exalted situation he will easily make himself patron; he will not shake the fate of empires, but his own condition will be tranquil; he will fulfil his duties so as to avoid censure and not to merit praise, and he will die without being missed or lamented.

All I could add would only be a useless comment on the following admirable words, which contain every thing necessary to be known and practised in order to be happy,—*Fucere officium taliter qualiter, sincere ire tempus ut nulli ire, et semper bene dicere de Domino Priori*. These are the precepts of a philosopher, of the illustrious friend of the great Pantagruel, who had been a captive, in love, and a sharper; who drank plentifully, gave old women in marriage, with their heads in a bag to conceal their faces, caressed young ones, obtained pardons, understood fourteen languages; and had sixty-three ways of gaining money, but two hundred and fourteen of spending it, besides his drinking.

How can one deny such grave authority? what can one oppose to such maxims? how can those middling people for whom they were dictated resolve to swerve from them? by what strange madness do petty intriguers, frigid writers, and stupidly malignant critics, want to be thought eminent personages? why do they seek to cabal, to intermeddle, to blacken? why do they attempt to decide? why do they abandon a commodious situation to seize on another in which they are importunate, ridiculous, and unhappy? why will they distress society with that same mediocrity which was the pledge of obscurity and peace?

But are all the beauties of the Latin passage I have quoted well understood? are we penetrated with its excellence? can a whole volume of any moralist be opposed to it, more fertile in useful consequences? do we not perceive that every word is so full of sense, that without one more or one less, it forms the most complete plan of education?

To do one's duty so so (*tellement quellement*). You are at first a little surprised at this counsel,

but the longer we meditate on it the more we admire its wisdom, the more we love its simplicity. If you do it too badly you will be punished, if you do it too well you will be persecuted; there is *only* the *tuliter qualiter* which is exempt from every inconvenience; it is the just point beyond which, on either side, there is nothing but danger. Felicitate yourself then, that the only safe position which could have been pointed out to you should be the easiest to take and to keep.

To let time go as it will go.—This is one of those axioms which, as Bacon has said, were formed from experience; that of all ages has taught us that to live rich, applauded and contented, we must not attack the unjust man, turn against the oppressor, nor ridicule folly; and that were it in our power to confound the impostor, to defend innocence, and to turn the tyrant pale, we should reject such hazardous projects, because it will always be infinitely more safe and easy to let the world go as it will, or to take things as you find them.

However sublime this precept may be, I must own it was not sufficient, it was only negative: and therefore our author has added another more firm, more decisive, and which must at the long run vanquish all resistance, that is,—to speak always well of Mr. Prior.

The artifice and the depth of the grand word *always* cannot escape you. You understand well, that whatever his reverence the Prior may do or say, he must always be praised, were he as fantastical as Tiberius, as imbecile as Claudius, or an outrageous fool like Nero. Be prodigal of your praises, and the Prior will be lavish of his favours.

If we have no secret motives of animosity against Panurge, we cannot deny that he has taught us every thing necessary to be learnt, and that the science of happiness is only to be found in the three sentences which have been left us by that man of genius,

Nec somnos abruptet cura salubres.—VIRG.

TRAVELS THROUGH ANCIENT HELVETIA.

The Author supposes that Septimus travelled about the year 180 of the Christian era, during the reign of Antoninus, Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, in the epocha of the triumph of taste and the fine arts.

WHEN I am at Aventium I rise at six o'clock, it is the first hour of the day*. Scarcely has this hour arrived when all the bustle of business commences. The shops are opened, and the streets filled with people. The villagers enter the town loaded with corn and vegetables; clients crowd every quarter, the sentinels are relieved, and the people repair to the foot of the altars.

The third part of the day is the most busy; it commences at nine, and finishes at twelve; all then attend to their respective occupations. The temples are crowded, and multitudes hurry through the streets, industry is awake, mutual wants give birth to new connections, commerce speculates, and from every side the Judges and the Decurions enter the tribunals.

Eleven is the hour of dining†. This repast is extremely light, and properly speaking only a collation, taken in the family way, and to which a

stranger is seldom invited. The sixth hour commences at twelve; from then till one o'clock is an interval of rest, which every one consecrates to sleep.

This use, which appears to be advised by nature, and by the desire of rest which all animals have after having eaten, preserves the health, facilitates digestion, and has become general even among the poor and laborious classes.

At one o'clock the streets are re-peopled, and each again resumes his employment. At two o'clock every one gets into the bath, either at home or in those destined for public use; you know that our customs have multiplied in these establishments every ease and comfort: on one side are immense reservoirs of water, where the people enter on paying one terunce‡; on the other are numbers of little apartments of which the price varies, according to the manner in which you choose to be waited on.

Farther are the baths for women, which the corruption of our morals had indecently confounded together, but this the edict of Adrian has forbidden throughout all the baths of the em-

* In order to be better understood I have preserved our distribution of time. Six o'clock in the morning was then reckoned the first hour of the day.

† The fifth hour of the day.

‡ A small piece of money.

pire. The baths are only opened at two in summer and three in winter; a bell gives the signal. The prisoners are brought once a week. Formerly the inhabitants of Helvetia contented themselves with washing their legs on their return from labour; but at present it is not uncommon for people to bathe two or three times during the day.

Supper hour is at three in the afternoon; this is our principal repast; it is then that, shaking off the fetters of business, we enjoy with greater liberty the charms of friendship and social ease.

Yesterday supper was prolonged to a very late hour at Titus Severus's, Governor of the Colony; we were invited to celebrate with him, by copious libations, the day on which his daughter had given up her *bulles* and dolls for more serious concerns. A *bulle* is a necklace composed of little gold or silver balls, which the vanity of parents tie round the necks of their children; at fourteen it is taken off, childhood ceases, and the education at this period becomes more grave and austere. The occupations are changed, the games of childhood finish; all indicates, in this ceremony at once simple and affecting, that the age is arrived when society claims our talents and assumes its rights.

We bathed at Severus's; we could not omit doing this at the house of our entertainer without breaking an established custom. In coming out of the bath, the *sinthèse* was brought to us, a gown which by its extreme width leaves the wearer at perfect liberty. Afterwards we washed our hands, took off our shoes, and rubbed our hair with odorous essences.

When this ceremony was over, a slave presented each guest with a bill of fare of the supper. After having perused this, we took our places on the beds which were ranged around the table. We were in all eighteen, comprising the *shadow**, which each guest is allowed to bring with him.

One side of the table was taken up by the servants who waited upon us; the other three were filled with beds of various sizes, on which three or four persons could lie with ease. Our naked feet reposed on rich carpets. Between the courses we reclined on cushions of the softest wool, that had been placed at the back of each guest; and leaning on the part of the bed next the table, our left arm supported the body while the right was at full liberty to act.

The centre bed was offered to Vabrius Hispanus, in order to treat him with distinction, he being a priest and a stranger; the beds on the left were occupied by women and children; those on the right, being the least distinguished,

are reserved for the master of the house and his most intimate friends. Each guest brought with him his own napkin. A cloth of a very cottony texture covered the table; and a downy towel was suspended at the door for the purpose of wiping our hands and faces. The repast was commenced by libations in honour of the Gods and the Emperor, when each guest poured a few drops of wine on the table. Slaves, with napkins tied about them, brought the dishes in succession, and in an instant the table was covered with salads, eggs, and sauces that excite the appetite.

This course was followed by a profusion of roasted meats and all kinds of fish and poultry, which a slave, accustomed to the office, placed on the table and carved with astonishing dexterity; other slaves brought us pieces of bread, and replenished our cups with wine; every person puts apart a portion of each dish to send to their friends.

When this course was removed, tubs of water were brought; the table was spunged, we washed our heads and bound them with a woollen bandeau, to preserve us from the fumes of the wine, and welcomed the last course with acclamations of joy. This was the most delightful part of the feast, and all contributed to render it agreeable.

Pastry, fruits, and delicious wines were profusely distributed, and streams of falernum and marmetin flowed in our golden cups. Female dancers, mimics, and flute-players, augmented our hilarity and accompanied our songs. It is during this tumultuous scene that the cup for drinking healths is brought, and each drinks in his turn.

First the healths of the women were drunk, who after having sacrificed to love, become faithful friends, regulate our houses, and give birth to our children; then to love, that sweetens the toils of life; to marriage, that doubles existence; to domestic happiness, and to sylvan independence. The young men toasted their mistresses, and we saw the son of Severus empty his cup five times, in remembrance of Julia and the five letters of her name.

Several inscriptions were remarked in the inside of the cups; in one was written the precepts of friendship and frankness, sometimes we read the proprietor's name, and always that of the maker.

Let us follow these ladies to the place where the desire of pleasing leads their steps, and see how the manners of Rome have already mixed their seducing illusions with ours.

Others have investigated all the secrets of the toilette, and all the resources of art; a delicate rouge on their cheek imitates the blush of love; their eyebrows are gracefully arched; white-lead has improved their complexion; and to be

*A shadow is a friend which each guest is allowed to bring with him.

surrounded with the charms of an eternal spring, they have perfumed their hair with oil, and their bosom with rose leaves.

Amongst this crowd of beauties single out the tender Alamina; her eyes express a mild languor; her flaxen hair carelessly flows on her shoulders; her gait is slow, her opening lips, her perfumed breath, and her melting glances, betray that her heart is sensible to love.

Observe, continued Livius, in the second groupe, that heavy pomp that is always proscribed by those of good taste, the hair of these is separated in the front of the head in two equal parts; their faces are veiled; they disdain the simple toga as becoming to beauty, those short sleeves, those shoes, those graceful folds, and elegant attitudes which inspire love. Their first tunic descends to their heels, their second is gravely fastened round their neck, and displays twenty golden clasps from the shoulder to the wrist. Then comes the stola, a training robe, covered with bands of gold, and of which the numerous folds are sometimes left loose, and at others fastened by a sash. At last the *sisna* appears, which completes the full dress. This splendid mantle is immensely full; the ground of it is purple, its flowing train is of gold tissue, and a thousand waving folds add to its magnificence.

The third groupe is distinguished in an opposite way, and displays all the delicate refinements and artifices of coquetry; a light net confines their hair, which escapes as if by chance to give a wreath that supports it an opportunity of appearing. Their veil, sometimes flying away, and sometimes captive, excites impatience; their first tunic is short, and they give to the second the most pleasing appearance. The sleeves of these are carelessly fastened above the elbow, and seem to expose the arm for admiration. Their bosoms are negligently half open, to display their

shapes to advantage. In walking they raise their tunic to the height of their right hand, and leave half their legs uncovered; here the elegance of their shoes dazzles the sight; they are sometimes red and white, of an elastic skin, always very tight to the foot, and rise half way up the leg; and sometimes they wear sandals that are tied to the feet by the most elegant strings. Some have added a white toga to this charming undress; this fastened to the left shoulder by a golden clasp, falls irregularly, and supports the bosom, goes round the right arm, which thus retains all its independence, and then descends and diminishes imperceptibly in a way not to incommode the raising of the tunic.

Distinguish in that group the proud *Ameniada*, the slighty *Erenis*; the one threatens to resist love with severity, the other to sport with it. The latter will torment by her advances, the former by her difficulties; but both calculate the instant when despair will frighten it away.

One pardons, my dear friend, all these means used by the desire of pleasing us, but we are forced to detest the world when it openly despises decency and morality. Look at those fashionable women lately arrived from the capital; they do not blush to appear in public in a garb which exposes their bodies nearly as much as if they were naked, and disconcerts even the most audacious. Twenty years ago transparent clothing was only worn by courtezans; perhaps even wise politicians thought this custom the most salutary antidote to desire; but when women who call themselves honest, fall into such prostitution of modesty, they prove that excess of civilization in a country is another name for the total want of morality and virtue.

[To be continued.]

EXPERIMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

[Concluded from Page 463.]

I TRIED once an experiment, which might indeed have possibly made some alteration in the tone of a bird, from what it might have been when the animal was at its full growth, by procuring an operator who caponised a young black-bird of about six weeks old; as it died, however, soon afterwards, and I have never repeated the experiment, I can only conjecture with regard to what might have been the consequences of it.

Both Pliny and the London poulterers agree that a capon does not crow, which I should con-

ceive to arise from the muscles of the larynx never acquiring the proper degree of strength, which seems to be requisite to the singing of a bird, from Mr. Hunter's dissections.

But it will, perhaps, be asked, why this operation should not improve the notes of a nestling, as much as it is supposed to contribute to the greater perfection of the human voice.

To this I answer, that castration by no means insures any such consequence; for the voices of much the greater part of Italian eunuchs are so

indifferent, that they have no means of procuring a livelihood but by copying music, and this is one of the reasons why so few compositions are published in Italy, as it would starve this refuse of society.

But it may be said, that there hath been a Farinelli and a Manzoli, whose voices were so distinguishedly superior.

To this I again answer, that the catalogue of such names would be a very short one; and that we attributed those effects to castration, which should rather be ascribed to the education of these singers.

Castration commonly leaves the human voice at the same pitch as when the operation is performed; but the eunuch, from that time, is educated with a view only to his future appearance on the opera stage; he therefore manages his voice to greater advantage than those who have not so early and constant instruction.

Considering the size of many singing birds, it is rather amazing at what a distance their notes may be heard.

I think I may venture to say, that a nightingale may be very clearly distinguished at more than half a mile*, if the evening is calm. I have also observed the breath of a robin (which exerted itself) so condensed in a frosty morning, as to be very visible.

To make the comparison, however, with accuracy, between the loudness of a bird's and the human voice, a person should be sent to the spot from whence the bird is heard; I should rather conceive that, upon such trial, the nightingale would be distinguished further than the man.

It must have struck every one, that, in passing under a house where the windows are shut, the singing of a bird is easily heard, when at the same time a conversation cannot be so, though an animated one.

Most people, who have not attended to the notes of birds, suppose that those of every species sing exactly the same notes and passages, which is by no means true, though it is admitted that there is a general resemblance.

Thus the London bird-catchers prefer the song of the Kentish goldfinches, but Essex chaffinches; and when they sell the bird to those who can thus distinguish, inform the buyer that it hath such a note, which is very well understood between them†.

* Mons. de Buffon says, that the quadruped, which he terms the *kuarize*, may be heard at the distance of a league.

† These are the names which they give to some of the nightingale's notes: *Sweet, sweet jug, jug sweet, water bubble, pipe rattle, bell pipe, scrooby, skeg skeg skeg, swat swat swaty, whitlow*

Some of the nightingale fanciers also prefer a Surrey bird to those of Middlesex*.

These differences in the song of birds, of the same species, cannot, perhaps, be compared to any thing more apposite, than the varieties of provincial dialects.

The nightingale seems to have been fixed upon, almost universally, as the most capital of singing birds, which superiority it certainly may boldly challenge: one reason, however, of this bird's being more attended to than others is, that it sings in the night†.

Hence Shakspeare says,

"The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
"When every goose is cackling, would be thought
"No better a musician than the wren."

The song of this bird hath been described, and expatiated upon, by several writers, particularly Piny and Stada.

As I must own, however, that I cannot affix any precise ideas to either of these celebrated descriptions, and as I once kept a very fine bird of this sort for three years, with very particular attention to its song; I shall endeavour to do it the best justice I am capable of.

In the first place, its tone is infinitely more mellow than that of any other bird, though, at the same time, by a proper exertion of its musical powers, it can be excessively brilliant.

When this bird sang its song round, in its whole compass, I have observed sixteen different beginnings and closes, at the same time that the intermediate notes were commonly varied in their succession with such judgment, as to produce a most pleasing variety.

whitlow whitlow, from some distant affinity to such words.

* Mr. Henshaw informs us, that nightingales in Denmark are not heard till May, and that their notes are not so sweet or various as with us. Whilst Mr. Fletcher (who was minister from Queen Elizabeth to Russia) says, that the nightingales in that part of the world have a finer note than ours.

I never could believe what is commonly asserted, that the Czar Peter was at a considerable expence to introduce singing birds near Petersburg: because it appears by the Fauna Suecica, that they have, in those latitudes, most of the birds with those of England.

† The woodlark and reedsparrow sing likewise in the night; and from hence, in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, the latter hath obtained the name of the willow nightingale. Nightingales, however, and these two other birds, sing also in the day, but are not then distinguished in the general concert.

The bird which approaches nearest to the excellence of the nightingale, in this respect, is the skylark; but then the tone is infinitely inferior in point of mellowness: most other singing birds have not above four or five changes.

The next point of superiority in a nightingale is its continuance of song, without a pause, which I have observed sometimes not to be less than twenty seconds. Whenever respiration, however, became necessary, it was taken with as much judgment as by an opera singer. •

The skylark again, in this particular, is only second to the nightingale.

And here I must again repeat, that what I describe is from a caged nightingale, because those which we hear in the spring are so rank, that they seldom sing any thing but short and loud jerks, which consequently cannot be compared to the notes of a caged bird, as the instrument is overstrained.

I must also here observe, that my nightingale was a very capital bird; for some of them are so inferior, that the bird-fanciers will not keep them, branding them with the name of Frenchmen*.

But it is not only in tone and variety that the nightingale excels; the bird also sings (if I may so express myself) with superior judgment and taste. •

I have therefore commonly observed, that my nightingale began softly, like the ancient orators; reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which by this means had a most astonishing effect, and which eludes all verbal description.

I have indeed taken down certain passages which may be reduced to our musical intervals; but though by these means one may form an idea of some of the notes used, yet it is impossible to give their comparative durations in point of musical tune, upon which the whole effect must depend.

I once procured a very capital player on the flute to execute the notes which Kircher hath engraved in his *Musurgia*, as being used by the nightingale; when, from want of not being able to settle their comparative duration, it was impossible to observe any traces almost of the nightingale's song.

It may not be improper to consider, whether the nightingale may not have a very formidable competitor in the American mocking-bird; though almost all travellers agree, that the concert in the European woods is superior to that of the other parts of the globe.

As birds are now annually imported in great

* One should suppose from this, that the nightingale-catchers had heard much of the French music; which is possibly the case, as some of them live in Spital-fields.

numbers from Asia, Africa, and America, I have frequently attended to their notes, both singly and in concert, which certainly are not to be compared to those of Europe.

Thomson, the poet, (whose observations in natural history are much to be depended upon) makes this superiority in the European birds to be a sort of compensation of their great inferiority in point of gaudy plumage. Our goldfinch, however, joins to a very brilliant and pleasing egg, a most beautiful variety of colours in its feathers†.

It must be admitted, that foreign birds, when brought to Europe, are often heard to a great disadvantage; as many of them, from their great tameness, have certainly been brought up by hand, the consequence of which I have already stated from several experiments. The soft-billed birds also cannot be well brought over, as the *succedaneum* for insects (their common food) is fresh meat, and particularly the hearts of animals.

I have happened, however, to hear the American mocking bird in great perfection at a house in Love-lane, East-cheap.

This bird is believed to be still living, and hath been in England these six years. During the space of a minute, he imitated the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. I was told also, that he would bark like a dog; so that the bird seems to have no choice in his imitations, though his pipe comes nearest to our nightingale of any bird I have yet met with.

With regard to the original notes, however, of this bird, we are still at a loss; as this can only be known by those who are accurately acquainted with the song of the other American birds.

Kalm indeed informs us, that the natural song is excellent, but this traveller seems not to have been long enough in America to have distinguished what were the genuine notes: with us, mimics do not often succeed but in imitations.

I have little doubt, however, but that this bird would be fully equal to the song of the nightingale in its whole compass; but then, from the attention which the *mocker* pays to any other sort of disagreeable noises, these capital notes would be always debased by a bad mixture. •

We have one mocking bird in England, which is the skylark; as, contrary to a general observation I have before made, this bird will catch the note of any other which hangs near it; even after the skylark note is fixed. For this reason, the bird-fanciers often place the skylark next one

† I cannot but think, that there would be a demand for these birds in China, as the inhabitants are very sedentary, and bird-cages are commonly represented as hanging in their rooms. I have been informed by a Tyroleze, that his best market for Canary birds was Constantinople.

which hath not been long caught, in order, as they term it, to keep the caged skylark honest.

The question, indeed, may be asked, why the wild skylark, with these powers of imitation, ever adheres to the natural note; but it must be recollected, that a bird, when at liberty, is for ever shifting its place, and, consequently, does not hear the same notes eternally repeated, as when it hangs in a cage near another. In a wild state, therefore, the skylark adheres to the parental notes; as the parent cock attends the young one, and is heard by them for so considerable a time.

I am aware, also, that it may be asked, how birds originally came by the notes which are peculiar to each species. My answer, however, to this, is, that the origin of the notes of birds, together with its gradual progress, is as difficult to be traced, as that of the different languages in nations.

The loss of the parent-cock, at the critical time for instruction, hath undoubtedly produced those varieties, which I have before observed are in the song of each species; because then the nestling hath either attended to the song of some

other birds; or, perhaps, invented some new notes of its own, which are afterwards perpetuated from generation to generation, till similar accidents produce other alterations. The organs of some birds also are probably so defective, that they cannot imitate properly the parental note, as some men can never articulate as they should do. Such defects in the parent-bird must again occasion varieties, because these defects will be continued to their descendants, who (as I before have proved) will only attend to the parental song. Some of these descendants also may have imperfect organs; which will again multiply varieties in the song.

The truth is, as I before observed, that scarcely any two birds of the same species have exactly the same notes, if they are accurately attended to, though there is a general resemblance.

Thus most people see no difference between one sheep and another, when a large flock is before them. The shepherd, however, knows each of them, and can swear to them if they are lost; as can the Lincolnshire gosherd to each goose.

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

SCENE I.—*Sabina leaves her bed-chamber and enters her dressing-room.—Scaphion brings the asses'-milk; Phiale, the rouge; Stimmi, the black colour for the eye-brows; and Mastiche, the teeth.*

AMONG the ancient pictures discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and hitherto deposited in the royal museum at Portici, near Naples, four small pieces attract particular attention. These are not painted like the rest, upon the wall itself, but they are separately framed, which proves that they were considered by their ancient possessors, fifteen centuries ago, as objects of extraordinary value. The third of these pieces conveys us to the toilette of a lady. The latest traveller, who has described these remarkable antiquities, expresses himself as follows on the subject of this representation:—"A young female is standing while one of her companions dresses her hair; a third is seated in the same apartment, and the fourth is standing near her. They are all dressed with gracefulness and elegance." After several attentive examinations of the engraving of this beautiful picture, which

has received no injury except towards the top, I am rather of opinion that it represents a family piece. You see in it a mother and her two daughters, perfectly worthy of her beauty. Persons who have seen the original even assert, that you may distinguish a family-likeness in their countenances. The mother sits on an elevated seat, to which a footstool is attached. In the apartments of the Roman ladies of those times, these seats were absolutely articles of ornament, from the exquisite carving and sculpture, and the superb cushions and canopies with which they were embellished. The mother is tenderly pressing the hand of her youngest daughter, who is leaning against her in a very pleasing attitude. The eldest daughter is standing opposite to her; a slave is arranging the hinder part of her head-dress, the rest of which is already finished. Her hair is elegantly bound with a double fillet; it is

fastened before with pins only, the heads of which are visible, and flows carelessly in tresses over her shoulders. The fine apparel, with the beautiful embroidery, the pendants to the ears, the bracelets, all seem to indicate a festival. The young female is probably arrayed in her bridal dress. You see, moreover, on an elegant table, some green branches, provided most likely for a crown for sacrifice, and a dressing-box, beneath which is a white and azure ribbon. Under the table stands an ewer, of an elegant and agreeable form. In a word, the whole affords a perfect idea of the toilette of a lady of that time, and in a country in which Roman luxury was combined, in the most charming manner, with the taste and purity of Greece.

Much has been said of the profusion and the magnificent dress of the Roman ladies at the time when the riches and luxury of the ravaged world centered in Rome; when the haughty Romans governed the universe, and when they were themselves governed by their still prouder women. A survey of the toilette of a Roman lady of those times would, therefore, probably, afford as much entertainment to many of our readers, as the favourite romances of knights and heroes in the days of our chivalrous ancestors, or a spectre-story by Mrs. Radcliffe, in which the author herself is the spectre that excites such terror. In reading my description, they may, perhaps, recollect to have seen something of the same kind in the *Travels of the young Anacharsis*, by the Abbé Barthélemy; but he treats only of the domestic retirement of the confined Athenian women. At Rome every thing was very different. The wife of a Roman senator, of a Roman knight, who had plundered whole countries; who had seen kings at his feet, and had carried off hundreds of slaves, male and female, from the subjugated provinces to his houses and his villas in Rome and Italy, realized every morning when she awoke, what the proudest princesses of modern times, what the imperious wife of the richest English nabob in Bengal, or the capricious consort of a Russian knez durst scarcely require of their vassals in a moment of the most tyrannical ill-humour, and what they could scarcely purchase with all their treasures.

A prodigious number of slaves, each of whom had her particular duty assigned her in dressing and adorning her mistress, waited for the awaking and the orders of their *domina*. Such was the appellation by which a Roman lady expected to be called by her slaves, her lovers, by all those who expected their fate from her looks of menace or approbation. Lucian, that great painter of manners, has given us so lively and so faithful a picture of this scene, that, I think, I shall deserve the thanks of the reader if I here transcribe

his description:—"Were any one to see these ladies," says he, "at the moment of their rising from sleep, he would assuredly take them for an ape or a baboon, which, to meet the first thing in the morning, we in common life consider as a very bad omen. On this account, they shut themselves up about this time with such care, that they are invisible to the eye of man. A host of old women and servants vie with each other in awaking from the dead the departed charms of their mistress. To wash sleep from the eyes with fresh spring water, and then to apply cheerfully to some domestic occupation; what an insipid, what an old-fashioned mode of proceeding? No; in the first place, all kinds of ointments, and powders, and paints, must be spread out before her. The whole scene has the appearance of a public procession. Each of the servants and attendants brings a different part of the toilette. One brings a silver wash-basin, another a package of combs and brushes, the third an ewer, others looking-glasses and boxes sufficient to stock an apothecary's shop. All these contain nothing but what is disgusting and deceitful; the one, teeth and tooth-powder; in the others, black eye-lashes, eye-lids, and other delusions of the same description. But the greatest art, and the most time, is employed in dressing the hair. Some, who have the madness to change their naturally black hair for flaxen or a golden yellow, colour it with ointments, which they dry in the noon-tide sun. Others, who are satisfied with their sable ringlets, lavish upon them the whole fortune of their husbands; and from their heads are wafted all the perfumes of Arabia. Instruments of iron, heated in a gentle fire, are employed in forming curls which nature denied them. The hair is drawn down over the forehead to the eye-brows, that the loves may not have too capacious a theatre for their frolics; but behind, it flows in majestic ringlets down their back. Purple sandals squeeze the foot so as to cut into the flesh; the garment is a light stuff which they wear that they may not appear quite naked; but all that it covers is less concealed than the face itself, except the deformed neck, which the women take the greatest pains to confine."

But, has not Lucian laid on the colours too thick; has he not borne too hard on the women of his time? To justify his picture, I shall observe, that this satirist, so rich in native wit, seldom has recourse to exaggeration, the resource of poverty and caricature. Besides, the same circumstances are confirmed by the most respectable ecclesiastical writers of the second and third century, especially by Clemens Alexandrinus, and particularly by Tertullian, who wrote a distinct work on the dress of women, a work absolutely indispensable for all those who wish to

make themselves acquainted with the luxurious extravagance of his age.

Our Domina, whom, without reflecting on any Roman or other lady of that name, we may be allowed to call Sabina, must have exhibited a most disgusting spectacle, on awaking from her last morning slumber. The comparison of our friend Lucian, with the physiognomy of the sea-cat, is not the most delicate, but our readers may form their own judgment of its justice.—According to the custom of that time, she had covered her whole face with crumbs of bread, soaked in asses' milk. The inventress of this expedient for preserving beauty was the notorious Poppæa, the wife of Nero: and this incrustation, by which the skin was kept uncommonly soft and delicate, was called by her name. It was but natural that it should grow dry during the night, and that, in the morning, it should give her face the appearance of a plaster cast full of cracks, to which Juvenal, to whom we are indebted for the most explicit details on this subject, actually compares it. When we take into the account, that, before she retired to rest, our Domina had laid aside with her clothes some of the most essential parts of the human countenance, as eye-brows, teeth, hair, &c. and consequently resembled rather the skull of a beautiful woman, on which *Hamlet* makes such affecting reflections, in the scene of the grave-diggers, than the living model of the Venus of Praxiteles, we shall be convinced that if Lucian's comparison to an animal, which the ancient poet Ennius denominated a caricature of man, be not the most delicate and gallant, it was, however, the most applicable that it was possible to make.

But before Sabina hastened to her toilette, the much-tormented Smaragdis, her chamber-maid, had performed in honour of the goddess Cloacina, an office which the haughty rulers of the world required of their slaves by snapping their fingers. It is, therefore, a striking spectacle, to observe, behind Sabina, as she throws back the curtain* at the entrance of her bed-chamber, in order to go into her dressing-room, a slave leaving the apartment carrying in her right hand a night-vase, of the precious substance called murrhinite; while a pearl necklace, which her mistress has just taken off, hangs over her left arm. What irresistible propensity to dress and ornament,

* The ancients had scarcely any doors in the interior of their houses, but only tapestry hangings or curtains. For this reason, we always see the interior of the house represented by a kind of drapery or curtain. In the magnificent palaces of the ancients, there were *velarii*, whose employment was to open and draw these curtains.

which reigned in the bosoms of these ladies, was displayed by them even when asleep: they had necklaces of pearls, fastened to a gold thread, expressly for wearing in the night.

Sabina having entered her dressing-room, where a crowd of slaves and attendants have, for hours, been waiting to receive her, beckons to the slave who performed the function of door-keeper of the anti-chamber, and gave orders herself what tradespeople, soothsayers, female agents, and letter-carriers, should be admitted. To every other visitor Sabina is ill, or not up. How, indeed, could she shew herself to prophane eyes amidst the preparations, restorations, and repairs that now commence. The docile pupil of the great master in the art of love, she recollects his prudent advice when he says:—Never let your lover find your boxes spread out upon the table; let art, but without displaying itself, step in to aid your charms. Ah! who would not feel disgust on observing the fard, with which your face is covered, dissolve and drop upon your bosom? Neither use the marrow of stags, nor clean your teeth in the presence of others; these things though they contribute to your charms, are disagreeable to the spectator. Many things, which we cannot see done without disgust, please when they are done. Those celebrated statues, the master-piece of the artist Myron, were once rude and shapeless masses. Let people rather believe, while you are dressing, that you are asleep; you will appear to greater advantage when you have completely finished. Men ought to be ignorant of many things, which would shock them, if you were not carefully to conceal them from their eyes.

Sabina certainly knows, that in this early stage of the creation of her beauty, the visit of a lover would reveal the most fatal secrets. She has not been told in vain, by a crafty old woman, that Cupid flew away when the too inquisitive Psyche examined him by the light of a perfidious lamp.

Scarcely has Sabina entered the numerous circle of anxious maids and attendants, when each of them assumes her functions, and strives, by her dexterity, and the most exact performance of her duty, to obtain but one gracious look from her mistress. As formerly, according to the ancient historians, each individual part of the human body had its respective physician, so that the ear-doctors, eye-doctors, tooth-doctors, clyster-doctors, foot-doctors, &c. stoutly defended their own domain and territorial jurisdiction on the superficies of the human body, against the encroachments of their colleagues; so in like manner for each portion of the toilette, for every garment, nay even for each part of the body to be repaired, polished, painted, and adorned, was

assigned a particular slave, who was never employed in any other occupation; but who, for the slightest negligence, had to expect severe and instantaneous punishment. This whole army of slaves was subdivided into squadrons and companies.

First advance those with the paint, those that lay on the red and those that apply the white, the painter of the eye-brows, and the cleaners of the teeth. The occupation of this class was comprehended in the fashionable Greek term of *cosmetics*. For as in modern times the ladies think nothing handsome about their toilette unless it has a French name, and come from Paris, so the Roman ladies made a point of giving Greek appellations to every thing belonging to their dress; their attendants and waiting-maids had Greek names, even though they were honest peasant-girls, born and bred in the next village. A paint would have been thought of very little value that was not brought in a box with a Greek inscription. Thus the maidens, of whom we are speaking, are called *Cosmetæ*, and are very different from the dressers and the stainers of hair, who again form a totally distinct class. Scaphion, a maiden with a basin containing new and still warm asses'-milk, takes off with a sponge the incrustation which, during the night, covered the face of her mistress. What she washes away is called, in technical language, *cataplasma*; and the balls of soap and essences, with which the skin is smoothed and polished, are known by the appellation of *smegmata*. To enumerate the individual names of these soap and essences, would be an employment equally uninteresting and unthankful. So much, however, is certain, that in this particular, and likewise in general in all ointments and perfumes, which are not indebted for their perfection to chemical apparatus, the ancients were by no means inferior to the moderns, but even far surpassed them, in invention. Varro, a cotemporary of Cicero, gives, in his Satires, to this wrinkle-removing ointment, the humorous appellation of *tentipellium*, an instrument which the shoemakers employ for stretching leather, and for putting it upon the last. Phiale is the name of the second slave, who applies the white and red to the cheeks after they have been clean washed and polished. But she presumes not to commence this cosmetic operation till she has breathed upon a metal mirror, and presented it to her mistress to smell to. By this method, Sabina discovers whether the maiden's spittle is pure and fragrant, and whether she chewed early in the morning the pastels, which she is regularly enjoined to do: for it is this spittle that Phiale is obliged to mix the paint, if it shall acquire the necessary smooth-

ness and permanence on the cheeks of the Domina.*

The boxes, the cups, the shells, and the whole apparatus with which the ladies of those days disfigured God's creatures, (to make use of *Handel's* expression), are contained in two caskets of ivory and rock-crystal, which, under the Greek name of *Narthekia*, composed a costly part of the female toilette. My fair readers will certainly not suspect me capable of such inadvertence as publickly to betray here what the inventive genius of woman kept so carefully concealed in these boxes and caskets. They must all be acquainted with the popular story of the tailor, who, when the beautiful Lady Godiva rode naked through the streets of Coventry, peeped at her through a crevice in his window-shutter, on which, says the ancient tradition, his eyes immediately dropped out of his head. Peeping Tom of Coventry ought to be an example sufficient to repress all prophane curiosity. I shall only take the liberty to make this general observation, that, with the exception of ceruse or white-lead, which in those times was a favourite cosmetic, almost all the other paints were extracted from the animal and vegetable kingdom.† They were consequently less pernicious and corrosive than the celebrated cosmetics of modern times.

While the industrious Phiale is thus busily engaged, the third slave, whose technical name is Stammi, attends with a shell in her left hand containing a fine black, made of pulverized black-lead, which resembles soot, (and was therefore generally denominated *fuligo*) mixed up with

* The ancients had collections of receipts, in which spittle, especially that of a fasting woman, was one of the principal ingredients. The very name of *fard* is derived from the Italian word *farda*, which signifies spittle, because the corrosive sublimate, with which fard is composed, is mixed with spittle.

† The principal substance of all the red paints was the kind of moss called, by Linnæus, *lichen roccella*, from which turcol is now prepared. This moss was, in ancient times, denominated *fucus*, which gradually became the general term for all these kinds of paint. They likewise employed certain dyeing plants, particularly the *archusa tinctoria*. The articles for the toilette, obtained from the animal kingdom, were the *oesypum*, an extract boiled from the sweat of the Athenian sheep, which adhered to certain parts of their fleece; and the pulverized excrement of Egyptian crocodiles, which was employed to cure several cutaneous diseases and to remove freckles.

water; and holding a kind of needle or pencil in her right. Black eye-brows, forming a perfect semi-circle, and meeting at the top of the nose, are at the present day accounted in the East a principal part of female beauty. This was likewise an indispensable condition of beauty among the ancient Greeks and Romans; and as the Turkish women, in the Harams, frequently spend whole hours in painting their eye-brows and eye-lashes with a black powder, called *surmé*, so was this an essential department of the Roman toilette, and well deserved to be assigned to a particular slave. Sabina's was called *Sinmi*, the Greek name of the black for painting the eye-brows, which, with a slight alteration, was transformed into the Latin *stibium*. It was a powder composed of black-lead or bismuth, which the women of the East still use for their *surmé*. It was applied with two bodkins, curved towards the end, such as are still used by the Turkish females. *Sinmi's* practiced hand has converted her mistress into a *bull-eyed Juno*, according to Father Homer's expression, with the most precious *kalliblepharon*, as the same thing which the druggists called *sinmi*, was denominated in the more elegant language of the toilette. *Mastiche*, whose business it is to clean the teeth, now takes her place. She presents to her mistress the substance from which she herself derives her name—mastic, from the island of Chios, which the ladies were used to chew every morning to preserve teeth that were beginning to decay. Besides these yellow and transparent grains, *Mastiche* brings, on a gold waiter (to complete the apparatus of tooth powders and tinctures), an elegant onyx flask, the urine of a yet pure and innocent boy,* and in a neat gold shell finely-pulverized pumice-stone, which, being mixed with marble reduced to a powder, exhibits every variety of colour. But all this serves only for shew. The teeth, which are here preserved in a pretty little bag, and are about to be placed by the expert *Mastiche* in the toothless gums of her mistress, require not this artificial polish, and no tooth-powder in the universe can whiten the grinders that still remain. For the sake of the sceptic, be it recollected, that the deception with false ivory teeth, fastened in with gold, is of such antiquity, that the most ancient laws of the

* Among the ancients, urine was the cheapest tincture for the teeth. The Celtiberians, a people of Spain, employed it in preference; but nothing was held in such high estimation as that of an innocent male child.

Romans, those of the twelve tables, make express mention of the case of dead bodies having false teeth fastened with gold. From the epigrams of Martial, we may conclude, that practice was general in his time. In one place he makes the tooth-powder exclaim, "Woman! what wants thou of me? I serve young maidens: I am not used to polish borrowed teeth!"

Thus this first visit to the toilette of a gallant Roman lady, notwithstanding the excessive pomp displayed in the multitude and the diversified occupations of her slaves, is a soothing, or, perhaps, a dejecting additional proof, that in the ages of so highly extolled antiquity, the goddess Fashion had as many votaries, and as many altars, as at the present day; and that acceptable morning sacrifices were offered her with the same incense, and the same devotion, as at the toilette of many a modern belle. At that time, too, many a portrait-painter might have made the same excuse as a celebrated artist, who one day refused to paint one of those plastered and patched up beauties, saying—"He never copied any body's work but his own and God Almighty's"

Martial says to his countrywoman: "Galla, thy toilette ~~marks~~ thee out with a thousand deceptions; while thou livest at Rome, thy hair is coloured on the banks of the Rhine. At night thou puttest off thy teeth like a garment, and two-thirds of thy person are packed up in boxes. The maid who dresses thee paints those cheeks and those eye-brows with which thou makest such gracious signs to us. This is the reason why a man cannot love thee. It is not thyself that he loves; for who can love what thou art?"

Such, too, is nearly the language in which La Bruyere, sixteen centuries afterwards, addressed the females of his country: "If it is men that women are desirous of pleasing; if it is for them that they bepaint and beplaster themselves, I have collected their opinions, and I assure them, in behalf of all, or of the majority of men, that white and red render them hideous and disgusting; that red alone makes them appear old and disguises them; that they hate to see them with ceruse on their faces as much as with false teeth in their mouths, and balls of wax in their cheeks; that they seriously protest against all the artifices they can employ to make themselves ugly; and that so far from being answerable for it to God, it seems, on the contrary, that this was reserved as the last infallible medium to cure them of their fondness for women."

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

CHAP. III.

Sentiments of the Greeks. The beauty of any object is the expression of the qualities adapted to its nature. Reasons for the diversity of tastes among nations and individuals.

THE ancients had the most enlarged and elevated notions of beauty; they did not look upon it as a mechanical assemblage of purely material perfections. They remarked, that all the objects of nature have a form peculiar to themselves, that this form is in general invariable in every species, and that the individuals which deviated more or less from this form, were more or less pleasing to the eye; they remarked, that the same form which was displeasing in one object was disagreeable in another. Hence they could not but conclude, that, as the nature of each object was different, their beauty must likewise be different; and that, for example, the quality which constituted a handsome dog, would be productive of ugliness in a horse; as the forms which are pleasing in a man would be displeasing in a woman. This reasoning was extremely simple; it must have conducted them to truth: let us then pursue it.

Since beauty varies according to the different nature of objects, beauty, therefore, is nothing but the expression of the perfections of the object. We may consequently assert, that an object is beautiful when it possesses the perfections of its nature.

Beauty, therefore, consists not in any particular form, but in the relation of those forms to the functions for which they are intended. It consists not in any particular colour, but in that colour which results from the perfect disposition of the organs. Thus a red colour which charms, because in an European it is the sign of youth and health, would be displeasing in a negro.—Beauty, then, is nothing but the excellence of objects rendered visible.

Such were the sentiments of the Greeks, those worthy admirers of nature. The same word in their language signified beautiful and good.—Zeno denominated beauty the flower of virtue, an appellation which conferred on it additional embellishment. “Beauty,” said he, “is the brilliancy and splendour of goodness. To the mind as to the eye no objects are beautiful but such as are truly good and useful.”

We find the same sentiments expressed in a hundred different ways, in almost all the Greek philosophers: “Nothing is beautiful but what is good; nothing is good but what is useful.”

“Whatever appears beautiful we shall think good, if we pay attention to it.” “The knowledge of what is beautiful would be of no use to us, were it not the knowledge of what is good, &c.”

Beauty is therefore the expression of all the physical and moral qualities which are suited to the nature of the object in which it manifests itself.

Let us apply this principle to the human species, and we shall find, that the distinguishing traits of beauty in man, as well as in woman, are nothing but the expression of the qualities which are adapted to the end proposed by nature. But why should I sketch a picture which an abler hand has already delineated? The reader will not be displeased if I here introduce a passage from Marmontel, which will completely develop the ideas I have just been stating.

“What was the intention of nature with respect to the human race? She decreed that man should be fit to labour and to fight, to nourish and protect his timid partner and her helpless infants. All that announces agility, address, vigour, courage, in the stature and in the features of man; pliant and nervous limbs, strongly marked articulations, forms which bear the impression of firm resistance, or of a free and ready action; a stature, the elegance and height of which is as remote from feebleness as its robust solidity is from what is heavy and massive; such a correspondence of the parts with each other, a symmetry, an adaptation, an equilibrium so perfect, that their mechanical movement may be unobstructed; features in which dignity, assurance, boldness, and (for another cause) kindness, tenderness, sensibility are depicted; eyes, in which sparkles a soul at once gentle and energetic, a mouth that seems disposed to smile at nature and at love; all this I say will constitute the masculine beauty of man; and to say of a man that he is handsome, is to assert, that nature, when she made him, knew what she was about, and that she made what she had intended.

“The destination of woman is to afford pleasure to man, to soothe him, and to fix him with herself and her children. I say to fix him; for constancy is of natural institution: never would

a fortuitous and transient union have perpetuated the species; the mother suckling her child, has no time, in a state of nature, either to provide for her own subsistence or for their common defence; and as long as the infant stands in need of a mother, so long the mother stands in need of a spouse. Now interest, which in man is weak, and of no long continuance, would not alone have been sufficient to retain him; the wild and wandering savage required other ties than those of blood. Love alone has accomplished the will of nature, and the remedy for inconstancy is the attractive and all-subduing charm of beauty.

"If, then, you would know what is the character of the beauty of the female, you need only reflect on her destination. Nature formed her for a wife and a mother, for repose and pleasure, to soften the manners of man, to interest and to soothe him. Every thing in her must, therefore, announce the gentleness of an amiable empire.

"Two powerful attractions of love are desire and modesty; the character of beauty will therefore be sensible and modest.

"Man is desirous of attaching a value to his victory, he wishes to find in his partner a lover and not a slave, and the more nobleness he discovers in her who obeys him, the more gratification he will derive from the glory of commanding: the beauty of the female should, therefore, be blended with modesty and dignity.

"But an interesting weakness attaches man by exciting the idea that she stands in need of his support: the beauty of the female should therefore be timid, and, to render it more touching, the sentiment of it should exist in the soul; it must be depicted in her looks, breathe upon her lips, and impart softness to all her features. Man, who wishes to owe every thing to inclination, will receive delight from her preferences; and in yielding weakness will behold nothing but consenting love. But the suspicion of artifice would destroy the whole; the air of candour, of ingenuousness, of innocence, those simple and engaging graces, which manifest only by concealing themselves, those secrets of inclination repressed and betrayed, the tenderness of a smile, by the lightning that flashes from a tender look, a thousand fugitive shades in the expression of the eyes and of the feature, are the eloquence of beauty: whenever it is cold it is silent.

"This great ascendancy of the woman over the man proceeds from the secret correspondence which, he maintains, with him and in him, unknown to himself; that delicate discernment, that acute penetration ought likewise to be de-

picted in the features of a beautiful woman, and especially in that piercing look which penetrates to the very recesses of the heart to discover a suspicion of coldness or of dejection, to restore joy and rekindle love.

"Finally, to captivate the heart which she has touched, to preserve it from inconstancy, she must secure it against langour, and continually give to habit the attractions of novelty; and though ever the same in the eyes of her lover, she must always appear new to him. This is the prodigy performed by that airy vivacity which imparts to beauty so much life and brilliancy. Obedient to all the movements of the imagination, of the mind and of the soul, beauty ought, like a mirror, to reflect every thing, but with additional embellishment."

Adopting the axiom, which I think I have demonstrated, that beauty is the expression of the physical and moral perfections of objects, we shall easily be able to explain the reason why beauty is not the same among the different nations.

The constitution of men varies according to the constitution of the countries which they inhabit; cold, heat, humid climates and parched countries, elevated situations and marshy valleys, all operate more or less on our organs and modify them. The results of this modification must necessarily be apparent in their exterior characters; it is easy to conceive that the exterior characters of a Polish female, possessing all the perfections of her sex, must differ from the same characters in a native of Italy. Is not this the same thing as to say, in other words, that the beauty of the first must differ from the beauty of the second? The necessary result of the same principle is, that each nation could form an opinion of beauty only after such models as its own country afforded; for it is there in particular that every individual finds the object which he likes best, the object which nature has created for him. This is precisely what we discover every where; and whenever we know the form and colour which predominate in the individuals of any nation, we are acquainted with the taste of that nation; it is on this account that we paint the devil black because we are white, and that the negroes represent him white because they are black.

Voltaire, who possessed a distinguished talent for turning every thing into ridicule, in treating of beauty, says, "Ask a toad what is beauty, the perfection of beauty, the *to kalon*? He will answer that it is his mate with her two large round eyes projecting from her diminutive head, a broad flat tail, a yellow belly, and a brown back. Put the same question to the devil: he will tell you that beauty consists in a pair of

horns, four claws, and a tail. Consult the philosophers, and they will give you a pretty sample of nonsense in reply."

I know not if Voltaire had profoundly investigated this question, but this I can affirm, that the answer of the toad is the most rational portion of the article in which I found this passage. Hence we may conclude that beauty, as we have already proved, is not positive, but merely relative, as is so admirably expressed by La Fontaine in the fable of the companions of Ulysses transformed into animals by Circe—Ulysses runs to him who had been changed into a bear, and says:—

" Ah mon frere,

" Comme te voila fait ! Je t'ai vus joli !

" Ah ! vraiment, nous y voici,

" Reprit l'ours à sa manière.

" Comme te voila fait ! comme doit être un ours,

" Qui t'a dit que ta forme est plus belle qu'une autre ?

" Est-ce à la tienne à juger de la nôtre ?

" Je m'en rapporte aux yeux d'une ourse mes amours."

It is farther, by acknowledging that beauty is the expression of the perfections adapted to an object, that we are able to account for the difference of the sentiments of individuals relative to beauty. Must there not be, in fact, as many kinds of beauty as there are different qualities which men look for in women ? For example, a man of a simple and timid character, of a delicate and tender soul, will prefer that fair-haired beauty with blue eyes and lily complexion, with her elegant and stately figure—that young divinity who has about her scarcely any thing material, and who, to employ the happy expression of a woman of talents, "has the air of a thought." The lively and gay man will think that beauty consists in sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and roundness of form. The ardent man will prefer that brunette whose large black eye seems to flash with fire, her skin has not the lustre of snow—a dazzling lustre, but frequently delusive, like every thing that dazzles; how often are whiteness and coldness to be found together !

We have a thousand opportunities of remarking, and it is an observation which I have frequently made, that if two men differ essentially in their taste with respect to the characters of beauty, they will differ as essentially in their moral tastes. But, it may be objected, a beautiful woman appears beautiful in every eye.—Though I might at once deny the generality of the proposition, yet, admitting it to be true, what will result from it ? That we have ac-

quired from infancy all the ideas received in the country in which we live ; that these ideas have been developed as we advanced in years, and have been improved by habit, by the examination of beautiful models, and perhaps by the practice or the study of the arts. We consequently speak from our prejudices, from authority, and not from our natural and individual taste. Every body, say you, thinks Olympia a perfect beauty. I admit it ; but how many of the number are there whose opinion might be reduced to this—"Yes, I am convinced that Olympia nearly resembles those beautiful statues that have been brought from Italy ; she must therefore be beautiful ; but nevertheless she does not please me—she is a beauty that I cannot love."

CHAP. IV.

Advantages of Beauty.—Its Power among the Greeks.—Prizes that were decreed it.—Beauty accompanies Health and Virtue.

We have just seen that what is beautiful is, in its nature, good. It is undoubtedly to this most eloquent expression of invisible perfections that we ought to ascribe that irresistible empire which beauty has possessed over men in every country, and in every age.

Beauty and the graces, said an ancient philosopher, are more favourable than the best recommendations. Among the maxims of Persia we find one to this effect : "A little beauty is of more value than great wealth." The same sentiment is expressed in this Chinese sentence : "The more a father loves his son, the better he instructs him ; the more a mother loves her daughter, the better she dresses her."*

But it was in Greece that beauty enjoyed its most complete triumph. In no other country did it receive such extraordinary honours, in no other country did it excite such enthusiasm.—Accordingly what pains were taken by the inhabitants of that favoured climate to preserve that precious gift ! They paid attention to the beauty of children even before they were born, and among them originated the art of improving the human species, the art of producing handsome children. To such a length did they carry their researches, that they even endeavoured to

* The Chinese have a great number of very short but very expressive maxims, among which I noticed the following : "The tongue of women is their sword, and they never suffer it to grow rusty."—A proof that the Chinese are not barbarians, since they have so many points of resemblance to civilized nations.

discover the means of changing blue eyes into black ones.

A beautiful woman in that fortunate country was a goddess. Men, the most distinguished for their talents, their virtues, or their rank, the most illustrious warriors, and the most learned philosophers, nay, even kings themselves, were subject to the empire of beauty. Observe Laïs receiving the homage of the most celebrated captains of her time; Rhodope becoming the wife of Psammetichus, King of Egypt; Lamia giving Demetrius a magnificent entertainment, for which she levied contributions on the city of Athens; Aspasia conquering Socrates, inflaming Alcibiades, and subduing Pericles, who made her his wife. What shall I say more.

Phyene, being summoned before the Judges, was on the point of losing her cause, notwithstanding the eloquence of her advocate. She advanced towards the Judges, threw upon her robe, and the sight of her charms made a stronger impression than all the talents of the orator.

Such was the empire of beauty, to which were even paid honours almost divine. In several cities were instituted public festivals, in which the prize of beauty was disputed. At Tenedos, the island where, as we are told, Paris landed after the rape of Helen, judges were appointed to decide on the beauty of the women—prizes were awarded to the most beautiful.—“This emulation,” say the authors of the *Dictionnaire Encyclopedique*, might be forgiven in women; but it is very strange that men should likewise have been competitors for a prize of the same kind.” These writers prove, by this reflection, that they were strangers to the moral end of this institution. What was the intention of the Greeks in crowning the handsomest man? It was to crown the man, the beauty of whose features announced a noble and generous soul; the man whose happy physiognomy indicated all the virtues of his sex; the man whose exterior beauty announced the combination of physical and moral excellencies; the man who could be pronounced virtuous and strong—virtuous, he will love his country—strong, he will be able to defend it.

Such was the man whom the Greeks crowned, and not some indolent Narcissus, as the authors of the *Encyclopedie* would insinuate. Accordingly, the prize which the victor received consisted of arms which he hung up in the temple of Minerva—the prize of beauty was offered to wisdom.

This sentiment of the Greeks was deeply felt and justly appreciated by a modern writer. “To admire the outside of a man, says he, the Greeks required that it should exhibit the signs of a perfect physical constitution, of health, strength, address, agility; that it should display the marks of

wisdom, without which the corporeal strength of man would not contribute towards his own advantage, and at the same time, those of goodness without which his strength would be detrimental to others; they required that it should exhibit, in short, those appearances of health, of power physical and moral, of gentle and humane dispositions, which render the figure of a man pleasing to the eye; and so pleasing, that you are never tired at looking at him. He alone was handsome, in whom they discovered the signs of a virtuous mind in a vigorous body: he alone was handsome, in whom the perfection of the soul corresponded with that of the body.”

Let us then admit with the ancients that beauty is not a quality purely material, and depending solely on certain mechanical dispositions; it is the expression of health, of goodness, of virtue. Yes, beauty is the companion of health; who is there but knows what a change is made by a single day's illness in the most beautiful face! Beauty disappears when the functions are deranged; the handsomest woman ceases to be handsome when she is ill; and if she becomes so interesting when she is in a state of convalescence, if she appears at such a time still more charming perhaps than when she is in perfect health, it is in consequence of that ineffable expression of pleasure and happiness imprinted by nature on every creature returning from a state of suffering to a state of ease, and recovering the possession of all its faculties.

So intimate is the connection between health and beauty, that we might even pronounce beauty to be the most certain indication of health; and some physicians have remarked, that the health of beautiful persons is less liable to be impaired, and that when they are attacked by disease, nature has resources more numerous and complete, and the crisis terminates more fortunately than with other people.

Vice, like disease, is destructive to beauty; but we shall have occasion to return to this subject, when we treat of the influence of the passions on beauty. We shall then find that, all things else being equal, the most virtuous woman must be the most beautiful; in the same manner as a beautiful woman must be more amiable, if she is exempt from the baneful influence of a multitude of foreign circumstances which entirely spoil the best temper, and corrupt the most excellent disposition.

I could bring a great number of other considerations in support of the sentiment which I have adduced relative to the nature of beauty, but they would be too serious for this Work.

THE HISTORY OF GOSTANZA AND MARTUCCIO.

A FLORENTINE TALE.

[Concluded from Page 457.]

It is now, however, time to return to Gostanza. We have mentioned that the greater part of the crew of the Venetian vessel had escaped from the ship, and by the effort of their oars had gained the neighbouring shores. A few days afterwards they had been taken into another vessel, and by this means had returned to Lipari. The report of the death of Martuccio was immediately spread, and arrived, after some interval, at the ears of Gostanza. It is impossible to describe her grief upon the receipt of this information. Her life was despaired of for some months, and she only recovered from disease to sink into a state of the most gloomy melancholy.

It is the happy effect of time to wear away the impressions of the greatest calamity; it did not, however, thus operate upon the mind of Gostanza. Her melancholy increased, and became at length so intolerable, that nothing but the sense of religion restrained her hand from suicide. There cannot, indeed, be a severer grief than that which arises from the utter ruin of the hopes of lovers; it is the peculiar nature of this passion to fill and monopolize the whole soul; it is no sooner, therefore, destroyed than it leaves behind it a mournful vacuity, a dreary void. The wound of love, thus torn asunder, is beyond the remedy of consolation; the soul is occupied only with the indulgence of its grief, and averts with still greater horror from every offered relief. Such was the gloomy state of Gostanza, and such is that of any other under the sufferance of the same calamity. Her despondency was the more conspicuous to the eyes of her friends in proportion to the former gaiety of her disposition; her features now had lost their hitherto never absent smile, her countenance might have served a painter for the image of despair. In vain, however, did her father attempt to divert her despair; Lysimachus, as we have before mentioned, had no other fault but that of avarice, and he had ever loved his daughter with an affection truly paternal; all the power and opportunities which his boundless wealth afforded, were now exerted in vain; in vain did he assemble the nightly ball, or gayer masquerade; Gostanza, indeed, attended the scene of gaiety, but her countenance only presented a contrast to those of the surrounding company. She had continued some time in this condition of misery, when one morning she descended to the breakfast

room, and took her usual seat at the head of the repast. Her father regarded her with a look of equal grief and terror; her countenance had an air of melancholy and of a still greater gloom than usual. Lysimachus, struck with the singular misery of her features, demanded of her if she were well; she replied that she had never been more so; but the words had scarcely proceeded from her mouth when she broke forth into a passion of tears.

"Gostanza, my child (said Lysimachus), whence this fruitless grief? why do you thus refuse the consolation, the tears of a father? can nothing console you for the loss of a lover but the sacrifice of your father and yourself? I say of your father, Gostanza, for I cannot survive the loss of my child. I am already oppressed with the weight of years; I have buried your mother, and all of my children except yourself; the mercy of Heaven, as I fondly thought, has left you for the last prop of my age and life; will you be more cruel than my most persecuting fortune? will you deprive me of the only comfort which my adversity has left me? will you thus become your own executioner? It is true, indeed, that you have not raised your hand against your life, but will this voluntary indulgence of your grief, this passionate refusal of all remedy and consolation, is this, I say, a less effectual method of self-destruction? Your youth, your hitherto celebrated beauty, a gift of nature not unworthy of preservation, are already consumed; your bloom of life is blighted, and you are falling to the earth in the very opening of your charms. Martuccio is indeed dead, but Lysimachus yet lives; your lover is lost, but your father survives. Gostanza, my child, restrain your tears, live for your father if not for yourself; live from duty if not from love."

The consolation and embraces of Lysimachus were ineffectual; Gostanza would return no other reply than that of tears. She at length rose from her seat, and leaving the apartment retired through a glass door into the adjoining garden. The pleasure grounds of Lysimachus were planted with a beauty and magnificence agreeable to the wealth of the owner; upon the south they opened to the sea, and a walk descended from the house to the margin of the waters. Gostanza had now entered into this bath, and following, perhaps insensibly, the im-

pulse of her grief, had arrived at the brink of the approaching tide.

This spectacle could not but recall to her mind the fate of her lost lover; her melancholy was so augmented by such reflections, that she was several times upon the point of rushing forwards, and thus at once concluding both her life and misery. A conscience, early impressed with the precepts of our holy faith, was the only restraint upon this purpose; and even this, perhaps, might have been insufficient, had not an object diverted her attention, and inspired a new resolution. The tide, which was flowing up, had set afloat the boat of a fisherman which was moored within a few paces of the spot where Gostanza was standing. Gostanza, in the wildness of her despair, entered this boat; and raising the mast and sails, loosened the rope by which it was moored, and forced it forward into deeper water. The wind happened to blow from the shore, the vessel, therefore, soon gained the main sea. Gostanza here threw away the oars and rudder, and surrendered herself to the chance of the tide and wind. She had no other expectation, nor indeed purpose, than that of being overset by the wind, or driven upon some rock, and thus, without an act of her own hand, arriving at the period of her existence. The design of Heaven, however, opposed that of Gostanza.

Gostanza, as if for the last time, threw a regard upon her native island; she then wrapped herself in her mantle, and laying down in the bottom of the vessel, resigned herself to tears. "My grief, however (said she), approaches to its end. Yes, my Martuccio, I thus reject a life which I can no longer devote to thee; before the morning sun of to-morrow our spirits will meet again. Ah, pitying Heaven, forbear again to divide us!"

Thus wept the wretched Gostanza, expecting with the impatience of despair the last relief of the miserable, the solace of an immediate death. The expectation of Gostanza, however, was deceived; and Heaven, who governs the events of the life of mortals, and guides them by the most indirect means to the accomplishment of its purpose, had prepared another fate, and a happier destiny.

The vessel continued the remainder part of the day, and the whole of the following night, to sail before the wind, and as the sea was smooth, and the breeze itself rather fresh than violent, it sustained no injury from either. By this means, upon the dawn of the following morning, the boat had gained the opposite coast of Africa, and at length struck upon the shore, near a city of the name of Susa, about a hundred miles below the harbour of Tunis.

Gostanza, being still wrapped in her mantle,

and at length surprised into a deep sleep, was wholly insensible of her situation, nor knew whether her boat was upon the sea or land. It happened that at the time when the boat had struck upon the shore, a poor woman, the wife of a fisherman, was mending the net of her husband; and her surprise was great to see a vessel thus approach, and with extended sails rush upon the coast. She imagined, however, that some fishermen might have fallen asleep, and with this conjecture approached to examine the boat. Her astonishment was increased when she beheld no other person than a young woman, wrapped up in a mantle, and stretched amidst the water which had now half filled the boat. The appearance of Gostanza, however, was not such as to excite terror; the woman, therefore, did not hesitate to awake her, and perceiving by her habit that she was a Christian, demanded of her, in the language of Lipari, by what means she had arrived thither. Gostanza, hearing herself addressed in the language of her own island, suspected that her purpose had failed, and that the wind had driven her back to the coast she had left. With this apprehension she raised herself upon her feet, and threw her eyes upon the country; every object, however, was new; she demanded, therefore, of the woman, into what country she had arrived?

"My daughter (replied the woman), you are upon the coast of Barbary, and near the city of Susa."

Gostanza, upon this, again lamented the severity of her fate, and more particularly her escape from death; but not knowing how to proceed, she again laid herself on the benches of the bark, and gave free vent to her tears. The grief of Gostanza, with the beauty and elegance of her form, excited the pity and interest of the woman; she exerted all her efforts to console her, and at length succeeded in leading her to the cottage of her husband.

Gostanza here related in what manner she had arrived upon the coast; the good woman from hence justly concluded her in want of refreshment, and setting bread, and some of the cheap wine of the country before her, moved her with so much earnestness, and so many caresses, to eat, that Gostanza was at length prevailed upon to lay aside her purpose of seeking death from a refusal of food. Gostanza now demanded of the woman who she was, and by what means she had learned the language of Lipari? "My country (replied the woman) is the neighbourhood of Trapani, my name is Carapresa, and I live here in the service of some Christian fishermen."

Hearing the name of Carapresa, and learning that she was amongst Christians, though upon

the coast of Infidels, Gostanza, for the first moment, perceived a ray of hope to kindle in her mind, though had any one demanded what was the object of this hope, she had been utterly unable to explain; her mind, however, under this influence, became easier, her former wish of death vanished, and she consented with greater readiness to take the food which the kindness of the woman still continued to offer. In relating to the good woman the manner by which she had arrived upon the coast of Barbary, she had mentioned nothing further than that she had been surprised into a sudden sleep, and that the wind and tide had thus driven her at their caprice; she had concealed her name, her misfortune, her condition, and the place from which she had come. She now intreated the woman to have pity upon her youth, and give her that counsel and assistance which might enable her to escape without injury to her virtue.

"I will go and put up my nets which I have left upon the shore (replied Carapresa), and when I return I shall have thought of something in the way. Do you, my child, remain here, you have nothing to fear at present; but beware you do not approach the door lest some of the Moors of the country should see you; your beauty would then be your ruin."

Saying this, Carapresa left her for the purpose she had mentioned. After some interval she returned; and commanding Gostanza to wrap herself in her mantle, and, according to the custom of the country, veil her face, she conducted her under this concealment to the neighbouring town of Susa. She had no sooner arrived here than she thus addressed her:

"I am leading you, my daughter, to the house of a Saracen lady of reputation; she has often had occasion for my services, and as I ever discharged my duty with equal honesty and punctuality, she has been pleased to reward me with the expression of her good will. I will recommend you to her in the strongest manner I am able, and your appearance will not only confirm whatever I shall say, but will speak with yet more effect than myself; your mien and your form is that of a liberal condition, and your language and manners correspond; I have no doubt, therefore, but that she will receive you upon my recommendation, and entertain you as her daughter; be it your part to cultivate her affection."

The woman had scarcely finished when they arrived at the door of the lady. They were admitted without delay; and Carapresa performed the part she had undertaken, that of recommending Gostanza to the good grace of the Saracen widow. Her words were not without their desired effect; the lady, who was now advanced

in years, after regarding the features of Gostanza, began to weep in pity for the forlorn condition to which a young woman of an appearance so liberal was reduced. Taking her hand, and saluting her forehead, she conducted her into her house, and from that moment entertained her as her daughter. Nor did Gostanza reply to her affection with less tenderness. There were several other women in the house besides Gostanza, but no man; the trade of the widow, and of the women her slaves, was that of working in silk and palm-leaves. Gostanza had not been in the house but a few days before she could work with equal speed and skill to those of her companions; she now, therefore, became a no less useful than pleasing partner of their labours; nor did she long remain ignorant of the language of the country; in a word, Gostanza was no less loved than admired by the widow and her whole household; the former commanded her to address her by no other name than that of mother, and daily offered up her thanks in the mosque, that, as it had pleased Heaven to deprive her of her own children, it had thus repaired her loss by the gift of Gostanza. Such was the effect of her virtue, her manners, and beauty.

It is now time to return to Martuccio. You may remember that at the period of our narrative in which we left him, he had been presented by Hamet to Soliman, the dey of Tunis, and accepted by the latter as the immediate attendant of his person. He had continued in this condition of servitude at the time in which Gostanza was admitted into the house of the good widow. At this period, however, a new accident relieved him from a situation so unworthy of his merit, and hastened the final purpose of fortune.

The present dey of Tunis, as we have already mentioned, was Soliman, the favourite minister of the late prince, and by the advantage of that circumstance alone, elected to his present eminence. The Moors were at that time in possession of the greater part of Spain, and more particularly of the city and kingdom of Grenada. The king of this state produced a claim to the throne of Soliman, and summoned him to surrender the usurped dignity to his superior right. Soliman, whom favour had advanced, but whom merit had confirmed in his empire, returned an answer of scorn and defiance.

"As to your right to my throne (said the proud Infidel), you have mistaken your desire for your right; but if the appetite for dominion can constitute such a right, I likewise have the same right to the state of Grenada. Surrender, therefore, your usurped dignity, admit me to my throne of Grenada, or your head shall answer for your refusal."

With this mixture of irony and pride, did the

dey reply to the demand of the ambassadors of Grenada. War, therefore, was immediately declared between the two princes, and Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, was hourly expected to lead his army in person to the invasion of the state of Tunis. Martuccio, being in the very centre of the scene, could not avoid learning the cause of the general hurry and preparation; and being one day in discourse with one of the officers of state, said to him in confidence,—"If the king would demand my advice, I would give him such counsel as should secure him a certain victory." Sqliman happened to overhear these words, but passed forward without any present notice. A royal council, however, being called in the evening, to consider of the means of carrying on the impending war, you may guess the astonishment of Martuccio, when a slave summoned him to attend the assembly. His surprise was not without reason. It was the custom of Tunis that none but the ministers of the court, and a few of the most distinguished of the first order of the nobility, should be permitted to attend the council.

Martuccio in some confusion obeyed; upon entering the chamber of the divan, the dey addressed him.—"Christian, you have long served me with equal address and fidelity; you merit, therefore, the reward which our laws will permit. Your liberal appearance is a sufficient testimony of your superior condition in your own country; you will therefore not disgrace the same rank in any other. From this day, therefore, you are raised to the order of nobility in the state of Tunis. It is true, that the strictness of our law requires the profession of the Mahometan faith, but it is a part of my prerogative, as dey, to suspend this acceptance of our religion. I will allow you ten years to study our writings, and converse with our Doctors, and I have no doubt but at the end of this period, you will acknowledge Mahomet to be the last and greatest of the prophets. Your present duty is to assume the seat and functions of your new rank. I overheard you say, that if I demanded your advice with regard to the means of carrying on the war, you would give me such counsel as should secure my victory. Speak, therefore, Martuccio, I demand your counsel."

"My lord (replied Martuccio), I must preface my counsel by saying, that this is not the first time I have visited the state of Tunis; my experience, therefore, has given me some knowledge of your customs both of peace and war. Your wars, I have perceived, are chiefly carried on with arrows; if any method, therefore, can be discovered by which your army may abound in arrows, whilst that of your enemy becomes deficient, your victory, I believe, must be secure."

The dey, and the nobles of the council, who listened with the most earnest attention, here nodded their assent; Martuccio thus continued:—

"This may be effected with equal ease and dispatch. Attend whilst I relate in what manner. In the first place, issue a general command to your armourers, that the strings of your bows may be made smaller than usual, and afterwards to make the arrows to fit those more slender strings, so that they may be useless to the other strings which will not suit their notches; and this must be executed with all the secrecy an affair of such importance requires, that it may not arrive to the knowledge of your enemy, and thus counteract our whole purpose. This happy event cannot fail; when the archers of your enemy have shot off their arrows, and yours have discharged theirs, each side must supply itself for a new discharge, by picking up the arrows which have been shot; the enemy, therefore, must collect those of your archers, and you those of the enemy. Now your arrows must be wholly useless to the enemy, for the smaller notches will not fit their greater strings; the contrary, however, will happen to your army, for the small strings of your bows will fit an arrow of any notch whatever. Thus will it happen, that you will be well supplied with arrows from the quivers of your enemies, whilst yours being so wholly useless to them, they must be deficient of their expected resource."

It is impossible to describe the applause and satisfaction of the council upon this advice of Martuccio; but a few moments before they regarded him with equal envy and abhorrence; his new dignity had excited the first, and the antipathy of a different faith had inspired the latter. This envy and abhorrence was now lost in general approbation, and they united in acknowledging the superior sagacity of the dey, who had advanced a man of the merit of Martuccio.

How universal, and even insensible to ourselves, is the influence of interest; by this it was that the general sentiment was thus changed into feelings of an opposite nature, and those who would have consented but the preceding hour to have had Martuccio impaled alive, were now as loud in inviting the dey to appoint him general of the forces. The dey assented, and commanded Martuccio to accept the offered trust.

Martuccio hesitated, but as the war of barbarians requires but little skill, and his refusal might be imputed to other motives, he at length obeyed.

It is the nature of genius, or what is more properly called, vigour of mind, to attend its

possession through every mode of action, and to render him equally eminent in situations of the least similitude; the success of Martuccio in his new office justified this remark. The army of the Tunisians, which was hitherto nothing but an armed multitude, assumed under the command of their new general, the order and regularity of a disciplined body. Martuccio was equally ardent and skilful in the discharge of his duty.

Soliman beheld, with equal pleasure and admiration, the fidelity and talents of his Christian general, and one day addressed him in these words:—"How blind art thou, Martuccio, to thine own interests; why dost thou thus refuse to adopt our faith; my age foretells a speedy vacancy in the throne of Tunis; I have no children, or other relations, to whom I desire to leave the succession; your merit might attain the vacant dignity; the envy of your promotion will cease when you become one of ourselves."

The promises, and even intreaties of the dey were ineffectual to shake the constancy of Martuccio; his laudable perseverance in the faith of his country and education, would have excited the indignation of any other than Soliman; this dey, however, had little of the bigotry of his sect, and well merited the title of the Generous and Magnificent, which the general consent had imposed. With this nature, therefore, the firmness of Martuccio rather increased than diminished his esteem; nor did his expectation from the merit of his general deceive him.

Mariabdel, the king of Grenada, having collected his army, and put himself at its head, had passed over into Africa, and was advancing to the walls of Tunis. Martuccio, taking his post according to his greater experience of the country, gave battle to the invaders. The conflict, from the superior numbers of the enemy, was long, but victory was at length Martuccio's. Mariabdel was himself taken prisoner, and Martuccio presented the proud monarch to the dey.

The general consent of the soldiers attributed the victory to the courage and skill of Martuccio; Soliman, therefore, laying aside the pride and distance of his superior rank, embraced him as his friend, and added new honours and dignities to the benefits already conferred. Such was the glory and present honour of Martuccio.

Gostanza, during this time, continued in the house of the Saracen widow, and though her melancholy had much diminished, she still retained a tender remembrance of her lost lover; her eyes were often suffused in tears, and the gaiety of her companions, though kindly intended for her entertainment, only augmented her uneasiness, from its contrast to the real state of her mind. Such was the real situation of Gostanza

when the whole country around rung with the victory and praises of Martuccio.

The report at length reached the ears of Gostanza. The name of Martuccio being that of her lover, whom she supposed dead, excited all the feelings of her soul; but who can express her emotion, when to the demand of the widow, who this Martuccio was, the messenger replied, that he was a Christian, from the island of Lipari, that had been taken by Hamet, in the Mediterranean, and presented by him as a slave to Soliman.

There was no room for further doubt; it was the same Martuccio; it was Martuccio her long lost, but at length recovered lover. We will not attempt to describe the joy of Gostanza; in a word, it was rapture, transport, and the very madness of joy; her eyes glistened with fresher lustre, her features were animated with new life, and her cheeks glowed with all the imparted radiance of love, hope, and youth. Her unusual appearance could not but excite the remark and curiosity of her kind protectress. It was some time before Gostanza recovered sufficient tranquillity to explain the cause of her transport; she at length, however, related every incident of her life, and concluded by throwing herself in the arms of the widow, exclaiming,—“Behold my Martuccio restored! it can be no other than himself.” The widow, upon comparison of the circumstances of the narrative, was of the same opinion, and after the emotions of Gostanza had subsided into greater tranquillity, they resolved to depart for Tunis and seek Martuccio. The resolution was executed with an equal alacrity with which it was taken; a few days brought them to the city.

The first care of the widow was to leave Gostanza at the house of one of her friends, after which she departed in search of Martuccio. She resolved, however, to have the pleasure of witnessing his surprise; and therefore, having at length obtained admittance into his house and presence, thus addressed him:—"Martuccio, it has been my fortune to purchase a slave from the island of Lipari, he is acquainted with your name and family, and requests to see you upon business of equal secrecy and importance; he was not willing to entrust even this message to any other than myself; I have undertaken it, therefore, and thus execute it. Will you attend me, my lord?"

The name of his native island, the abode of Gostanza, could not be indifferent to the ears of Martuccio; his emotion was visible in the features of his countenance, and the widow already understood that Gostanza was not forgotten; nor was her penetration deceived. Martuccio had never for a moment lost thought of his absent

Gostanza ; in the midst of servitude and glory, she was the constant image of his memory ; he had no other purpose than to avail himself of his present wealth, and as soon as he could make his escape, or obtain permission of departure, to return to Lipari, and demand the hand of his beloved Gostanza. The widow, therefore, no sooner proposed that he should follow her to her house to see a slave from Lipari, than he eagerly obeyed, in hopes that he might hear something of Lysimachus and his daughter. They soon arrived at the house of the widow's friend. We will not attempt to describe the meeting of Gostanza and Martuccio ; conceive every thing of love, joy, and transport, of astonishment upon the one side, and rapture on the other, and you may form a faint image of their emotions.

"O my Gostanza, and art thou indeed alive ; I have sent to seek you in your native island, but could receive no other information than that you had left your father's house, and were by general report supposed to have been dead. A thousand and ten thousand thanks to the fortune which thus restores you to my arms ; yet it is not to fortune that I can impute an event of such benevolence. There is a being, my Gostanza, who presides over fortune, and directs every thing to the final accomplishment of his own wise purpose ; it is he that at the same moment delivered me into the hands, and preserved me from the sword of Hamet ; it is he who has thus covered me with victory and glory in a land of Infidels ; it is he who preserved the life of my Gostanza, though exposed to the caprice of tide and wind in no other vessel than a fishing boat ; it is he who conducted the same boat to the coasts of Tunis ; it is he who has thus preserved us for each other, and by means the most indirect, and which appeared least suited to his final purpose, has thus effected our happiness and endless union.

Gostanza, my Gostanza, nothing shall again divide us."

In this manner did Martuccio breathe forth his love, his rapture, and his gratitude ; and Gostanza returned no other reply than such embraces as her modesty permitted.

Their tranquillity restored, Martuccio, leaving her under the care of the widow, returned to the palace of the dey ; and with a confidence which his knowledge of his virtues inspired, related to him every thing, both with regard to Gostanza and himself ; he concluded by demanding permission of departure to his native island of Lipari.

The dey was equally surprised and delighted at the singular incident ; and still more extraordinary event of this narrative, and commanded Gostanza herself to be conducted into his presence. Gostanza appearing to his summons, the dey demanded of herself the repetition of her narrative ; and when she had obeyed and had concluded, thus addressed her : "Gostanza, you have merited him for a husband." Upon this he loaded them with the most costly gifts, and having freighted a ship with the richest commodities which his kingdom could afford, presented it to Martuccio, and gave him permission to depart for Lipari.

Martuccio, after rewarding the good widow for her protection of Gostanza, ascended the ship. Their voyage was happy ; and Lysimachus himself, being summoned to the shore by the appearance of a ship sailing immediately to his garden, had the happiness to receive them in his arms.

Gostanza and Martuccio were soon united according to the rites of the church, and their future happiness was such as might be expected from their well tried love.

THE GOOD SORT OF MAN ;

A MORAL TALE, OR A SCANDALOUS HISTORY.

I HAVE just learnt the death of poor Theodore ; I am sorry for it : I knew him well, he was a *good sort of man*. During his whole life he neither thought, nor said, nor did any thing, but what he believed would please the persons with whom he lived. He was born with one of those supple, flexible dispositions, which receive all impressions without retaining any. His imagination was gay, lively, and sensible ; every thing was painted in it, and reflected with agreeable colours. He seemed to interest himself in every

occurrence, to love those people with whom he conversed ; he was himself interesting, was beloved, or at least was thought to be so.

He possessed every taste, without any passions. He had wit, intelligence, and all which is necessary to judge accurately of men and things ; but his principles were only in his head, and none of them had taken root in his heart ; they neither regulated his sentiments, nor influenced his conduct.

He had the talent of satire ; but he never made

use of it against his friends, except in their absence; and then only to amuse, but never to hurt.

He was always ready to sacrifice his opinion, his tastes, and his sentiments to those of others: he did not think that the vanity of defending his meaning about trifles, was worth the trouble of contradicting. He did not pique himself upon having more wit than another, and every one thought him very witty. He pretended to nothing but to be a sociable man, and every body allowed him that merit.

His character appeared in his childhood; its facility rendered him docile to the lessons of his teachers, from which he profited greatly; he appeared early in the world, with all the advantages of wit, person, politeness and talents.

The most fashionable women were eager to please him, and easily succeeded. Not one could fix him; but his infidelities and even his indiscretions were readily pardoned. However the attentions which the ladies exacted, laid him under restraints which soon repulsed him. He then frequented the complaisant beauties of the capital. He was much pleased at the facility of this traffick; but his pleasures were not always pure, as he experienced some bitterness in the pursuit.

His constitution was delicate, notwithstanding which he eat and drank like the most robust men. He would not disturb the gaiety of an agreeable supper by a misplaced sobriety, which is always either ridiculous or troublesome.

Roving from pleasure to pleasure, he soon found his health impaired, and his fortune shattered. He was advised to marry; he was sensible he ought to do so, and set about following that advice.

He had inspired a young widow with a real passion. Adelaide was beautiful and interesting, and he loved her as much as he could love any one. This lady had sacrificed much to the hopes he had given her of marrying her; but she was not rich; his affairs were deranged, and he considered he might re-establish them by a good marriage. The daughter of an opulent man was offered. He had some scruples as to the distress which Adelaide would feel, from his desertion, but his friends thought such delicacy ridiculous, he thought so too, and married the rich heiress. The tender widow retired into a convent, where

she shortly after died of grief and disappointment. Theodore was sincerely afflicted, for he was a *good sort of man*.

His wife was handsome and ingenuous; she loved him as a young girl generally loves her husband when she does not hate him. Theodore thought himself obliged through decency, as well as for his own ease, to moderate that sensation; he treated the caresses, the jealousies, and the little exigencies of his wife, as childish follies; he told her they ought to live together like reasonable beings. This immediately made her miserable. One of their common friends attempted to dissipate her chagrin, and somewhat calmed her. Twenty more comforters succeeded each other in a twelve month, and perfectly consoled her. Theodore found himself much at his ease, he saw himself successively the father of two sons, and a daughter, whom he brought up as well as he could; but the concatenation of pleasures, and the duties of society, did not permit him to attend to their education; and the dissipations of his wife, together with his own, added to his insuperable aversion to all order and regularity, reduced his fortune to a state which did not allow him to procure the necessary means for their instruction.

At last his wife, led astray by the want of multiplying and varying her consolations, happened to engage in an intrigue which made so much noise, that she was forced to enter into a convent with her daughter, who there took the veil, in order to save her father the trouble of getting her married. The two sons, almost strangers to their father, were a little too well known to the public. Theodore, obliged to abandon his estates to his creditors, and to retire from the great world, where he could no longer show himself, lived a few years in very bad company; poor, and burthened with infirmities, forgotten by all those honest people to whom he had devoted his life, his reputation and his fortune; and who, when he was mentioned, said: "He was a charming man! 'tis pity one can see him no more!"

In short, he died before he was fifty, of the consequences of his profligacy, abandoned by his wife, by his children, by his friends, and by his servants. Theodore was, however, a *good sort of man*.

LETTER FROM A HERETOFORE RICH MAN.

THERE are people who are born magistrates, others warriors; as to me, I possessed a thousand a year, I was used to it; I was born so, and I was born for it. I thought my fortune and myself were to remain inseparable. The revolution in France happened, my thousand a year left me, and without having stirred a step, as if the earth had revolved under my feet, I found myself out of my place, and without knowing how to get into it again. For it must not be imagined, that when one has lost a thousand a year, one has only to walk on foot, to wear shabby clothes, to dine poorly, or not at all; one must also change one's tone, one's manners, and even the turn of one's phrases.

This discovery, which I immediately made, afflicted me so much, that I resolved to support every thing in order to conceal my situation, rather than thus to sacrifice what remained the dearest to me. I thought that by thus conducting myself, I might still retain the same manners; but after a short time, finding myself amongst rich people, I was so humbled by the difference which without my perceiving it, was established between them and me, that at the moment I was ready to renounce all society. Afterwards I said to myself: well, I have mistaken the matter, but I shall at least learn how one is to conduct one's self after having lost a thousand a year, and I reasoned thus: The rich are in general so overbearing on account of their riches, that poverty ought necessarily to attract esteem; and as it would be cowardly to blush at it, true courage must consist in being proud of it. I therefore prepared myself to glory in having lost a thousand a year. Heaven knows, however, that I had myself done nothing towards it.

From that time, I ceased not to repeat that I was poor; I told it to every one, I informed those who did not ask me of my forlorn situation; and when I was questioned on the subject, I appeared almost offended at its not being known. Was dress the subject of conversation, I directly displayed my worn out clothes, and I carefully avoided owning I had another suit. On days of ceremony I took particular care to wear my worst hat. The rich were become the objects of my disdain, and luxury that of my censure. On seeing two candles lighted I called out shame; and I would have pardoned the possessors of new fortunes, if, after having seized on the money of others, they had not had the impudence to spend it. I paid a visit one day to one of my female

relations who had retained her fortune, and was an agreeable woman, always attentive not to shock the ideas or opinions of others. She was surrounded with the rich and the gay; they were talking of their pleasures. I began to display my poverty, and they became silent; I continued, and they all went away. I expatiated on the indecency of the luxury which was just beginning to revive; and my cousin, who was just ready to go out, ordered her carriage to be put up; and as I had found fault with the delicacy of those who could not stir a step without a carriage, she thought herself obliged to walk. We were caught in a shower of rain; we waited an hour and a half under a shed; in the mean time a hackney coach passed by, and my cousin saying she had no money, I began to rally her on her being so fashionable as not to wear pockets. At last the rain ceased, but the streets were overflowed, the lady slipped at every step, and once she fell down so suddenly that I could only assist her to get up again. I reconducted her home, wet to the skin.

The next day I called at her house; the porter said, "Madame has got a violent cold; she has made a list, see whether you are on it." I looked and saw—"All the Derivals except Derival G." (which is my name.) Are you on it? asked the porter. Yes, said I, I am; and I ran away, that he might not see in what manner I was mentioned.

I am again in the wrong, said I, in going home, I thought to be well received, and the doors are shut against me. After reflecting on these matters, in a few days I learnt that by means of an unexpected inheritance, my fortune was pretty nearly replaced on the footing it was at first. After the first emotions of joy, I said to myself, I shall then never know how a man is to conduct himself after having lost a thousand a year; but I was for the third time in an error. It is only a week since I am become rich again, and I feel myself perfectly instructed in the duties of the poor. From which I make this reflection—that our relative knowledge is never brought home to our actual position; and that such a one, for example, who whilst under the authority of his parents, has deeply considered the duties of parents to their children, must necessarily be married and have children, if he wishes to form a precise idea of the duties of children towards their parents.

ON NOVELS AND ROMANCES,

WITH A CURSORY REVIEW OF THE LITERARY LADIES OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GERMAN LADY TO HER FRIEND.

In the present state of society, it appears to me inevitably necessary that women should read Novels, notwithstanding what has been said by professed moralists on that subject. It is true, they preach in the desert. How, says Rousseau, how should women, who are, during the whole of their lives, divided between their domestic cares, and dreams, and trifles, ever perceive they have a soul, if love did not call it into action? I would add, if they did not read novels. How many dangerous caprices and absurd fancies would, perhaps, be stifled in their birth; how many hours would be taken from cards, scandal, and the toilet, would the genius of fiction, in a propitious moment, give an elevated zest to their imagination, offer the heart mild and noble sentiments, and even awaken in their minds some sparks of philosophy! Therefore, since novels are more particularly read by women, it seems to me useful to morality that they should also take upon themselves, as in England, the charge of fabricating this useful merchandize; and I wish that we could see in Germany some well-educated persons, of our own sex, make a similar use of their talents. With the exception of Goethe, whose characters are always drawn from life, male authors generally paint our sex so far from what we can, or wish to be, that if imitated we should become mere caricatures. I allow that there is abundance of novels of this description in England; and if they prove that a cultivated mind is very general among women, they also indicate that their taste is still too confined to produce works of a superior kind. For, we must own, that these novels, written by women, are in truth, decorous and moral, but uniformly stiff; they are more apt to paint well-organized puppets, regularly beautiful, or regularly ugly, than real beings whose characters and physiognomy offer various shades like those in nature. The situation of women in society, the line of conduct they must follow, and too often their faulty and illiberal education, are so many fetters which prevent their elevation, even in their fictions, above mediocrity, and render it impossible for them to give those bold strokes, in their pictures, which are traced by men of talents; who, by their steady, free, and vigorous hand, guided by the models of classical literature, have too much advantage over our sex. To

assert the truth of this remark, I can quote the *Caleb Williams*, of Godwin; and the *Hugh Trevor*, of Holcroft; but I only wish to speak of the novels that are fit for the perusal of women, and these were not written for them.

Thus, while waiting until men will employ their talents to perfect the taste of women, I could wish, and my wish is very disinterested, that they would not influence their minds in the course they have chosen to pursue, and where they run little danger of being bewildered, provided they only follow no other guide than nature. I wish women could be spared those eternal reproaches, of sickly sensibility, hackneyed, moral, insipid colouring, &c. reproaches always exaggerated, though often very true in some degree; for the mania of falling into the marvellous is but too common among authoresses as well as authors. We may flatter ourselves with having given the English a precedent of this, as the fictions of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the horrid dreams of Mr. Lewis, and all the romances, of ghosts that my ears are fatigued with, incessantly prove. I should like to know in what respect this reading is preferable to those novels that offer us a true picture of life; among which are those of Miss Burney, formerly so much liked in England, but that now unfortunately appear too reasonable. I agree, that some of our German readers, whom five or six of our first geniuses have accustomed to *chef-d'œuvres* of this kind, may find too little poetry and philosophy in the works of Miss Burney; they vainly seek for some new trait in the human heart; but they will find a great many things truly and prettily represented, expressed in a pure and elegant style, a faithful picture of English opinions and manners, useful instructions, and excellent moral. I have read, with great pleasure, *Evilina* and *Cecilia*. *Camilla*, the last work of this admirable author, offers some very interesting characters, and also some that are very stiff and exaggerated; and I should think this novel must make a very poor figure in a translation; but, should every thing be translated? I think that few works should, except those that are learned and useful. The fruits of imagination, of wit, and of fashion, when they savour much of the place that gave them birth, cannot be with the same success, translated into another soil.

You wish I should mention some of those English women who have distinguished themselves in this style of writing. I shall name to you Mrs. Bennet, the author of the *Beggar Girl*; Mrs. Inchbald, whose superior talents would have been more happily developed, had more favourable circumstances allowed her to extend further the sphere of her ideas. Mrs. Robinson, whose poems are replete with sentiment. Charlotte Smith, an indefatigable authoress, and very unfortunate woman, whose works seem to partake of the gloomy colour of her destiny, and display a certain habitual discontent, which impairs her talents, and prevents their being sufficiently diversified. She has, however, composed some sonnets, where her melancholy assumes a truly elevated and poetical style.

Ann Yearsley, the milk-maid, is a meteor of literature, whose shade we ought to worship, as she is a brilliant example, to prove that nature is as liberal towards our sex, in gifts of genius, as she is to men, whatever may be said by the parrots of the good and inconsiderate Rousseau.—This milk-maid is, among the women, what Burns was among the men; her taste is even more perfect and elevated than the Caledonian peasant's, though she had to combat with circumstances equally unfavourable. It is true, she appears to have less strength in her expressions, because, as it becomes a female, they are more delicate and choice.

Among the English female poets, who are our cotemporaries, the first place is certainly due to Mrs. Barbauld, who joins a profound knowledge of the art, and great morality, to real talents. Those works, which would be more pleasing did they display more warmth of imagination, would, perhaps, offer a greater share if she had written them in any other country.

Another lady has published, under the title of *Series of Plays on the Passions*, two volumes of theatrical pieces, whose plan is very extraordinary. The author has conceived a strange idea of writing on all the different passions and species of dramatic essay, and to make each the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. What is no less extraordinary, is, that in the narrow circle in which she has voluntarily circumscribed herself, she has been able to introduce such exalted ideas, and freedom of action. It is less surprising that her compositions should be often embarrassed, particularly when we reflect how uncommon it is for one passion alone to agitate the heart, and that almost always, the predominant one, is shaded with several other passions. Her first tragedy, entitled *Count Basil*, is intended to paint love, the irresistible fatality of its power, its intoxicating charm, capable of lulling even the most heroic energies of the soul.

A young intrepid warrior, still a stranger to love, and existing only for glory, a general, or rather *condottieri*, in the service of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, passes with his army through Mantua, and, at first sight, falls in love with the Duke's daughter. The Duke, being secretly attached to Francis I. is informed that a battle is very shortly to be fought, in the environs of Padua, between the French and the Spaniards, and forms the project of detaining the Count at his court, in order to weaken the Imperial army. He persuades his daughter to try the power of her charms, and gives a feast to which she herself is to invite the young Count. The Princess puts in practice all the arts of her sex; but vanity, which is at first her only object, by degrees gives place to a more tender sentiment. The fatal passion of coquetry, so common and so blamable, is here depicted with a masterly hand. The Count, blinded by his passion, is surrounded on all sides with snares, which he does not perceive, and from which no human means can extricate him. His army murmurs, and threatens a revolt; his friends advise and beseech him; but all in vain: an invisible power detains him. One day passes, and then another, at last he hears that the Imperial army, where he was vainly expected, has gained a battle. Then overwhelmed by his dishonour, and incapable of supporting his shame, he puts an end to his existence; and the miserable Princess, torn by remorse and love, falls lifeless on his body.

This subject is fine; but it is evident that love is not the sole cause of these disasters: political manœuvres form the web; and the suicide that concludes the play, is not the sole work of love, but of honour and despair. If love alone had reigned in the Count's heart, it would have consoled him, and he would have remained blind to every other consideration.

The author has, without doubt, greater difficulties to overcome, to represent hatred: she has also succeeded less happily. Hatred is not an affection of the soul that exists without an object; consequently, it is not a real passion; for passions are no other things than affections which, 'carried to an extraordinary degree of violence by the strength of the attraction which excites them, or the object that represses them, chain the faculties of the soul, and reduce it to a passive state. From this arises the difficulty the author has found herself in, when attempting to give the appearance of reality to the invincible and atrocious hatred that predominates in the heart of the hero of the piece. Montfort, to excite some tragical interest, ought to be represented, in other respects, as a more reasonable and generous man. The object of his hatred must not, however, have grievously offended

him, because then, as I have before observed, another passion than hatred would have been too visible in the action. But all these points established, what are the motives of the horrible catastrophe of the piece; the nocturnal attempt which Montfort commits on an unsuspecting and defenceless enemy? No other thing than an antipathy, arising from little jealousies in society, slight wounds of self-love, and the witty repartees, which the unconscious Resenfeld opposes to the bitter sarcasms of hatred.—There is nothing here worthy of tragedy. Montfort's crime is not that of a man lost for a moment by a violent passion; but the action of a villain or of a madman, who ought to be confined.

Among those English women who have distinguished themselves by their superior wit and talents, Mrs. Macauley Graham holds an exalted situation. Perhaps, my friend, your tolerating and gentle mind will find too much warmth and boldness in the works of this republican historian. Her style, in reality, appears to me to be deficient in calmness, and of that measure which good taste requires, and that becomes the dignity of history. But we should, nevertheless, admire in her writings that masculine and independent genius, that philosophical glance, that strength of thought and energy of expression, which, at the same time, wins and astonishes us, and stamps her name with celebrity.

Mrs. Bryan has lately published a course of astronomy for the use of young persons; and if we may judge of the author by the easy and perspicuous succession of her ideas, and the portrait which graces the head of her work, she must be extremely amiable.

Miss Hannah More is much admired by persons of sound judgment. Her style is pure, and often elegant; and she is, on all points, of an exemplary correctness; and, according to the present state of opinions, her principles on moral

education are extremely good. We Germans would like her better, did her works offer us more congenial ideas, more liberality of thought, and less solicitude in wishing to adapt her judgment to the forms of society in general.

This is not the case with the late Mary Wolstonecraft, whose writings, misfortunes, and singularity, have of late taken up all my attention. During the first year of the revolution, her *Rights of Women* fell into my hands; and that title produced rather an unfavourable impression upon my mind. I thought it would prove an imitation of, or a supplement to, the book of Thomas Payne. But how false was that supposition. My soul was drawn by sympathy towards the soul that unfolded itself in that production. What energetic and original, what clear and never-exaggerated ideas she has thrown upon the dignity and the destination of women! With what penetrating glance has she not explored the sources of the corruption that infects society! Yet, I will not conceal the defects of her work, some parts of which are coarse and unconnected.

I do not know whether you have read a short novel of Miss Wolstonecraft's, entitled *Maria*, in which she has depicted the warm and passionate affection she conceived in her infancy for a young lady whose education has been more cultivated than her own. This lady, having married in Portugal, fell into a dangerous state of languor. As soon as Miss Wolstonecraft was informed of the danger of her friend, she forsook her only means of existence, the school which she kept, and hastened alone and unprotected to Portugal, where she arrived in time to soothe her last moments. All this is related, in the most interesting manner, in the novel I have above mentioned.

E. R.

THE TRAVELS OF WISDOM.

IN THE STYLE OF PLATO.

WISDOM is mild, indulgent, and temperate. Wisdom is patient, compassionate, and a friend to liberty; she tolerates among her children, and indulges herself in every action that tends to please, and offends no one; for it is only wickedness that she holds in detestation. She is modest; she does not style herself wisdom; she

does not imagine that she attracts the eyes of the universe, and, notwithstanding, is courageous; and should the world, that scarcely ever bestows a thought upon her, scrutinize and blame her actions, her only answer would be a smile.

One day Wisdom was bewildered, and nearly

lost her way: she undertook to travel, and this disturbed her rest: she wished to find Reason and Happiness, that fortunate, amiable pair, who sometimes visit those who long and wait for them, but are seldom met by those who aim after them.

Wisdom, in the first day's journey, did much good. The earth became fertile, mirth arose, and health was invigorated wherever she passed: she every where bestowed help and consolation; and spread around serenity and joy. Towards evening, she begged for hospitality at the house of her sister, Prudence, who is also a daughter of Jupiter and Minerva.

Prudence wears handsome, but serious features; there is even a family likeness between her and Wisdom; but her morals are not quite so mild or so pure: her attribute is a serpent. She had been secretly connected with Mystery, the son of Night and old Silence. From this well-conducted, though little known union, were born three daughters, Circumspection, Timidity, and *Mauvaise-honte*. Prudence educated them as if they had been the children of chance, found in lonely forests, where, in reality, they had first seen the light. It is said, that since that time *Mauvaise-honte* has married Pride.

In all families the succession of alliances has intermixed the various species; and thence proceeded the numberless crowds of gods and men, which surround us.

Wisdom received a hearty welcome, not only on account of her consanguinity, but because her native charms win the affection of all those who behold her. When she departed, after expressing her regret, and bidding her farewell, Prudence advised her to follow a straighter path. Timidity begged she would accept a pair of slippers, such as they wore at the court of the great king; and thickly lined with wool, lest the noise of her steps should awaken Danger. Circumspection, armed her with a staff to feel the ground on which she was going to tread, and support her frame. *Mauvaise-honte* threw over her head and shoulders a dark veil, lest the brightness of her beauty should dazzle men, and excite the envy of her enemies. Wisdom accepted their presents with

gratitude. *She is easily deceived, and yet she is no less wise.

Thus disguised, she slowly proceeded; her weighty slippers slackened her pace, and her figure was less imposing. Her veil did not allow her to perceive the sufferings of the unfortunate, and she was no longer beneficent. Her staff moving here and there, struck and wounded the passengers, and she was now the cause of evil, without increasing her own share of happiness. She left the right path, and experienced useless fatigue; and the evening was stealing around her while she approached the cavern where dwelt Rigour and *Ennui*, when very fortunately she met Truth, her eldest sister, and the most august, as Wisdom is the most amiable.

With one hand Truth holds a torch, the light of which no veil can diminish; with the other, she carries a looking-glass, where every soul is compelled to read its most secret thoughts, even those which it endeavours to conceal from itself, and which have not yet been expressed. "Is it you, my sister," she exclaimed, addressing Wisdom, "whither do you bend your steps? and why this strange disguise? Cast off those slippers, which oblige you to walk with difficulty, like a mere mortal. Tear off this veil; you wish to rule mankind, but the laws of love are only obeyed; do not conceal your features and weaken their effect. Throw away your staff, does a goddess need support? Does she condescend to strike human beings?"

One of the most distinguished characteristics of Wisdom is, to listen with gratitude to the advice of others, and with respectful obedience to those of Truth. The veil, the slippers, and the staff were immediately thrown aside, and the two sisters interchanged their warm embraces. Leaning on each others arm, and conversing on subjects fit to awaken the admiration of gods and men, they slowly advanced, wafted on the respectful wing of zephyrs, above the surface of the earth.

Thus they reached the cottage, which Wisdom once inhabited, and where Reason and Happiness, who could not exist without them, had fixed their abode.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S POCKET-BOOK.

VENICE.—NATIONAL CAROLS.

It is well known that in Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and were wont to sing them in their own melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline; at least, after taking some pains I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso.

There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto figurato*; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

I entered a gondola by moon-light; one singer placed himself forward, and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. George's. One began the song; when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe, as the object of the poem altered.

On the whole, however, their sounds are hoarse and screaming; they seemed in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing in force of voice; one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight, shut up as I was in the box of the gondola, from this scene, that I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me, that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly, we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently

stood still, and hearkened to the one and to the other.

Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory and, as it were, shrieking sound met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly succeeding transitions which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion and pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder, or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendor of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

It suits perfectly well with an idle solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror; and as all is still around, he is as it were, in a solitude, in the midst of a large and populous town. There is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot-passengers, a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashing of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him; melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers, he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse, though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue; the hearers who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, at times it is scarcely possible to refrain

from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, said quite unexpectedly,—“E singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto piu quando lo cantano meglio”

I was told, that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagouns, particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocca and Palestrina, sing, in like manner, the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings, and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance.

How much more delightful and more appropriate does this song shew itself here, than the call of a solitary person uttered far and wide, till another equally disposed shall hear and answer him! It is the expression of a vehement and hearty longing, which yet is every moment nearer to the happiness of satisfaction.

ROME.—RITORNELLI.

WITH a similar kind of song, but which is no wise charming or agreeable, the populace of Rome are continually entertaining themselves, and wounding every ear except their own. It is also a kind of *canto fermo*, recitation or declamation, just as we may choose to call it. It is distinguishable by no melodious movement; the intervals of the tones are not to be expressed by our method of writing notes; and these singular intervals are only to be produced by the utmost exertion of voice in this mode of singing.

The tone and manner, or rather the screams, of the singers are so perfectly monotonous, that throughout all the streets of Rome it seems as if one was ever hearing the same set of madmen. It is most frequent about sunset, and during the night; so soon as they find themselves free and easy, they break out into these cries. A boy who, in the evening of a hot day, is shutting up the windows, a carrier going out of the gate with his cart, a workman leaving his shop, immediately opens his throat with these horrid cries. They call this kind of singing *ritornelli*, and set to this disharmony any words that come into their heads, as every sort of phrases and periods, whether metrical or prosaic, is easily adjusted to it. It is but seldom that the words are intelligible, and I can recollect only once to have understood one of the singers. His ditty appeared to me to consist of gross, though not quite

witless invectives, against the women of the neighbourhood.

BALLADS.

In the year 1786, nothing was heard every where but the Mailbrough, which was sung in all the streets, half Italian half French, by accident to its own well-known tune.

At the beginning of 1787, it was shoved out of fashion by a ballad which, in a short space had such a run, that even young children, as well as grown up persons, were singing it for ever; it was variously composed and introduced into concerts with several voices. The subject of it was properly a declaration of love to a damsel: every verse contained praises and promises, which were ever repeatedly raised by the burden.

Non dico? is the popular phrase by which a doubt is signified on an exaggeration advanced by the man himself or by another. The first verse runs thus:

“Ogni uomo ogni donzella,
“Mia dolce Mirami!
“Mi dice che sei bella
“E penso anch’io così:
“Non dico: bella!
“Ma—li la ba te li.”

The last Ma—, which is cut off by the syllable of the insignificant, refrain or burden, gives the utmost force to the expression of irony.

The tune to which it was most usually sung, and with which we shall give the whole song, is agreeable, though not expressive.

THE HISTORICAL BALLAD.

We hear very little in Rome of stories of spectres; and probably the reason of it is, because no catholic Christian, who has confessed and received the sacraments, can ever be damned, but has only to pass a stated time in purgatory for the completion of his penance and purgation. The piety of every heart is directed to the alleviation and enlargement of poor suffering souls. Indeed all purgatory appears frequently at once in a dream, or the delirium of distemper, to a troubled believer; and on those occasions, the mother of God is always present in a friendly appearance, as is every day to be seen on numbers of votive tablets. But the true orthodox ideas of goblins, witches, and devils, seem more peculiar to the northern climates.

So much the greater was my surprise at a *romanzo*, or metrical history, sung for several weeks together by a blind Neapolitan boy, who was led about the streets of Rome, the subject and manner whereof is as northern as possible.

The scene is the public place of execution; the time, night. A witch is watching the body

of a criminal lately executed, probably by breaking on the wheel; a bold fellow comes up with the design of stealing one of his legs. He had no suspicion of the witch being nigh; however, he plucks up his courage, and accosts her with a necromantic salutation. She answers him; and their discourse, with a constantly returning formulary, makes up the poem. The first verse is as follows. The music, with the lines wherein the rest of the strophes vary from the first, is here subjoined.

"Ghiurighium a te! ghiurghiu!
 "Che ne vuoi de la vecchia tu?
 "Io voglio questi piedi.
 "E che diavolo che ne vuoi far?
 "Perfar piedi ai candelieri.
 "Cadd vere? malattia!
 "Aggi pazienza vecchia mia"

But, for making it plainer, here is a sort of a translation of it. Ghiurighiu, or gurugiu,

is probably a friendly salutation among the witches.

Thief. Gurugium to thee! gurugiu!

Witch. What wouldst of the old woman, thou?

Thief. I want to take his feet.

Witch. And what the devil to do with them?

Thief. To make into feet for candle-sticks.

Witch. The plague and the pox away with thee.

Thief. My dear old woman pray be quiet.

The rest of the stanzas only differ from the first by an alteration of the third and fifth lines, wherein he is always wanting some other part of the body, as intending to put it to some other use. I never remember to have seen a song of this sort in any Italian collection. The horror and aversion excited by such objects is universal. Some have thought they discovered a certain terror in the tune.

[To be continued.]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

LETTERS ON BOTANY, FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND.

[Continued from Page 430.]

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAR EUGENIA,

I write to you from C.—, after having herborized all the way; to herborize, to be with you, to think of you, are synonymous terms to my heart. I have renewed acquaintance with a crowd of plants, which seem to solicit me to introduce them to you. I arrived, notwithstanding the heat, with a superb nosegay, which I almost fancied had been gathered by your hand. Travelling the garden in the evening, it affected me to behold a young stem, to which a support had been given. This support was a branch of willow; planted by the side of the young stem, it has taken root, leaves begin to shoot from it, and it will become a tree. Thus, is a good action recompenced. I like this consoling image.

I have been broiling my head in the garden, to gather the flowers I am going to study.

A small bindweed, which smells like the flower of orange, I found on my way; it creeps on the earth, very different from the large bindweed of the hedges, which I will describe another time, and which twines round the thorn; even among thistles its ivory head arises; proud of its exaltation, the hedge bindweed decorates, like a de-

ceitful courtier, its thorny protector, and falls with it, when it is cut down.

The little bindweed, which I now hold, would also wish to arise; it would also twine round a leaf of grass, if it had the strength to support it. This little lazy plant, goes to sleep every night with the sun, and only awakes at its rising. It is extremely pretty.

Its rampant stem is thin, flexible, and square, which renders it a little stronger. Its leaves are placed alternately, and of the shape of a heart. The petiole by which they are supported, is hollow like a tube, to let the rain-water run away, which otherwise would destroy it. From each of these petioles, at the point where they join the stem, comes out another petiole, much smaller and thinner, which terminates in a little fork, and serves to grasp the supports which come in its way; unless between the prongs of this fork another light green petiole appears, which carries a flower.

This flower is monopetalous, widened like a funnel, the edge of which is a little turned over. It is white at the bottom, of a pale pink on the sides, and shaded with a greenish yellow, a tint which doubtless comes from the transparency of the calyx through the corol where the stamina and pistil are attached. The corol is also at its

base marked with a little green circle. It may be bent into five folds, like a square bonnet; so that the edge of the corol is like an imperceptible festoon. The jutting part of the exterior of each fold, is marked with a reddish stripe.

The pistil is decidedly bifid, and surrounded by five stamina of all sizes, like a coquette, who is followed by admirers of all ages. They have all for anthers little crests of a dark grey. It is undoubtedly the livery of the young goddess, whose stigma divided in two, produces the effect of little white feathers.

The calyx covers the seeds while they are ripening. How much care nature takes to preserve the seed of the bindweed, to spread it upon the soil, which we almost disdain to tread! She does every thing for those who do not oppose her progress.

My little bindweed has for surname, *convolvulus arvensis*. The great bindweed is *convolvulus sepium*. Pentandria monogynia.

[To be continued.]

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[Continued from Page 486.]

THE cook should be charged to take care of jelly bags, tapes for the collared things, &c. which, if not perfectly scalded, and kept dry, give an unpleasant flavour when next used.

Cold water thrown on cast-iron, when hot, will cause it to crack.

Hard water spoils the colour of vegetables; a pinch of pearl-ash, or salt of wormwood, will prevent that effect.

When sirloins of beef, loins of veal or mutton, come in, part of the suet may be cut off for puddings, or to clarify; dripping will baste every thing as well as butter, fowls and game excepted; and for kitchen pies, nothing else should be used.

The fat off a neck or loin of mutton makes a far lighter pudding than suet.

Meat and vegetables that the frost has touched should be soaked in cold water two or three hours before they are used, or more if much iced — When put in to hot water or to the fire until thawed, no heat will dress them properly.

Meat should be well examined, when it comes in, in warm weather; and if flies have touched it, the part must be cut off, and then well washed. In the height of summer, it is a very safe way to let meat that is to be salted lie an hour in the coldest water, rubbing it well there in any part likely to have been fly-blown; then wipe it perfectly dry, and have ready salt, and rub it thoroughly into every part, leaving a handful over it besides. Turn it every day, and rub the pickle in, which will make it ready for the table in three or four days; if it is desired to be very much corned, wrap it in a well-floured cloth, having rubbed it previously with salt. The latter method will corn fresh beef fit for table the day it comes in; but it must be put into the pot when the water boils.

If the weather permits, meat eats much better for hanging two or three days, before it be salted.

The water in which meat has boiled makes an excellent soup for the poor, when vegetables, oatmeal, or pease, are added, and should not be cleared from the fat.

Roast beef bones, or shank bones of ham, make fine pease soup, and should be boiled with the pease the day before eaten, that the fat may be removed.

The mistress of the house will find many great advantages in visiting her larder daily, before she orders her bill of fare: she will see what things require dressing, and thereby guard against their being spoiled. Many articles may be re-dressed in a different form from that in which they were first served, and improve the appearance of the table without increasing expence. Many dishes require to be made of dressed meat or fowls. Directions for several are hereafter given.

In every sort of provisions, the best of the kind goes farthest; cutting out most advantageously, and affording most nourishment. Round of beef, fillet of veal, and leg of mutton, bear a higher price; but having more solid meat, deserve the preference. It is worth notice, however, that those joints which are inferior may be dressed as palatable, and being cheaper, ought to be bought in turn; and, when weighed with the prime pieces, the price of the latter is reduced.

In loins of meat, the long pipe which runs by the bone should be taken out, being apt to taint; as likewise the kernels of beef. Rumps and aitchbones of beef are often bruised by the blows the drovers give, and that part always taints: avoid purchasing such.

The shank bones of mutton should be saved, and, after soaking and brushing, may be added to

give richness to gravies or soups; and they are particularly nourishing for the sick.

The feet of pork make various good dishes, and should be cut off before the legs be cured. Observe the same of the ears.

Calves tongues, salted, make a more useful dish than when dressed with the brains, which may be served without.

Some people like neats tongues cured with the root, in which case they look much larger; but should the contrary be approved, the root must be cut off close to the gullet, next to the tongue, but without taking away the fat under the tongue. The root must be soaked in salt and water, and extremely well cleaned before it be dressed as hereafter directed—and the tongue laid in salt for a day and night before pickled.

Great attention is requisite in salting meat; and in the country, where great quantities are cured, it is of still more importance. Reef and pork should be well sprinkled, and a few hours after hung to drain, before it be rubbed with the preserving salts; which mode, by cleansing the meat from the blood, tends to keep it from tasting strong. It should be turned daily, and, if wanted soon, rubbed. A salting-tub, or lead, may be

used, and a cover should fit close. Those who use a good deal of salt meat will find it answer well to hoil up the pickle, skim, and, when cold, pour it over meat that has been sprinkled and drained. Salt is so greatly increased in price, from the heavy duties, as to require additional care, and the brine ought not to be thrown away, as is the practice of some, after once using.

In some families great loss is sustained by the spoiling of meat. The best mode to keep that which is to be eaten unsalted is, as before directed, to examine it well; wipe it daily, and pound some charcoal, and throw over it. If meat is brought from a distance in warm weather, the butcher should be charged to cover it close, and bring it early in the morning; but even then, if it be kept on the road, while he serves the customers who are nearest to him, it will probably be fly-blown. This is most frequent in the country.

Mutton will keep long by washing with vinegar, and peppering the broad end of the leg; if any damp appears, wipe it immediately. If rubbed with salt lightly, it will not eat the worse. Boiled in sea-water is by some much admired.

ON GEOGRAPHY.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE OF IT, DEPENDENT ON THE SCIENCE OF ASTRONOMY; THE ESSENTIAL PROPERTIES OF THE EARTH AND ITS MOTIONS.

AMONG the many sciences which tend to improve the mind, and elevate our conceptions, there is none, perhaps, more eminently useful than the study of geography: it is a science, of all others, the most pleasing and delightful; for by affording information on such an infinity of subjects, the powers of the mind become gradually expanded, the fields of nature are opened before us, and the imagination can rove unbounded through endless variety; thus, are we led, imperceptibly, from considering the earth as a planet among the heavenly bodies, to a description of its surface, and the natural, essential, and philosophical properties attached to it.

As the human mind naturally applies with reluctance to close and laborious investigation, those studies, which employ the imagination, as they improve the understanding, are most likely to make permanent impressions; for that which is acquired with facility, will be remembered with pleasure; and the knowledge of few sciences can be attained with such ease as that of geography.

No. X. Vol. I.

Most authors, who treat of this subject, consider it in too limited a sense; imagining that a bare enumeration of the manners, amusements, disposition, and genius, of the several nations, is sufficient to form a perfect system of geography, while the most essential parts are either totally omitted, or unaccountably abridged. Others there are, who consider it too extensively; and, with a description of each country, would have also its history, political constitution, &c. &c.

The intention, therefore, of the present essay, is to treat more amply on that part of geography which considers the earth as a planet, which demonstrates the principles of its motion, and describes, explicitly, its internal formation, and external appearance, and to explain, with precision, such parts of natural philosophy as are requisite to a perfect knowledge of geography. It is by thus blending the pleasing with the useful, that my aim is to extend this useful branch of learning; and by throwing a new light on those parts which have been hitherto so shamefully ne-

glected, to render it acceptable to every lover of science.

With respect to the figure of the earth, it is now ascertained to be of an oblate spheroidal form; on the knowledge of this alone, the principles of the subsequent propositions, in their respective demonstrations, entirely depend; for a perfect acquaintance with the motions and figure of the earth is the foundation of the science, and will always be found of the utmost utility.

The opinions which have been formerly entertained concerning the figure of the earth, are almost innumerable. Those who are entirely unacquainted with geography consider it as a circular plane, immensely extended, diversified with rivers, and mountains, and bounded by the ocean. Of this opinion was one of the heathen philosophers, who imagined that the earth was also extended infinitely downwards, and established upon several foundations. This many others have been inclined to believe, as several passages in the scriptures rather favour this absurd supposition.

The nearly spheroidal figure of the earth was long acknowledged, by the philosophers, before it could be rendered obvious by manifest demonstration. They knew, from repeated observations, that by travelling toward the equator southwards, the northern stars become gradually depressed, and the southern ones proportionably elevated; and that, by approaching still nearer the equator, constellations arose in the south with which they were unacquainted, and those in the north gradually disappeared. This they were convinced, could not possibly be the case, had the figure of the earth been an extended plane, or any other than that of a sphere. The approaches of a ship towards the shore, when the tops of the masts, the sails, and lastly the hull, become visible, was also another confirmation. But yet the minds of men were too much fettered by the bonds of superstition to be able to search into causes: the rays of science might sometimes break in upon them, yet it served only to give rise to unnatural systems and ridiculous conjectures. But the obscurity of superstition began to dispel, the sun of science, at length, broke forth in all the majesty of light, dissolving the glooms of ignorance, and revealing to mankind the beauties of creation, and the omnipotence of the Almighty.

When Magellan, after a voyage of 1124 days, surrounded the globe, without apparently altering his direction, he sufficiently established the opinion of the rotundity of the earth; demonstration was no longer wanting to render it obvious; learned men arose in every quarter of the earth, and their laborious investigation suc-

ceeded the ridiculous chimeras of the ignorant.

At the beginning of the last century, the immortal Newton appeared. Voltaire observes, "if the greatest geniuses the world every produced were collected together, Sir Isaac Newton would lead the band." Endowed with more than human comprehension, he explained the laws of nature, by universal attraction. He taught how gravitation or attraction operates through all the regions of matter; and demonstrated, that by this law, the sea is restrained within certain bounds, and the various bodies which cover the surface of the earth prevented from flying from their centre into the regions of infinite space; impels and regulates the motions of the planets, with such energy of order, and grace of harmony, and preserves the whole fabric of nature from confusion and disorder. He has proved, uncontrovertably, by astronomical observations, and mathematics, that the true figure of the earth is as above stated, not exactly spherical, but inclining to an ellipsis: with the diameter of the circles which surround it, increasing as they approach nearer the equator, and diminishing as they become more remote from it. The diameter, which unites the two poles, is shorter than the equatorial diameter, in the proportion of 265 to 266. '5. Again, perhaps the most unequivocal argument for the rotundity and even the dimensions of the earth, may be drawn from its shadow, when obscuring the face of the moon. If the dimensions of the sun and earth were equal, the shadow would be a cylinder, extending infinitely through space, and eclipsing the planets, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. If the earth were bigger than the sun, its shadow would increase in width the further it extended; consequently, from these considerations, this only conclusion can be drawn, that the earth is considerably less than the sun; and its shadow, the figure of a cone, terminating in a point at a great distance from the earth. Philosophy furnishes us also with innumerable beautiful and convincing arguments for the rotundity of the earth. Dr. Clark, in his notes upon *Rohault's Thysico*; or, *System of Natural Philosophy*, as another proof of the rotundity of the earth, has introduced, amongst many others, the following ingenious observations: that, "if any part of the earth's superficies was plain, men could no more stand upright upon it, than upon the sides of a mountain; and, that, because the superficies of the earth is globular, the head of a traveller goes a longer journey than his feet; and he who rides on horseback, goes a longer journey than he who walks the same way on foot; so likewise, the upper part of the mast of a ship, describes a greater space, or goes more way than the lower;

because they move on the circumference of a larger circle." Thus, after some thousand years of debate and conjecture, was a knowledge of the figure of the earth established, beyond all manner of uncertainty.

With respect to the motions of the earth, mankind must have made very considerable improvements in astronomy by observing the motions of the heavenly bodies, before they could so far disengage themselves from prejudice and popular opinion, as to believe that the earth upon which we live, was not fixed and immovable. We find accordingly, that Thales, the Milesian, who first taught astronomy in Europe, had made such progress in the science as to calculate eclipses, or interpositions of the moon between the earth and the sun, or of the earth between the sun and the moon. Pythagoras, a Greek philosopher, was led by a knowledge of the science to conceive that the earth itself was in motion, and that the sun was at rest, as he found it impossible in any other way to give a consistent account of the heavenly motions. This system, was so extremely opposite to all the then prejudices and opinions, that it never made great progress, nor was ever widely diffused in the ancient world. Ptolemy, an Egyptian philosopher, following the vulgar opinion, supposed that the earth was fixed immovably in the centre of the universe, and that the seven planets (considering the moon as one of the primaries), was placed near to it, and that all these vast orbs moved round the earth once in 24 hours. This system was universally adopted by the peripatetic philosophers from the time of Ptolemy to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century.

At length Copernicus, a bold and original genius, adopted the Pythagorean, or true system of the universe, about the year 1500. This system retains his name, although in reality only revived by him.

However, the Copernican philosophy was not

universally adopted; mankind was still too much immersed in ignorance, and blinded by prejudice. Tycho Brahe opposed this doctrine, and endeavoured in 1586 to establish a new system, by denying the motion of the earth, and allowing a monthly motion to the moon round it as the centre of its orbit; and that the sun was whirled round the earth in a year, and even once in 24 hours.

Thus the progress of discoveries in this science was marked by slow and tedious advances until after a darkness, impenetrable for many ages, a freedom of enquiry began to animate the learned, and the thirst for intelligence and improvement began to inspire almost every nation. The learned men in different countries now began to study and cultivate astronomy; and Galileo, a Florentine, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by the discovery of the telescope, supplied new and incontrovertible arguments in support of the motions of the earth, and confirmed the old ones. He at once opened a prospect of the heavens, and mankind then began to see the necessity of astronomical knowledge in facilitating the study of geography.

Astronomy and geography may not improperly be compared to the sublime and beautiful in Nature. Geography as a steam winding softly over the flowery bosom of the earth, presents to the enraptured mind the most delightful and pleasing images. Astronomy, like the bursting of an impetuous cataract, strikes the soul with an awful sublimity; the infinite and inexpressible charms of the one, inspire us with love, and excite our piety; but the contemplation of the heavens has a more powerful effect. Awed by the unbounded prospect that stretches before us, our conceptions wander with timidity into the regions of space; a dread solemnity overpowers the faculties of the mind, and we fall with humility before the throne of the Creator.

H.

ON MECHANICS.

[Continued from Page 433]

ON THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF MOTION.

COMBINATION is an intimate and uniform blending of the particles of two or more substances brought into contact with each other, and the power which combines them is called the attraction of combination.

By the electrical attraction is meant, that power which is excited by heat and friction in glass, amber, and resinous substances; as will be illustrated hereafter.

Magnetic attraction displays itself between the loadstone and iron. Magnets attract clear iron more forcibly than any other ferrous substance. Small magnets are more attractive in proportion to their size than are large magnets. Natural magnets of not more than 20 or 30 grains weight, have raised a piece of iron 40 or 50 times heavier than themselves. The power of the same magnet is not always equal; they will at one time attract at a much greater distance than

at another. From what this arises has not yet been discovered. The attractive power of a magnet is not diminished by the interposition of a foreign body; steel filings scattered on a wood plate, will be affected by the motions of a magnet under the plate. If a piece of paper on which steel filings have been sifted, be laid over the bar of a magnet, the filings will arrange themselves so as to form curved lines, that cross each other at the poles of the magnet.

But the most distinguishing property of the magnet is its polarity, or tendency towards the poles of the earth. Take one of the needles used for a mariner's compass, and before it is magnetized balance it on a fine point, when the line it forms will be perfectly horizontal. Take it from the point, magnetize it with either a natural or artificial magnet, and place it again on the point; the needle will then, as before, lie in an horizontal position, but one end of it will sink or dip downwards, making an angle of about 70 degrees. This is what is called the dip of the needle, and is supposed to be occasioned by a subtle power that issues from the earth, and passes through the needle in its magnetical course.

Another property incidental to matter is that of repulsion. If a small piece of iron be laid upon quicksilver, the reciprocal repulsion of the two metals will cause the surface of that part of the quicksilver which is near the iron to be depressed. Magnets possess a repulsive as well as an attractive power; if the north pole of one magnet be brought near the north pole of another magnet, a mutual repulsion will take place. The south poles will repel each other in like manner.

The repelling force of oil is so great, that it is scarcely possible to mix it with many other fluids. The feathers of water-fowl are covered with a thin covering of subtle oil, which repels the surrounding water.

ON THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

Definitions.—The centre of gravity is that point in a body around which all the other parts are in such exact balance, that if this point be supported the body will be at rest; whereas when it is without support, the body will endeavour to descend by its own gravity.

The *line of direction* is that line which proceeds from the centre of gravity, and determines the motion of the body in this or that direction.

Whatever may be the shape of a body, all the parts of it will be in equilibrio about the centre of gravity. If a piece of flat wood be balanced on the edge of a bason, the centre of gravity, or point of balance, will be exactly in the middle between the two extremities, if the wood be of

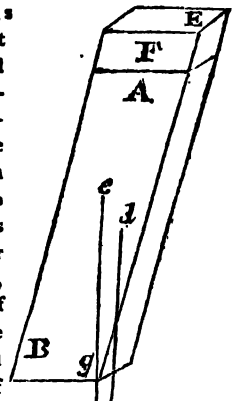
the same breadth and thickness throughout; but if one half of it be thicker or broader than the other, the point of balance, and consequently the centre of gravity, will be as much nearer the extremity of that arm of the wood that is the thickest or broadest, as it is thicker or broader than the other.

There are many rules for finding the centre of gravity in a body that cannot be balanced; of these the simplest seems to be the following one:—

If a body be freely suspended, with a plumb line fastened to the point of suspension, the line will pass over the centre of gravity; mark this line on the body, then hang it up by some other point, with the plumb line depending from the point of suspension as before, when the part where it crosses the marked line will be the centre of gravity.

If a piece of wood, as

AB, be placed on a flat surface, it will stand though it inclines considerably out of a perpendicular line, because the line of direction (shewn by the plumb line *de*) falls within its base. But if another piece of wood, as EF, be placed on the top of the first piece, the centre of gravity will be raised to *e*, when the line of direction being beyond the base at *g*, the body will certainly fall.



This example explains the seeming wonder of a building remaining firm, the upper part of which considerably overhangs its base. At Pisa, a town in Italy, there is a tower which inclines between 10 and 16 feet of a perpendicular line drawn from the base upwards; but as the line of direction falls within the base, the building will be supported as long as its materials hang together.

A body stands the most firmly when the line of direction passes through the middle of the base; therefore such bodies as have this line falling near the edge of their base, will be easily overthrown.

OF MOTION.

The body that puts another body in motion is sometimes called the moving force, sometimes the acting power, and sometimes power only.

Elastic bodies are those which, like a ball of wool or cotton, have a certain spring by which their parts, upon being pressed inwards by some external force, return to their former state.

Non-elastic bodies are those which having no such spring, do not rebound on being struck, but move on together.

Two bodies are said to be in equilibrium when they balance each other.

Space is the place which a body occupies when it is at rest, and through which it moves when in motion.

Time is the period during which rest or motion continues.

A body is said to move with an accelerated velocity which increases the space it passes through in a given time: thus, a ball that moves through 10 feet in the first second of time, 12 in the next second, and 14 in the next, moves with an accelerated velocity.

A retarded velocity is just the reverse; that is, a ball, or body in motion does not travel through so much space in the third second as the second, nor in the second second as the first.

Motion is said to be uniformly accelerated when its velocity increases equal in equal times; and to be uniformly retarded when its velocity decreases equally in equal times.

The force which produces an uniform motion is called an uniform; and the force that occasions a retarded velocity, is called a variable power.

The motion of reflection is that by which a body springs back from another that it had met: thus, an ivory ball, when thrown obliquely on a plain surface, flies off by a reflected motion to the other side.

Friction is the resistance which a moving body meets with from the surface over which it passes.

Resistance is the weight, or obstacle which opposes the force communicated by the acting power to the machine.

The fulcrum is a fixed point, or prop, around which all the other parts of a machine moves.

The momentum of a body is its weight multiplied into its velocity.

The general object of mechanics is the laws and effects of motion.

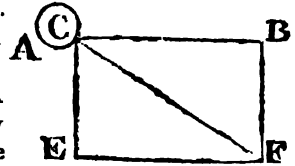
There are three general laws by which natural bodies are governed. First, every body will continue in its state of rest, or of uniform motion, until compelled by some external force to change

its state. Secondly, the change of motion is proportional to the force imposed, and in the direction of that force. Thirdly, to every action of one body upon another, there is an equal and contrary re-action.

It is easy to conceive that a body cannot pass from a state of rest to a state of motion, without being acted upon by some external cause; and since it cannot give itself a motion, it cannot destroy that which it has received. Therefore, a ball discharged from a cannon would persevere in its motion to eternity, if the resistance of friction, the attraction of gravity, and the resistance it meets with from the air, did not unite to form a force which opposes, and at length destroys the awful motion which cannons give to it.

From the second law of motion it follows, that when a new force is impressed upon a moving body, it goes on with a velocity accelerated in a degree proportional to the force that was impressed, and in the direction in which that force was applied.

Thus, if the ball C, when moving along the line A B, receive a new impression in the



direction of that line, it will continue to move along it, but if the new impulse be given in the direction A E, then the moving body, obeying the two opposite impulses it has received, will move in a line that lies between the second direction, as does the line A F. In describing this line the body strictly fulfils the law; for when it has reached F, it has moved in the direction of the last force that was impressed, because B F is parallel to A B; and because for a body to move in the same direction, it is not necessary it should pursue the same straight line, one parallel to it being the same.

The course of a ship frequently illustrates the second law of motion. If, when it is sailing due west, a current sets from the north, the vessel will be impelled along a line between the two acting forces, and with a velocity proportional to their different powers.

[To be continued.]

ON MUSIC:

[Continued from Page 434.]

It must be observed, that in forming a voice according to the given explanations, there are two particular sorts of singing to be practised, viz. the *sostenuto*, and the *portamento*.

The term *sostenuto* denotes a sustaining of the voice, or the letting it give every note its true length, as well as all its other characteristics. But in a similar manner, as it is not enough to give every note its true quality of sound, its proper degree of loudness or softness, and so forth, without sustaining it properly; so it is not sufficient to hold or sustain a note in that inanimate manner, in which it can be produced on a musical instrument. And a singer must endeavour to let his notes become more like effusions of a living and feeling soul, than like mere mechanical performances of a voice. This he must invariably attend to, from the very first attempt he makes in singing to the last. Though without suffering himself to fall into any of those affectations, which so often are substituted for true feeling, or sentimental expression.

By the term *portamento* is understood a certain carrying of the voice. And this is one of the principal means by which a good flexibility can be obtained in figurative passages. But the term in question is often misunderstood, and this sometimes so grossly, as might appear almost incredible. For who should imagine, that even a certain writer on singing explains the *portamento di voce*, as being an anticipating slide to a succeeding higher note, by which he thinks the voice is carried to that higher note (though it is only dragged to it); and which he considers as a great beauty in singing, that cannot be introduced too often (though in his examples he misapplies it in the grossest manner). It will therefore be useful to observe, that a true *portamento*, or carrying of the voice, consists in that sort of singing, by which the voice is kept in a sort of lighter flow, that prevents its reclining so heavily on one note, as to be unable to pass with facility to another. And though we find it as difficult to explain it fully in words, as it is to describe the *voce di petto*, it may be compared to that sort of walking, in which the weight of a person is carried in an air balloon, so that he can run along on the surface of the water, or on the tips of the ears of a corn-field. Yet this light carrying of the voice, must not be confounded with that superficial slightness, which is the *voce di testa* described before. For it ought

not to make the least diminution in that sort of voice called the full voice, as also described.

According to the above principles, any person who has a true musical ear, though apparently not one musical note in his voice, may learn to sing decently, and sometimes even well, though with more exertion than others: a tolerable natural voice can be greatly improved, in fullness as well as sweetness; and a person with good natural singing organs, if he has genius, cannot fail becoming a great singer. This is proved by daily experience; but we shall give an example of each sort, viz. An instance of the worst natural voice has been a niece of the celebrated Chevalier Gluck, whom Millico made a fine singer, when Gluck himself thought she had not the least appearance of a musical voice. Of the said second class was the late worthy Mr. Small, whom the same Millico raised to the capacity of one of the greatest and most expressive singers known, though he had but a very indifferent natural voice; and who knew the art of forming a voice according to the principles of his master, as he has shewn in all his pupils. And of the third, or last class, is our great Mrs. Billington, whose natural gift of voice can hardly be exceeded, and who, by a judicious study of its use, has acquired that vocal excellence, which cannot but astonish and enrapture every attentive hearer.

To preserve the voice when well formed, requires, besides a proper attention to health in general, and to the abstinence from excesses, and from such aliments which directly injure the voice, a particular care to avoid overstraining it, or using it immoderately. But singing, and even singing much, cannot hurt a true singer, if he takes care not to sing too much, and not force notes beyond those he has quite in his power. It is therefore a mistake, to think that delicate ladies can injure their health by singing an hour. For true singing is to their lungs the same salutary exercise, which walking and dancing is to their whole body; and only singing by a wrong method can be prejudicial to their health.

Concerning the pieces, or exercises by which a person learns to sing, it has been long an object of investigation, whether they require to be sung with the syllables *ut (do) re mi fa sol la si*, as by the French and Italians; or in what other manner the notes, when written without words, may be pronounced.

The use of the said syllables in singing, is called *sol faing*. And this has been done in two different ways, viz. First and originally, so that the notes change the syllable, according to the modulation, or according to the position of the semi-tones between the whole tones; and secondly, without regard to that change, or so that every note retains its respective syllable, in a manner as it retains its respective letter of those used in English notation.

But the former sort of *sol faing* is too perplexing in modern compositions, as well as it is unnecessary; and the latter sort is nothing more than calling every note by its French or Italian name, which might be done by those who choose it, if the syllables in question did not contain more of the worst vowels for singing, (being *e, i, u*), than of the best (being *a*), and render the greatest object, the forming of the voice, more difficult than it need to be. Some of the greatest masters therefore have proposed other syllables, which are a little better calculated for the required purpose than the described ancient ones. But others have found by long practice and experience, that the best method of forming a voice is, to sing at first nothing but the vowel *a*, (pronounced as in law, or awe, but not as an ah), till the singer acquires some steadiness of intonation, and some facility in the *portamento* described as before. And afterwards the former exercises may also be practised with the other vowels, in case a person does not pronounce them in their strictest purity; or else this is not required, and pieces with words may be practiced. Yet lessons that are particularly calculated for the forming or cultivating the voice should be daily practised among the pieces with words.

Concerning the important question, whether it is better to learn to sing in the Italian language than in the English? We observe: first, that a person ought to understand what he sings, as otherwise the soul of the expression would be lost; and secondly, that although the Italian language is much better to sing than the English, the latter is not so bad for singing as some foreigners would make it out, who are not sufficiently acquainted with it. It is therefore certain, that if a person is to sing Italian, he ought to understand not only the general sense, but also every sentiment and word of what he sings; or else he may as well, and much better sing *a*, to the whole, as in his first exercises. How little this is in general attended to, every musical observer will know from experience.

But most frequently the Italian language runs away with the honour that is due to the Italian composition only. For that good Italian compositions hitherto have been in a style much more calculated for singing than the compositions of other nations, cannot be disputed. If, therefore, English lyric poets would so carefully attend to a melodious flow of their words, as Metastasio has done in Italian, and such texts were properly adapted to Italian pieces, they would be to the ear as good as songs with Italian words; and to the feeling they would be far superior to most Italian songs. For the latter, when not understood, are nothing but singing without a sense; and when understood, they are too frequently nonsense, as every person that understands Italian will know.

From the above it also follows, that if English vocal composers would study the Italian *cantabile*, like a Purcell among the ancients, and a Jackson of Exeter, Shield and Webb, among the moderns, and abandon the tumbling of one large or awkward interval over another; and set such melodies to equally melodious words, they could not fail producing as good and better pieces for singing, as most Italians.

Why should, therefore, English not be good to sing for those who know no Italian? And why should the pre-eminence in singing be, as it were, claimed by a foreign nation exclusively? When, besides many other distinguished performers of this country, we have a Billington and a Braham, as singers, and but lately lost a Small, as teacher of singing, that cannot be exceeded by any foreigner hitherto known!

ANECDOTE.

Having just mentioned Mr. Small, it will not be improper to relate the curious manner in which he used to get ride of mice, when he was disturbed by them, viz. by sending for a drummer, and letting him drum an hour or two in his apartments; which, he said, always completed the cure for some months.

N. B. How immusical those little animals must be, when the rational world think drumming, clashing, tinkling, and jingling, some of the finest sorts of modern music!

[To be continued.]

FINE ARTS.

A LETTER ON LANDSCAPE-PAINTING,

FROM AN EMINENT ARTIST.

[Concluded from Page 491.]

ALL the pieces of these great masters that I could procure I daily contemplated with the utmost attention: but this was not sufficient to make myself thoroughly acquainted with their sentiments and ideas. I laid them aside and sketched their principal parts from memory. This I often repeated, but I did not rest there. I made hasty, rather than accurate copies of their landscapes, which I still preserve. I practise the same method with every thing that appears particularly striking, and thus possess a collection of the best ideas. Perhaps some one may ask why I take so much trouble, as I may procure engravings of the same subjects. To such I reply: that I should then possess a collection, which would have contributed nothing towards my improvement. No: in the way I have mentioned the artist will not fail to form a valuable collection; he will not only have studied the best masters, but will at the same time have put himself in possession of their productions.

When I had continued too long to think after others, I often felt a timidity that repressed my inventive powers. Full of their grand ideas, I felt with humiliation my own weakness and the impossibility of ever attaining to their excellence. Imitation alone is capable of damping the ardor of genius. Has not the truth of this observation been confirmed by the most eminent engravers, and even the celebrated Frey himself, whose own designs are their worst performances? Their principal employment is to copy as accurately as possible the works of others; by which they either lose, or weaken that boldness and vigor of imagination, which are necessary for invention. This timidity I studiously endeavoured to overcome. I abandoned my models, delivered myself up to my own ideas, and prescribed to myself the most difficult subjects. I soon found the advantages of this conduct; I discovered what best suited my talents, observed what parts were most difficult, and required the most study and attention. I was inspired with fresh courage when I found that my difficulties had disappeared, and that I had completed my task so much better than I expected; at the same time my imagination ex-

panded; for the fancy, like the other faculties of the soul, may be strengthened and enlarged by practice. He who accustoms himself to think after others will never possess originality himself: we have artists and poets who are merely shadows that accompany the steps of others.

I had, besides, made it a rule, never to be unprovided with materials for drawing; these I always carried with me, not only in my journeys and my walks, but likewise in the house and in the town. Many an idea is lost or forgotten, because we are too indolent to fetch from another room the materials necessary for expressing it. In contemplating pictures and engravings, the fancy conceives ideas produced by our admiration of the objects before us, or even only by some accidental circumstance—ideas that otherwise would never have occurred to the mind. These, conceived in the first warmth, are best expressed at the moment. I, therefore, seldom omitted to sketch on the spot the principal outlines of such ideas, which it is so easy to forget, and the spirit of which it is afterwards so difficult to recover.

I will here mention an advantage that may sometimes be derived from studying works of mediocrity: though I would not recommend the practice excepting to those whose taste is already formed. Indifferent performances may often afford a useful exercise to the taste and the imagination, if, like the poet Rammler, we endeavour to improve upon and embellish the ideas of another. Sparks of genius may frequently be discovered, and distorted ideas that deserve to be better expressed. In many pieces scarcely worthy of notice I have met with hints that have often led me to good ideas. Merian's works, to which too little justice has been done, contain objects selected with the greatest skill from nature, and only spoiled by the insipid style of the execution. Give his trees and grounds the manner of Waterloo, introduce more variety into his compositions, and you will produce effects that would do honour to the greatest genius, and the whole ground-works of which is to be found in Merian.

I must not omit one observation, grounded on manifold experience. What encouragement,

what new enthusiasm have I not often derived from studying the history of the art and of artists! This practice extends the circle of our knowledge, calls our attention to the progress of the science, and assists the artist in the study of his particular department. It is pleasing and instructive to inform ourselves of the fate of those whose works we admire; and we are induced to examine the works of the artist with whose history and professional character we are already acquainted.—When we observe the respect with which great artists and their works are mentioned, we are necessarily inspired with higher ideas of the importance of the art. When we contemplate the unwearied industry, with which they toiled to acquire their excellence and to support their fame; when we see that neither misfortune, penury, nor any other obstacle could damp their ardor in the prosecution of their grand design; must not this excite the youthful artist to be frugal of every moment and to employ every hour to the best purpose? The errors of many a great artist may likewise prove a salutary and impressive admonition, that prudence and virtue are indispensably necessary to ensure permanent felicity.

Another important remark I would earnestly recommend to the attention of the artist, that poetry is the true sister of painting. He should not omit to read the works of the best poets; they will polish his taste, enlarge his ideas, and enrich his imagination with the most beautiful images. Both the poet and the painter drew from the same source, and both are guided by the same principles. Variety, without confusion, is the ground-work of their compositions, and an exquisite sense of the truly beautiful must direct them in the choice of every object and every image in their works. How many painters would chuse their subjects with greater taste; how many poets would give more truth, more picture-que effect to their delineations, if they were more studious to acquire a knowledge of both the arts. The ancients, and especially the Greeks, though their language was so poetical, were strangers to that facility, with which many modern poets accumulate a multitude of discordant images and expressions, and then imagine they have succeeded in picturesque description. Webb's Remarks, in which the beauties of painting are illustrated by passages from the ancient poets, afford the most positive evidence, that the poets of those ages had a profound knowledge of the beautiful in the arts, and had with minute attention observed animated, as well as inanimate nature; for his design rendered it necessary that he should consider them in this point of view. Nor would the modern poets, almost all of whom wish to be regarded as connoisseurs of the art, expose

themselves to ridicule, by introducing the name of Durer into their attempts to paint the Graces, or that of Rubens, when describing the highest degree of beauty, in the figure of a mortal or of a goddess. But to return to the artist.—That landscape-painter is much to be pitied who can contemplate, without enthusiasm, the pictures of a Thomson. I have found in this great master descriptions which might have been copied from the best works of the most distinguished painters, and which the artist might transpose entire upon his canvas. His pictures are diversified, breathing sometimes the rural simplicity of Berghem, Potter, or Roos; sometimes the mild graces of Lorrain, or the grandeur and sublimity of Poussin; sometimes the wildness and melancholy of Salvator Rosa. And here I seize the opportunity of paying a tribute to the memory of a man now nearly forgotten.—Brockes selected for himself a peculiar species of poetry; he carefully studied the various beauties of nature in their minutest details: the most trifling circumstances did not escape his exquisite sensibility; a dew-drop, suspended to a blade of grass and glistening in the sun, was sufficient to inspire him. His descriptions are often too diffuse and too laboured; but yet his poems contain a rich fund of pictures and images, accurately copied from nature. They remind us of beauties and objects we ourselves have often observed, which we recognize with lively pleasure, but which memory would not supply when we are most in want of them.*

"Must we then become students and philosophers?" many an artist may perhaps ask with a smile. My advice is of importance to such only as wish to give a character of greatness and sublimity to their works. It is possible to paint a ruined pig-stye, or a low scene of vulgar debauch, with all the magic of colouring, with the most enchanting effect of light and shade, and the highest degree of perfection in the execution of every part.† Such works are doubtless valuable: and those who are satisfied with acquiring the mechanical part of the profession, and are not desirous to store their minds with lofty ideas,

* It was the works of Brockes that principally contributed to kindle, at an early period, the flame of poesy in Gessner's mind, and to lead him to that observation of nature, which contributed to the delight and the employment of his future life.

† This observation is illustrated, in a most striking manner by many of the performances of the late celebrated and unfortunate George Morland, the sole merit of which consists in their being accurate representations of nature.

may indeed spare themselves the trouble of attending to many points which I have noticed.

Such, my dear friend, are the observations, to the best of my recollection, suggested during my labours and the execution of the plan which I prescribed to myself. Others must decide how far I have succeeded in my art; but I am convinced that the way I have pointed out is both short and sure. For by this two-fold study of nature and the first-rate productions of the art, the painter will enable himself to compare their best methods of expressing objects with nature, and the picturesque beauties of nature with those performances. His eye will become so accustomed to observe in nature whatever is beautifully picturesque, that not a single walk at any season of the year, or any time of the day will be unattended with profit. Like the keen sportsman, no obstacle will be capable of deterring him from the favourite pursuit; he will discover beauties to which the indifferent artist is perfectly insensible. His genius, formed after what is truly great, will every where accompany him, and will know how to treat apparently trivial subjects in such a manner, as to produce a grand idea from an object which artists of inferior talents would overlook. In my walks I have sometimes discovered with astonishment scenes in Poussin's style, which before I considered trifling and unimportant.

If my circumstances have prevented me from making farther progress in the art, yet with profound respect for it, I have always felt how much reflection and practice is necessary to attain to real excellence. If the artist does not glow with the warmest passion for his art; if the hours he devotes to it are not the happiest of his life; if his art does not constitute the highest delight and pleasure of his life, and the society of connoisseurs is not more agreeable to him than any other; if he does not dream of it at night, and in the morning return with new enthusiasm to his labours; if he seeks only to take advantage of the false taste of the times, and does not paint for real judges, for true fame and for posterity, his works will soon be consigned to oblivion, though they may now decorate every fashionable apartment.

In addition to what I have already said, I cannot refrain, my friend, from communicating to you and the public two wishes, the fulfilment of which would greatly contribute to the advancement of the art. I have conversed with young artists, who have lamented with tears, that for want of good instructions and encouragement under their difficulties, they have mis-spent the best portion of their lives in ill-directed application. I have seen men of genius, whose works exhibited proofs of great talents, and who, if

they had not been abandoned to their own judgment, or the bad taste of their country and age, would have attained to real excellence. My wish is, that some philosophical connoisseur, in conjunction with artists of distinction, would compose an introduction for the use both of beginners and of those who give instructions in the art. The best possible instructions should be given for beginners. In Germany Preissler's elements are generally adopted, and yet his outlines are frequently incorrect, and his heads in particular are in a very indifferent style. In France many elementary works on drawing have appeared, the boldness of whose execution is calculated to deceive. But this bold manner is of no use to the beginner, as it is not accompanied with the correctness of outline so essentially necessary. How much perplexity must it occasion the instructor as well as the scholar, if the parts and muscles, in their different situations and movements, are not accurately delineated in the examples, and if, as is frequently the case in the introduction to landscape, they are detained by objects destitute of truth, and unfit for illustrating any individual principle of the beautiful.

My second wish is, for a work, containing a circumstantial description of the best performances in every department of painting, in which they should be examined and criticized according to the strictest rules of the beautiful: but it ought to be confined to works of which there are engravings. These remarks ought nevertheless to treat of the colouring; for the reader may, at some future period, have an opportunity of examining the originals, and should this not be the case, they will however furnish the artist and the amateur with a subject for important reflections and observations on this portion of the art.—But only the best compositions of every age and of the best schools should be selected for this purpose; only such, in which the character of the time and the school is strongly marked, in which the true principles of beauty are most judiciously introduced. Such criticisms are found in *Boydell's works*, in the writings of *Winkelman*, *Hagedorn*, *Richardson*, and some others. The criticism on the altar-piece at Dresden, by *Mengs*, inserted in the "*Bibliothek der schonen Wissenschaften*," is a master-piece which displays the profoundest knowledge of every branch of the art. Need I say how valuable and how useful such a work would be? To those who may think it an easy task, I would beg leave to observe, that in order to be a sure and useful guide, it ought to be executed by a *Hagedorn*, an *Oeser*, a *Dietrich*, or a *Casanova*; in a word, the production of the greatest critics and the greatest artists.

[We are indebted for this excellent article to the *Works of Solomon Gessner*, lately published.]

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us
haste

To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's
Feast :

The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a
wood,

Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an ev'ning's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so
black,

Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his
back ;

And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly
too,

And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage
of down,

And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and
brown,

Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did
bring,

But they promised that ev'ning to lay by their
sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his
hole,

And led to the Feast his blind cousin, the Mole ;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of
her shell,

Came fatigued with the distance, the length of
an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey, to sweeten the
feast.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his
head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of
night,

Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out
with his light :

So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

ISAIAH xliv. 6.—We all do fade as a leaf.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,

Dry and wither'd, to the ground ;

Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,

With a sad and solemn sound.

" Sons of Adam ! once in Eden,

" Blighted when like us you fell ;

" Hear the lecture we are reading,

" 'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

" Virgins ! much, too much presuming,

" On your boasted white and red,

" View us, late in beauty blooming,

" Number'd now among the dead.

" Gripping misers ! nightly waking,

" See the end of all your care ;

" Fled on wings of our own making,

" We have left our owners bare.

" Sons of honour ! fed on praises,

" Fluttering high on fancy's worth !

" Lo ! the fickle air that raises,

" Brings us down to parent earth.

" Learned sophs ! in systems jaded,

" Who for new ones daily call ;

" Cease, at length by us persuaded,

" Ev'ry leaf must have a fall.

" Youths ! tho' yet no losses grieve you,

" Gay in health and manly grace,

" Let not cloudless skies deceive you,

" Summer gives to autumn place.

" Venerable sires ! grown hoary,

" Hither turn th' unwilling eye ;

" Think amidst your falling glory,

" Autumn tells a winter nigh.

" Yearly in our course returning,

" Messengers of shortest stay,

" Thus we preach this truth unerring,

" Heaven and earth shall pass away.

" On the Tree of Life Eternal,

" Man let all thy hopes be staid,

" Which, alone, for ever vernal,

" Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade."

HORACE, *Book I Ode xxii. parodied.*

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

THE man who looks not worth a penny,
Where-e'er he rambles fears not any;
Nor, when the shades of ev'ning fall,
Needs he or gunpowder or ball,
But o'er the field unarm'd may stroll,
And never wait for the patrol.

If upon Bagshot's heath he stray,
Or down to Hounslow take his way,
Or over Finchley's Common roam
(The dread of cits returning home),
Each distant bush he dauntless sees,
Nor takes for highwaymen the trees.

For, as I wander'd (wrapt in thought),
Rhiming on Doll, in thread-bare coat,
And lost as night came on my way,
A lurking rogne, in search of prey,
Upon me cast a surly eye,
Survey'd me grimly, and pass'd by.

A rascal of so ill a look,
The gangs of Bow street never took;
Nor one so practis'd in all ill,
So prompt to steal, to rob or kill:
Chick-lane itself did ne'er produce,
Nor Jack Ketch hamper in his noose.

Let Fortune, if she pleases, frown,
And, to divert her, push me down
Or to the Marshalsea or Fleet,
Where I can only hope to meet
With what the Muse of all things loathes,
With girls, and dice, and gin, and oaths.

Or let her, shifting like the wind,
Or like her sex, for once prove kind,
And, to display her wanton tricks,
Promote me to a coach and six;
One task shall still employ my time,
On Doll's enchanting smiles to rhyme.

W. B.

SOLILOQUY ON DEAFNESS.

NATURE, thy genial voice I hear,
Which wakes the morn and me,
And seems to strike upon my ear,
Tho' deaf to all but thee;
To me the hours in silence roll away,
No music greets the dawn, or mourns the close
of day.

To me the sky-lark pois'd aloft
In silence seems to play;
And hail no more in warbling soft,
The rising dawn of day;
For me in vain they swell their liquid throats,
Contemptive I muse, nor heed their jocund
notes.

To me the shepherd pipes in vain,
In vain the milk-maid sings;
Lost are the bleatings of the plains,
The gurgling of the springs:
No more I hear the nightingale complain,
When to the morn she chaunts her sad love-
labour'd strain.

And when with me Lucinda strays
Along the breezy grove,
In transport on her charms I gaze,
And thinks she talks of love:
Ah cease, dear maid, to talk of love in vain:
Thy smiles alone to me the voice of love ex-
plain.

Whence these complaints? methinks, e'en
now,
The voice of reason cries,
Dispel the gloom that clouds thy brow,
Suppress the heaving sighs:
What fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail,
Weigh then the good and ill in wisdom's equal
scale.

No more in friendship's thin disguise
Shall flattery sooth thy ear:
Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise
To know the friend sincere?
No more shalt thou attend to faction's cries,
The taunts of jealous pride, or envy's blasting
lies.

No more shall now thy mind be toss'd
By ev'ry breath of praise:
No more thy reason shall be lost
In controversy's maze:
Thou safe thro' life's sequester'd vale shalt go
And learn from Nature's works, her wise decrees
to know.

TRIFLES.

In the search of happiness,
Trifles fondly we caress;
In the gloom of adverse fate,
'Trifles add to misery's weight.
Trifles, when we hope, can cheer,
Trifles hurt us, when we fear.
Britain's character is such,
Trifles joy us over much;
If defeat attend our cause,
Trifles give that joy a pause.
Trifles often turn the scale,
When in love or law we fail;
Trifles to the great commend,
Trifles make proud beauty bend.
Trifles prompt the poet's strain,
Trifles oft distract the brain;
Trifles, Trifles, more or less,
Give us, or withhold success;
Thus, what'er we undertake,
Trifles raise, or Trifles shake.

THE TOMB OF ELLEN.

STRANGER! if by worldly views
 Thy heart is dead to love's controul,
 If feeling never nurs'd with dews
 The fose of passion in thy soul;—
 Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
 For this is pity's holiest shrine—
 The lilies that surround the dead
 Would shrink from such a hand as thine.
 But if thy breast with ardour warm
 Beats to the thrilling glance of beauty;
 If thou hast knelt to woman's charm
 With all of love's enraptur'd duty,
 Then Stranger pause and linger here
 (For love and pity seldom sever),
 And pour the sighs to passion dear,
 Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!
 Sweet maid! within thy gentle breast
 Affection bloom'd, oh, how sincerely!
 And why did fate, with frown unblest,
 Break a fond heart that lov'd so dearly?
 For cold beneath the western wave
 Her lover found an icy pillow;
 No flower to deck his lonely grave,
 No death-shroud but the foaming billow!
 The spirit of the morn had sigh'd,
 Delighted o'er the rose's bloom,
 But sorrow came with with'ring stride,
 And swept its beauty to the tomb.
 Stranger! if love awakes your sighs
 (And love and pity seldom sever),
 Pause where that rose of beauty lies—
 Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!

R.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO CLARINDA.

AND does the mild Clarinda dare
 A slander'd patriot's colour wear;
 While round corruption's rabble rout,
 The brutal claim of triumph shout?
 And dares she thus to scorn aloud
 The intrusive idol of the crowd?
 Yet (such is man) the patriot fair
 Can shed the charm of virtue there.
 Though, proud to claim thy country's pride,
 Defeat were triumph on thy side,—
 Yet seek not, mild and gentle maid,
 The feeble cause of truth to aid:
 The vulgar crowd's embroiled glee,
 Clarinda, is no scene for thee;
 And though respect thy charms inspire,
 Thy friends must tremble and admire.

AN IMPROMPTU.

O SUE! you certainly have been
 A little raking, roguish creature,
 And in that face may still be seen
 Each laughing love's bewitching feature!
 For thou hast stolen many a heart—
 And robb'd the sweetness of the rose;
 Plac'd on that cheek it doth impart
 More lovely tints, more fragrant blows?
 Yes, thou art nature's favourite child,
 Agray'd in smiles, seducing, killing;
 Did Joseph live you'd drive him wild,
 And set his very soul a thrilling!
 A poet, much too poor to live,
 Too poor in this rich world to rove,
 Too poor, for aught but verse to give,
 But not, thank heaven, too poor to love!
 Gives thee his little doggerel lay,
 One truth I tell, in sorrow tell it,
 I'm forc'd to give my verse away,
 Because, alas! I cannot sell it.
 And should you with a critic's eye
 Proclaim me 'gainst the muse a sinner,
 Reflect, dear girl, that such as I,
 Six times a week don't get a dinner.
 And want of comfort, food, and wine,
 Will damp the genius, curb the spirit;
 These wants I'll own are of en mine,
 But can't allow a want of merit.
 For every stupid dog that drinks
 At Poet's pond, nick-nam'd divine,
 Say what he will, I know he thinks,
 That all he writes is devilish fine.

TO A LADY.

My wishes, which never were bounded before,
 Are here bounded by Friendship, I ask for no more!
 Is't Reason?—No, that my whole life will deny,
 For who so at variance as Reason and I?
 Is't Ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
 Nor allows any softer sensation apart?
 O no! for in this all the world will agree,
 One folly was never sufficient for me!
 Is my mind in distress, too intensely employed,
 Or by pleasures relax'd, by variety cloy'd,
 For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
 Both slacken the springs of these nerves which
 they strain! [Low,
 That I've felt each reverse that from Fortune can
 That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
 Has still been the whimsical state of my life,
 Where Anguish and Joy have been ever at strife;
 But tho' vers'd in the extremes both of Pleasure
 and Pain,
 I'm still but too ready to feel them again. H.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE intelligence of the month has been of a superior importance to any that the town has received since the battle of Austerlitz. Another kingdom has been added to the conquest of Bonaparte, and the Continent is now prostrate under his sword.

We confess, however, that nothing has happened beyond what we have expected. Our readers will remember, that we cautioned them to expect nothing from Prussia; she entered into the war against her inclinations, and with a force evidently unequal to her necessities. What is still more inexcusable, she has entered it avowedly without allies, and therefore can look to no probable means of repairing her disasters.

The battle of Auerstadt has terminated the course of the Prussian monarchy, and erased from the face of the earth the atheistical structure of Frederic the Second. It is doubtless no small aggravation of her fate, that she has fallen at a time, and in a manner, when there is no one to pity her. The conduct of Prussia, through all the disasters of Europe, has been so cowardly, disloyal, and treacherous to the common cause of nations, that there seems, throughout the whole of the metropolis, and we believe of the country, but one common sentiment,—that her fate was merited.

In a nation, so generous and honest as England, something will be felt for the unfortunate King, whose chief fault is a want of firmness. The Queen, as we often said, is a heroine, and worthy of a better crown. Count Haugwitz is a man to whose miserable politics, and cowardly heart, his country owes its ruin. We speak of him with bitterness, for we know the man. Hardenberg has the noble mind and enlarged views of the late Mr. Pitt; but the faction of the narrow-minded Haugwitz prevailed, and preserved the neutrality of Prussia till Bonaparte was ready to fall on her, and crush her, when no one was at hand to help her. The Queen is worthy of the love of the people of England; we, who have never flattered any one, nor sought a temporary popularity by falling into the humour of the day, do not hesitate to confess, that we could not see the event of the battle of Auerstadt with indifference, as it augments the power of the common enemy, and is a direct calamity to

this truly worthy Queen. In any other point of view we are almost disposed to rejoice at the downfall of so ignoble a monarchy as that of Prussia.

The King of Prussia appears to have made several attempts at peace, but they seem to have been as uniformly rejected. Why so,—the answer is plain—France has other views. One of two things will happen with regard to Prussia.—The King of Prussia, finding his first terms rejected, will offer others more desperate; something, perhaps, not far short of the cession of half his dominions in Germany, and the whole of them in Poland—Bonaparte may probably accept such terms, and grant him peace. On the other hand, if the King should hold out, he must necessarily be hunted from his dominions. Bonaparte will then erect new principalities, perhaps a new kingdom. One of these things must happen. There will be no more fighting.

The system of Bonaparte is very simple,—that of a grand military empire, composed of confederate Officers and Princes, all of whom are equally interested in the preservation of their Chief, as by him they have been created, and by him alone can be supported. This is the old feudal system purged of its weakness,—that of a vassalage descending too low. In the present French system the chain connects only the officers and their chiefs,—this is sufficient for military purposes, and more would but injure its energy. We shall consider this system more at our leisure.

In the mean time, to return for a moment to Prussia, we have only to add, that there is too much cause for belief, that Prussia is devoted by her conqueror never to rise again. The French bulletins are all official reports, and may be strictly taken as such. But what is the language of one of these? "The French generosity has been so often abused, that it has become prudent to be generous no longer. It is now a point of duty to become just to ourselves. Russia was saved at Austerlitz, that she might repeat her menaces in Poland. If we were to save Prussia, we might have to experience again the same conduct."

What is the inference of this language? It is unnecessary to say farther.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Saturday, November 15th, was presented, at this Theatre, a new Play, in five acts, entitled *Adrian and Orrilla; or, A Mother's Vengeance*, from the pen of Mr. Dimond.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prince of Altenburg....	Mr. COCKE.
Count of Rosenheim ..	Mr. MUNDEN.
Adrian	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Michael	Mr. LISTON.
Friedbert	Mr. DENMAN.
Anselm.....	Mr. WADDY.
Leopold	Mr. CHAPMAN.
Xavier	Mr. TREBY.
Hausoy (a Minstrel) ..	Mr. BELLAMY.
Lothaire (a Page).....	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
Orrilla of Rosenheim ..	Miss BRUNTON.
Matilda of Clermont ..	Miss SMITH.
Githa.....	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Minna	Miss TYRER.
Louitgarde	Mrs. SMITH.
Ida	Miss WADDY.

This Play was very favourably received, and wanted but three requisites to render it worthy of such reception,—sense,—grammar,—and the most common propriety.—We are sorry that justice to our readers compels us to this justice towards the author. It is not from one or two scenes that we should be induced to speak in this manner, but, as this piece advanced in dullness, as it proceeded towards its conclusion,—as the first Act was vile, the second execrable, and the third (at least as we thought till we saw what remained) the catastrophe of NONSENSE, we should conceive ourselves involved in the general absurdity of the audience, unless we thus unequivocally pronounced our damnation. The house was CANVASSED by a shew of hands: the Author must have suffered had the POLL been demanded, or had his luck have borne him through the POLL, he would not with equal ease have escaped the scrutiny.

It is impossible to describe Characters, which were in fact no Characters at all:—a Boarding-School Girl,—an honourable German Baron,—a decent Prince, as German Princes go,—a young Lover, and an old Governess,—a Welch Harper in the middle of Saxony,—and a fashionable Education in the 14th Century. In a word, Plot, Character, Sentiment, Language,—every thing in this Piece is GERMAN.

That we may not be thought unjust in this

general censure, the following are the particulars:—

In the first place, as to the German tone of the characters, a Lady, of at least genteel rank and elegant manners, is at once a kidnapper, and, — what we do not like to mention.

As to the absurdity of the Plot, to mention one instance only, the bell of the castle tolls for the execution of *Adrian*, before he is tried; and the following scene opens with the Baron resolving to give him up to the laws of his country. The catastrophe is brought about by the Prince's horse taking fright at LISTON's face; in a word, the whole progress of the Fable, from the beginning to the end, may be related in a short sentence.—*Adrian* is running away with *Orrilla*; he is taken in the woods, confined in the castle; his reputed mother comes to beg him off; the Prince comes on the same errand; the Prince remembers the Lady's face; the Lady forgives the Prince; and the Baron forgives *Adrian*.

As to the SENTIMENT,—we really find it difficult to say any thing. It was of the true German school. The DEITY is invoked on all occasions,—in rain, sunshine, hail, thunder. Every one is ready to sacrifice his life for the other, and every moment throwing themselves on their knees, to implore permission for this generous exchange. Mrs. C. KEMBLE intreats “by the all-seeing Omnipotence of Heaven,” that she may go to the Castle and be hanged instead of *Adrian*, as the black crime (that of carrying a LOVE LETTER) was wholly her's; and “that justice was not justice, unless, with nice discrimination of vision, it distinguished its right object.”

By the opening of the PLAY, and indeed until the end of it, every one would have thought by the language of *Madame Clermont*, that she had murdered her child and husband; *ORESTES* and *CEDIPUS* are nothing to her; she “banquets on horror,” and has lived twenty years in penitence without a crime, and in grief without an object.

As to the LANGUAGE; the PRINCE promises to the Lady, “if he has done her any injury, he will do her ample retribution,”—that is to say, that he would *amply repeat* his offence. A Lady about to die with grief is said to be on “Creation's brink.”—Any other man but the author of this play would have said, on the “brink of death,” and not of a new Creation; but perhaps this Author is one of the new German

sect of REGENERANTS, a death with him is tantamount to Creation.

These are only a few instances; we are sorry to say all was alike.—It was neither poetry nor prose.

To say all in one word,—the general character, and all-pervading absurdity of this play, is its total want of common sense,—a most extravagant disproportion between the passions, sentiments, and language, with their several objects.

The Prologue, though imperfectly heard, was elegant; the Epilogue was full of temporary allusions to the New Elections; and was good and spirited.

DRURY-LANE.

A Piece of Five Acts, entitled "*The Vindictive Man*," was performed, for the first time, on Thursday night, November 20. The following are the persons of the Drama:—

Hanson, (the Vindictive Man)	Mr. ELLISTON.
Colonel Hanson	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Mitland	Mr. RAYMOND.
Charles (his son)	Mr. BARTLEY.
Frederick	Mr. H. SIDDONS.
Farmer	Mr. DOWTON.
Lambert (a Lawyer)	Mr. POWELL.
Goldfinch	Mr. DE CAMP.
Mark Blunt	Mr. MATHEWS.
Jew	Mr. WEWITZER.
Rose	Miss DUNCAN.
Mrs. Forward	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Emily	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.

This is another Play of the German School, but from a different and more expert master—Mr. HOLCROFT.—Its basis is laid in the most extravagant passions; and, like all others of the same breed, in passions produced either without any object, or from causes wholly disproportionate.

This has been the grand mischief of the German School.—In its pursuit of novelty it has fallen upon extravagance, and in the chase of vice or folly, has hunted them into Prisons and Stews, and has dramatised them in situations, from which the chaste and delicate majesty of true genius will always avert. That such things, in some contrivance of accident, or shuffle of fortune, may occur in real life, is no reason for introducing them upon the stage. They may be seen or known, but are not fit to be represented. They have too much malignity for the Comic Muse, and not sufficient dignity for Tragedy. They are a sort of bastard beings, which are akin to nothing natural or legitimate; monsters, which surprise and disgust, and to which we can only be reconciled by knowing that they are rare.

It is an unerring maxim of the drama, that nothing should be represented on the stage but what has its resemblance in life. The converse, however, will not hold. All that is seen in life is not to be represented on the theatre. Tragedy and Comedy are selections from life for different purposes; the one to move, the other to please; the talent is in the choice,—in the winnowing of the chaff from the grain.

Thus much we thought necessary to premise in speaking of this play; the principal character in which is a *Mr. Hanson*, the "*Vindictive Man*." This gentleman cherishes a most inextinguishable and ardent hatred against his brother on account of a school-boy quarrel when they were about fourteen years of age; in which the younger gave the elder a BLOODY NOSE. It is this foolish quarrel which forms the basis of the play. Can Mr. HOLCROFT maintain that this is nature? YOUNG has been censured for the extravagant revenge of his *Sanga*, but in the delineation of a ferocious passion without a cause, or a cause inadequate to its assigned effect, Dr. YOUNG must give place to Mr. HOLCROFT. Suppose such a thing possible in life; was it, therefore, to be dramatised? Could it please? Could it instruct? There is so much of horror, that it destroys every image of pleasure; and its natural deformity might excite disgust, but not pity.

We shall now proceed to another part of this composition.—The Second Act passes almost wholly in NEWGATE, in which a bankrupt Gentleman is confined for not giving an account to his creditors of the manner in which he has disposed of ten thousand pounds. His honour obliges him to be close upon this subject. Why? Because he had given it to the brother of the very creditor (who confines him for this supposed fraud, and threatens to hang him for it), in order to liberate him from a foreign prison. Can any thing be more unnatural? Here again is the German School—superlative vice and superlative virtue—no matter which, so that it be extravagant. How could Mr. HOLCROFT think that this would please? Suppose a man were to invite his friend, as a choice treat, to visit, with him, all the prisons of the METROPOLIS, would he thank him for his offer? And yet, what we avert from with disgust in life will seldom please in stage representation. This is GERMAN with a vengeance.

After what we have said, it will be concluded that this Play met the fate it deserved. It was completely damned on the first night. The kindness of the Managers induced them to repeat it, when it yielded up its throat, almost without a struggle, to that most fatal and implacable of all enemies,—an EMPTY HOUSE.

the Year 1807.) including a REEL.
 ionable Magazine.

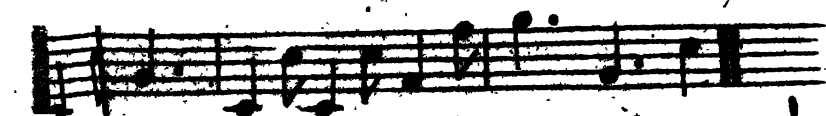
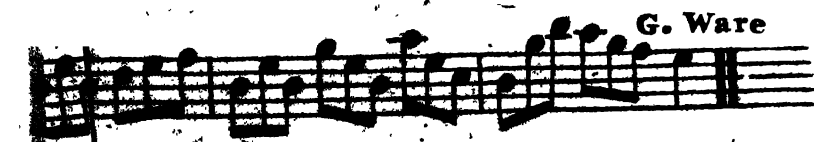
RE.



in your partner with both hands.
 at it & turn corners, foot it & lead outsides.



es e 2^d Cw place, Set & half right & left.



town place, Pouasette and half round.

L'ABELLE ASSEMBLÉE

F A S H I O N S

For DECEMBER, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1.—A WALKING DRESS.

Plain cambric muslin gown, a walking length; made high in the neck, with double plaited frills of fine India muslin; and long sleeves embroidered at the wrist. A Russian mantle without a seam, composed of pale fawn-coloured Kerseymere, trimmed either with Turkish ribband, fur, or swansdown; these mantles are made short or long, according to the taste of the wearer, and are composed of cloths, kerseymeres, or velvets; with two rows of narrow borders laid on the outsides, composed of shaded orange and yellow coloured silk or velvet, which produce the effect of gold bordering, and look extremely elegant; it has a square standing collar, and is made with sharp lappels; flows open before, and exhibits a *demie-waist*, or high front of the same, which sits close to the form, and meets the foil at the throat, where it is bordered to correspond with the mantle. A turban hat of the same material, with full yeoman crown, trimmed as the mantle. The hair in loose curls, confined with a narrow band. Large gold earrings of the hoop form; leather gloves; and high shoes of fawn-coloured jean.

No. 2.—FULL DRESS.

A round dress of soft white satin, Vandyked at the bottom in spots of morone foil. A *demirobe* of Italian crape, sitting close to the form in front, and intermingling with the dress behind, commencing in a full drapery on the left shoulder, where it is confined at regular distances with small bands of pearl till it reaches the bottom of the dress on the opposite side, where it terminates. A wrap sleeve, formed of lace, to meet a full satin top; bound front of white satin, confined in the centre of the bosom with a diamond brooch; earrings, &c. to correspond. The bosom shaded with a lace tucker, the same as the trimming of the sleeves. The hair in plain bands on the forehead, with a few close curls in the

centre, and others of a cork-screw form falling towards the left ear; a coronet comb of wrought gold, secures the hair behind, and partly confines a small half square of morone muslin, spotted with gold. Shoes of morone satin; gloves of French kid; fan of morone crape, with devices in gold.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 3.—A RIDING DRESS.

A riding coat of fine broad cloth, the colour a dark lavender blossom; a high rolled collar, lappelled front, and deep cape *à-la pelerine*; a broad belt secured in front with a clasp of steel; a high ruff of double plaited muslin, sloped to a point at the bosom. *Chapeau* of amber-coloured velvet, band of the same formed in leaves. Hair in close curls; York tan gloves; high shoes of lavender-blossomed kid, tied with amber-coloured bows.

No. 4.—EVENING DRESS.

A spotted muslin round dress, a walking length, with a light border of needle-work at the bottom. A cambric petticoat with one row of open-hemming at the feet; long waist, plain in front, drawn back; and full sleeves, gathered into a band of needle-work, corresponding with the bottom of the dress, and terminated with a frill of narrow lace; a deep fall of lace with scalloped edge, put full round the neck; a short sash of pink ribband, simply tied behind. The cap *à-la-rustique*, formed of alternate waves of pink and white velvet, finished at the edge with a rolled band of the same; a full bunch of wild roses in front, inclining to the right side; and projecting over the eyebrow. The hair cropt close behind, and loosely curled in front; shoes of pink kid, with white trimming; Limerick, or York tan gloves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE FASHIONS OF THE SEASON.

NEVER was there a greater latitude given to novelty and fancy than that which the fashions for the present season afford. We select, for the benefit of our fair correspondents, such as are the most celebrated for style, beauty, and effect. As an out-door covering, the pelice must ever be considered as both comfortable and appropriate. The style of this habiliment has, however, undergone various alterations and improvements. The pelice *à-la-Cardinal* is entirely *nouvelle*. It is formed of twill sarsnet, kerseymere, or velvet; is put into a high collar, and continued full and unconfined, from the back, *à-la-négligée*; the front is also quite loose from the throat, and is tied down to the feet with bows of ribband of the same colour, and worn without any other ornament. There is a sort of graceful negligence in this habiliment which is attractive; but it certainly obscures the symmetry and beauty of the figure.

The Grecian wrap, of dark fawn-coloured velvet, is not so deficient; it is made with a deep falling collar; and flows open in front, discovering a chemisette of the same, which is fastened with a square clasp of studded steel; it is bordered all round with velvet in full reversed gathers, about three inches deep, or with a fur of the American squirrel, or leopard spot. The pelice of twill sarsnet, with simple wrap front, as described in our last Number, continues a reigning favourite; but the canonical scarf which is attached to it, is now sloped in the form of a gourd, and does not extend much below the knee. These scarfs are invariably trimmed with a Turkish ribband, the colour of the pelice, with fur, or with swansdown.

The Russian mantle, of fawn-coloured kerseymere, is also much esteemed; and on a tall slender figure, has a graceful and striking appearance.

The small poke, or mountain bonnet, composed of the same materials as the pelice, or mantle, stands unrivalled for neatness, simplicity, and elegance. The small velvet bonnet is again revived, and a new fancy hat; being a union of black chip and velvet, in checks or waves, is amidst the novelties of the season. In carriages we have observed the damask rose to embellish them; in the street, the long black veil is frequently seen, falling from the crown of a small hat, and shading the upper part of the figure; we do not think this by any means a consistent shade for the present damp season. The small kerseymere bonnet, turned up with a sharp point in front, which rests on the crown, and is bound and trimmed with a Turkish ribband, in purple

and gold colour, has a most animated and stylish effect.

Coloured borders to represent natural flowers, on white crape, tiffany, muslin, or velvet, are amidst the most elegant embellishments for full dress. They are executed in painting, embroidery, or foil; we have seen one of convolvuluses, painted on Italian crape; as also an India muslin robe, with a border of violets, which exhibited a singularity of beauty, and a chastity of taste. The Spanish corset, with coloured chenille trimming, possesses much rural simplicity of style.

A costume most strikingly *nouvelle*, lately decorated one of our celebrated titled beauties; it was a round train dress of plain India muslin, round the bottom of which was a deep Vandyke of coquelicot kerseymere; a drapery of muslin similar to the dress, fell full from the left shoulder, crossed the figure in front, and was passed through a richly studded steel slide at the bottom of the dress, on the right side, where the drapery terminated. A Jockey cap of coquelicot kerseymere, thickly studded with small steel beads; a steel crescent in front of the forehead; above waved two curled ostrich feathers.

There is little variation in the general style of costume since our last. The backs of dress gowns still continue very low, and scarce any shoulderstrap is to be seen. The round and square bosoms are equally prevalent, but the goured front of lace, over white satin, is very new and elegant. The short sleeve of lace, in folds, or the embroidered sleeve quite plain, is much in vogue, but if made of the same materials as the dress, they are generally worn high and full. Lace and work are introduced in various directions, both as a bordering and drapery. Morning dresses are usually worn high in the neck, and often embroidered at the edge, round the throat; they are either laced, or buttoned up the back.

The plaited erect ruff is a most becoming appendage, they are now attached to the shirt-neckchief, which continues to hold its station in the sphere of taste and fashion. The hair is still much compressed, but a few loose curls are introduced in various directions, relieving the too studied formality of the braids and bands. In full dress, the coronet comb and star are a splendid and consistent ornament. The tiara and diadem are less general than formerly; but the turban cap of fawn-coloured muslin, with large gold spots, and the bandeaus of foil, on coloured and white velvets, are making rapid advances. The helmet cap of silver frost-work, on velvet, shines amidst the elegant novelties which fashion offers at the shrine of taste and beauty.

The general style of the hair differs little from

our last communication, except that more of the forehead is exposed towards the left side. The cottage, and foundling cap, have nearly banished the mob, and are a most simple and becoming appendage to the morning costume.

We are enabled to add a few new and elegant articles to the description of trinkets given in our last Number. The small Maltese brooch, or cross of St. John of Jerusalem, in ivory and gold, suspended from a clustre of military trophies, is an interesting and novel ornament—Small gold watches are generally worn outside. A diamond pin, composed of one large brilliant, from the stem of which, suspended on a small gold chain, hangs a heart and key of correspondent size; also the impenetrable chain, or necklace of gold, curiously linked together, with bracelets of the same, have been very recently introduced.

We are not yet permitted to mention the boquet as a general decoration; some few, however, have decked the bosoms of our most tasteful and distinguished females; and thus introduced, we trust they will become a prevailing, as they are an attractive ornament. Those we allude to, were composed of the damask rose, white heath, and mignonette.

Shoes are worn high for walking, either laced or tied; their colour black, fawn-colour, or cinnamon brown; for full dress, white satin, or kid.

The prevailing colours for the season are purple, fawn-colour, coquelicot, deep lavender-blossom, and morone.

LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER FIRST VISIT IN LONDON, TO HER FRIEND
IN CORNWALL.

PRAY do not be angry with me, dearest Julia, for not fulfilling my promise of writing to you immediately on my arrival in this charming city. Could you but know how entirely every hour has been occupied, even from the very moment of my being housed at my uncle's, you would, I am sure, readily make for me that excuse which I now solicit. I am in such a chaos of delightful wonder at all I see and hear, that my letter will be but a desultory compound of disjointed matter.

I shall pass over briefly the kind reception with which I was welcomed by my good uncle and aunt, and hasten to tell you that cousin Mary is grown a very handsome, or what is here termed a very stylish elegant girl; and cousin John is the very pink of the *beau-monde*—with his short-waisted waistcoat, long-waisted small-cloaths, and cravat up to his ears.

But oh, my dear Julia! could you but see my cousin Mary's wardrobe! Positively I have not a gown I can wear! And, notwithstanding all the care my dear good mamma took that I should appear like other people, literally am like nobody.

Mary amused herself for a full hour at the unpacking of my portmanteau, and display of its contents. "Why, dear Coz! here's actually enough in this gown to make an old man's robe! Mercy on me! a double dimity petticoat! and, as I live, a thick lutestring pelice, that will stand alone! What sort of a figure, my dear soul, do you intend to exhibit? While all here is clad in mist, *à-la-Grecian*, you will step forth amongst us in your ponderous costume, like the ghost of my grandmother, and frighten us out of our wits!" Thus she ran on in good natured ridicule of my poor paraphernalia; and then, without giving me time to be mortified, she rang for her maid; and, in the same sportive humour, said, "Now, Jones, set your best inventions to work, and, quick as thought, transfer this immense article of my pretty cousin's, yeilded a gown! into a frock like that which came yesterday from Madame De Bruyn's; and remember, it must positively be finished by seven in the evening; and let Monsieur Videau be here by six."

"My dear," she added, turning to me, "your hair is as rude and uncultivated as the wilds of America."

I wont detain you with the grave remonstrances used by me on this occasion; nor tell you how severely my dear mamma frowned, in vision, as Jones slashed my new muslin piecemeal, to render it obedient to the reigning laws of taste and fashion. But this I must say, that viewing me at ten in the morning, with my little brown riding-habit, and small beaver hat with gold band; in the evening, at eight, you would not have known me, I "bore my honours so thick upon me." My frock was made with a short train, which I wore over a blush-coloured sarsnet slip; it was tied all the way up behind, with small bows of narrow white satin ribbon. A drawn tucker of plain net lace attached to the front of the slip, met the bosom of the frock, which was rounded sharp at the corners, and edged with white beads. The shoulder-strap was so narrow, and the back so low, as to leave rather more of my person exposed than was consistent with my notions of delicacy; but fashion here, I find, is entirely despotic! My hair—oh! how it was compressed! The hind part, which you know is very long, was braided into four compartments, and brought from the nape of my neck round the temple on one side, and across the head on the other, where loose curls flowed be-

neath, to meet my eye brow. It was fastened with a steel comb behind; and on the adverse side of the braes, was a half wreath (very full) of Persian roses. I wore on my neck a gold elastic chain, fastened with a pearl brooch; earrings and bracelets to correspond. These were a present from my uncle. My shoes and gloves were of white kid.

With you, my dear friend, I use no disguise; and, therefore, will freely say, that I did not think it possible I could have looked so well. Cousin John complimented me much on my metamorphose; and tells me, that when I get rid of my *mouaisse-honte*, he shall *sport me* ('tis an odd term,) at the Opera.

You may expect, in all my letters, a description of all that is new and most elegant in female attire. My uncle and aunt, you know, are very rich; they keep the first company; and are both so immoderately fond of their daughter, as to indulge her in every fashionable accomplishment, and tasteful appendage; so that I shall be able to send you the first information. At present, I can only spare time to give you an account of my Cousin Mary's last superb dress, together with a few general hints; for the town is beginning to fill, and we have a dinner-party to-day, and go to Covent-Garden in the evening.

But, to this costume!—It is a robe of undressed crape, made to flow loose from the back, somewhat like the old *negligée* of our mothers. It is bordered all round with hearts-ease, in foil, at the edge of which is a most delicate silver fringe; from each shoulder, and round the back, where it is deepest, is an erect plaiting of Vandyke lace.

The under dress is formed of India muslin, interwoven with silver thread, in small checks; and the bosom, which is shaded with a simple fold of the same, is terminated with an amethyst brooch at each corner. Her necklace and bracelets are of pearl, fastened with an amethyst stud; her earrings to correspond; and the largest I ever saw, secured an armlet formed of plaited hair and gold, most beautifully executed. Her shoes were of white satin, her gloves of white kid, with the bracelet on the outside. Her hair was in braids round the temples; over which, and on the crown of the head, fell loose and glossy curls; and in the midst of these, in front, glittered the finest diamond star. In her bosom

was a *houquet*, formed of the damask rose, and double-blossomed myrtle. Mary is very handsome, and, with these tasteful auxiliaries, she looked like nothing mortal. You must lay by your straw hat entirely—they are both unseasonable, and unfashionable. Do not purchase velvet shoes, as you intended. Jean, kid, or satin, are those chosen by the *élégantes* of the metropolis.

I enclose you a pattern of my new pelice—it is of sarsnet, of the new cardinal form. My bonnet is of the same, made in a small poke, and is trimmed with the finest narrow swansdown.—Shawls are now too general to be held in genteel estimation; they are simply worn as an occasional wrap at the theatres, or in passing from the house to the carriage. The swansdown opera tippets are much worn in public; but the long tippet of dark fur, formerly so general, is now never seen on a female who has any pretensions to taste.

Adieu, dear Julia!—expect to hear again from me very soon; and, whether in London or Cornwall, believe me still

Your

ELIZA.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GERMAN DANCE.

A Walz (*Walzer*) is a national dance of Suabia or Wurtemberg, in Germany, and a strict translation of the term would denote a *Roller*, which shews the nature of the dance that is as follows:—A lady and a gentleman, taking hold of each other in a certain graceful manner, turn about together, with a simple sort of a step, and thus pass up and down the room, either the one couple alone, or more couples one through another, in some regular order or figure, but without changing or quitting each other's partner. The movement is moderate; and the pleasing simplicity of the dance itself, as well as of the tunes to which it is danced, has rendered both of them very favourite throughout Germany. We shall therefore in some future Number, give a complete description of its step and other particulars. An original Walz, by Dr. Kollmann, is composed and given in the present Number.

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A SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

WHICH CONCLUDES THE FIRST VOLUME OF THIS WORK.

The Supplement contains a Review of Literature for the year 1806, upon the plan which has been so deservedly popular in the Edinburgh Reviews.

THE DECORATIVE PART OF THIS NUMBER

Has very high pretensions indeed to the patronage of the Public. A Preface, a copious Index, and likewise Two Ornamental Title Pages, most elegantly designed and executed, are given with this Number, in order that such as object to a too bulky Volume, may divide the numbers in equal parts, and bind them up separately.

It has been our plan to give Portraits of all the Female Branches of the Royal Family, in the most finished style of engraving, and therefore we think it our duty to give also

THE PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY,

As the Head and Parent of the Family; and it has been, and is the pride, and will be the boast of the Publisher, that he has procured the best Likeness, and the finest engraving, that has ever been done of his Majesty, from the original Picture, which is the favourite of the Royal Family, and that which has been copied and sent to Foreign Courts.

A farther and greater interest will also attach to this Supplemental Number than has ever been offered to the Public before, in a publication of the same price, viz.

MR. BELL has been favoured, he believes, with the only accurate copy extant in England, of

THE MAP OF THE PRESENT SEAT OF WAR, AND A CORRECT AND AUTHENTIC PLAN OF THE LATE FATAL BATTLE OF JENA,

Which he received by the last Hamburgh Mail, from Hanover, as executed and published there, for the first time, on the 14th of November, including the extreme points of Germany, in the North and East, and accurately describing the situations of the Army during the Battle. To which is now extended, from the most authentic descriptions, the Line of March, and various halting positions of the Armies. The plan of the Battle, positions of the Armies at the time, and subsequent Lines of March, are all distinctly ascertained and coloured.

N.B. Subscribers to the former Numbers are recommended to give Orders to their respective Booksellers for the Supplemental Number as above, in order that they may not be disappointed of the best impressions, to which they are justly entitled, by their early partiality and preference.

of health, and delicacy of frame, which would not admit of that severe application, which is required for the attainment of proficiency in either of these studies.

Her Royal Highness's accomplishments, however, are nowise of an inferior order. If not a perfect mistress of music, she has an excellent taste as an amateur, and is rivalled by few at the piano-forte. If she has not made a study of painting, she has that quality of taste, in a very high degree, which enables her to relish and appreciate the productions of the pencil. In a word, her Royal Highness had the same advantages from nature, and, with a more favourable constitution, might have derived equal benefits from education with her royal sisters; but, unfortunately, she has been checked in her career of study by the causes we have mentioned above.

And here we cannot help again availing ourselves of the opportunity to propose to our fair readers, as the safest patterns, and brightest examples of personal and intellectual excellence, the Female Branches of the Royal Family of Great Britain. In whatever way we regard them, whether as females, divested of the glitter of rank and precedence, asserting a superiority over their sex, by excelling them in those qualities which are chiefly entitled to pre-eminence; or whether we regard them in the elevated situations which they occupy, as adding to the weight of their unrivalled virtues the stamp of the highest rank,—and as such, giving a tone to taste, and a bias to manners, from the heights of Royalty itself; in whatever way we consider them, their supremacy is the same. In her Majesty we contemplate the English

matron, administering the proudest offices of domestic duty, in the education which she has given to her daughters, in the example which, in her own conduct, she has proposed to them,—in her affectionate and pious attention to his Majesty,—and in the sacred performance of all those offices which are rendered more numerous by her illustrious rank, and more arduous from her exalted station.

It is the praise of her Majesty, and let it ever be esteemed as the first praise in the domestic conduct of a mother, however humble, or however exalted her rank, that she has not only caused her Royal offspring to be carefully instructed in the ornamental accomplishments of their sex, but has taken care to instil into their minds the more useful and solemn duties of life; she has taught them those lessons of a pure and substantial morality, which are the best foundations of private happiness and public prosperity;—and the fatal neglect of which, in a neighbouring kingdom, particularly amongst those of the highest rank, was the cause, not only of the most extended social ruin, but of the severest wound Christianity ever experienced.

Her Majesty and the Royal Family pay a sort of primitive attention to all their religious duties. They, commonly, either attend domestic prayers twice in the day, or appear, in the Chapel at Windsor, in public worship. Nothing but indisposition ever prevents them from these duties. We must break off here for the present, and shall again gladly resume the subject.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PRAISE OF SILENCE.

THE praise of folly has been written and even that of fever, why should I not praise silence? with this difference, that those eulogiums only presented us with a display of wit, and that this contains more truth: what I am certain of is, that I shall never praise loquacity.

Silence was a god among the Egyptians: he was called Harpocrates, and always recognized by having a finger placed upon his lips, as if to command silence; he has since had wings, like those of Cupid, to denote that secrecy should be observed by lovers, and also some of the attributes of Esculapius, as medicine requires secrecy. But what astonishes me is, that this god is often represented under the figure of a child, which appears extraordinary, as youth is certainly not the age of discretion. This is all the information we may expect from the Egyptians; why they also have made of this Harpocrates the sun and the moon, is not easily found; but I will direct my readers to the works of Cuper, if they wish to obtain farther information.

It is not of the god of silence I mean to speak; but we must not overlook the fabulous divinities when they fall in our way. Neither do I intend to confound silence with discretion or secrecy.

The silence I shall treat of, is a kind of mute expression, stronger than words, and which eloquence often employs with sublimity. The silence of forests so impressive in the religion of the Gauls, and which Lucian has so frequently sung, has also been extremely useful to an ancient French poet, who says, that love strews it with many ideas, which lovers incessantly gather. Quinault has said, "even silence speaks to me of what I love;" and Tasso has also said in his *Amiata*:

*El silenzio ancor suole
Aver prieghi e parole.*

Nothing expresses a refusal better than silence, as the following instance will show:—An ambassador of the town of Abdera, as Plutarch relates in the remarkable sayings of the Lacedæmonians, made a long harangue to Agis, King of Sparta, in favour of his citizens.—"Well, Sire, what answer will you have me give them?"—

"That I permitted you to speak all you pleased,

and as long as you pleased, without answering a word." May I be permitted to quote a novel, that of the Princess of Cleves? Its celebrity must plead my excuse. De Nemours silently approached Madame De Cleves; she, who was doubtless thinking of him, turned round hastily, saying, "In pity, Sir! give me a moment of rest!" To make a declaration of love through the medium of silence, is certainly to pass an eulogium on it. Silence is perhaps the most active instrument of eloquence, and what contributes to the latter should not be treated as frivolous. Silence is divided into numerous subdivisions: restraint, silent hints, looks, all these express that mute figure of rhetoric. I myself will call in the assistance of silence, by declaring that I do not intend to give precepts, but only seek to instruct through the medium of quotations and examples.

The *quos ego* of Neptune, in Virgil, is not silence, it is rather restraint. This god is in the act of threatening Eolus, who, without his orders; to oblige Juno, had raised a tempest against Æneas; but Neptune is too powerful a god to condescend to vent his anger in threats, and with one stroke of his trident executed his will.

Marcellus eris drew tears from the eyes of the wife of Augustus, by that restraint so superior to words.

If I may be allowed to quote the Chronological Abridgment of the History of France, I think it contains a very happy instance of restraint; it is a portrait of Maria De Medicis, in relating her death.—"Maria De Medicis died at Cologne, in extreme poverty—a Princess whose end demands our pity, but whose mind was far below her ambition, and who perhaps did not shew enough of surprise, nor affliction at the fatal death of one of our greatest Kings!" The meaning of surprise is understood.

What is that legion of strangers who enter our walls with an air of sovereignty? It is the English. Paris is become their capital, since their King Henry the Fifth has espoused the sister of the lawful heir, whom a cruel stepmother has caused to be disinherited; they traverse Paris (Charles the Sixth was dead), they come to pass under the windows of Isabeau De Baviere, who awaits them to enjoy their gratitude and respect. But what is her astonishment? They observe a stern

silence, and do not even deign to cast their eyes on her windows. Can there be a more striking picture? Could it be expected? What a day of festivity! The welkin ought to have echoed with acclamations of joy; but no, indignation is stronger than triumph, this is an exalted praise on the force of silence, and says more than has ever been written against that infamous Queen.

Would not her funeral obsequies also form a moral picture? She died at Paris in 1435, having scarcely sufficient to support life; her body was conveyed from the hotel de Saint Paul to Saint Denis, in a little boat, accompanied only by four persons. What solitude! What forgetfulness! Scarcely was it known in Paris where she lived, says Charles the Seventh's journal.

The silence of Ajax, king of Salamine, is very remarkable in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*; his indignation is well known when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses. Ulysses meets him in hell; he was alone, far from all the shades, and still appeared as indignant for the injustice he had experienced as when on earth. Ulysses accosts him in the most flattering manner, recalls his glory, &c. to his mind, and the poet, who feels his inability to express the state of Ajax's soul in words, has recourse to silence; Ajax answered not a word. It is thus that Timanthus covered the face of Agamemnon with a veil at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, unable to express his excessive grief and barbarous ambition. This silence in painting is as eloquent as in poetry, and in this instance they may well be termed the sister arts.

But what instance is more striking than that given in the interview between Dido and Æneas, in hell, as related in the sixth book of the *Æneid*?

It is said that a man of wit, reading this fine piece for the first time, closed the book suddenly, and attempted to compose the answer he thought most proper Dido should make. After having written the finest verses he could invent, he opened the book, hoping to find some of his ideas in Virgil, and was very much astonished to discover that Dido's only answer was silent indignation.

A fine part of Homer, and which appears to me not to have been sufficiently felt, is when all the Gods are assembled in Olympus, each bearing his respective attributes, and wishing to interest Jupiter, some in favour of the Trojans, others in favour of the Greeks; the universe is all in motion, the heavens filled with divinities, and the earth covered with soldiers: Jupiter listens, and then dismisses this multitude of immortals; the noise of their departure heightens our astonishment. What is then the situation

of Achilles? what does Homer oppose to this general shock of all nature? He lets us see Achilles alone in his tent, whose inactive state causes these great events. Do not fear that Homer should launch into reflections, he seems unconscious of the sensations he has awakened; he leaves ordinary poets to mistrust the impression they have excited; he is conscious of the effect of this sublime picture; he never calls himself in question, for the reflections of a poet is, in a manner, naming one's self, and saying,—take care, remark the skill, admire the invention, &c. Homer disdains the admiration which he is certain of obtaining, and seems forgetful of himself. Homer, Virgil, and the truly great men are very sober in their maxims and reflections, they furnish the materials, and rest on the minds and sentiments of their readers: their pictures also do not produce their entire effect immediately; twenty years, thirty years, what do I say, even after centuries have passed, new beauties are discovered, and it is this also which makes them always appear new; similar to those subterraneous edifices swallowed up by earthquakes but preserved, they are restored to the light of day by frequent excavations. In a word, truth is made to augment each day in merit; Virgil strikes less forcibly than Lucan, but Virgil always gains and Lucan loses.

A truly fine image of silence is related of Penelope. "A short time after her marriage, being pressed by her father Icarus, and her husband Ulysses, to declare whether she would follow the latter, or remain at Lacedemon, in the bosom of her family, what was her answer according to Pausanias, book third? She said nothing, but hid her face with her veil." This is sublime. On the same spot where she gave this modest answer, Ulysses, who interpreted it in his favour, erected an altar to the goddess Pudur.

But why should I seek elsewhere than in the holy Scriptures, for sublime instances of silence? Rollin authorises me, in a work of *Belles Lettres*, in which he admits of prophane authorities, and does not hesitate in diving for them into the Old Testament. Scripture relates, that Isaac was placed by Abraham on the wood that composed the pile on which he was to be sacrificed, that he was bound before being imolated, without saying a word of the dispositions of the son, or the discourse held to him by his father; without preparing by some reflections for such a sacrifice, and without telling us with what sentiments the father and son submitted themselves. Josephus, the historian, puts a long discourse in the mouth of Abraham, which is fine and affecting. Moses makes him submit in silence, and observes the same himself. The reason is, that one wrote

from his own judgment, like man, and the other was inspired by God, who dictated each word that flowed from his pen.

Abraham's silence is the more striking from its having been preceded by the question,—the child asked his father, during their way, what was going to happen, without suspecting he was to be the victim. Racine has happily imitated this passage in the conversation between Iphigenia and Agamemnon. Holy works are inexhaustible on this subject; do they wish to express the mighty power of Cyrus, the master of Asia?—it is said, the earth became silent before him.

But enough of this subject; I will make a concluding reflection: which is, that in seeking

assistance in this way, and in wishing to support myself by acknowledged authorities that I always need, I have been surprised that no rhetoricians, or those who have written on metaphors and tropes, and all that relates to eloquence, have said nothing particular on the subject; they, however, sometimes remark the beauties which spring from silence; but it appears to me that this subject might be treated without falling into plagiarism. It is true that silence is less a figure of rhetoric to which a name may be affixed, than a sudden inspiration of taste, and taste follows no precepts; it is the instinct of reason which, like that of nature, is never deceived.

E. R.

THOUGHTS ON REFLECTION.

REFLECTION is that operation of the powers and capacities of the human mind, by which we are enabled to discriminate both in ourselves and others the leading features and the most prominent outlines of character.

Religion and morality are never stationary. In both the man of reflection cannot but perceive a progressive or retrograde motion. Individuals and families, nations and empires, increase in happiness in proportion as they increase in the knowledge of virtue. And in proportion as they are unmindful of these, they degenerate, and gradually approximate to the brute creation—throw off the man, and commence animal. All history justifies the truth of this observation; and all experience confirms the truth that is thus justified by history.

To the mind of a philanthropist, the consolations arising from a view of religion, morality and society; of men, and of manners, in the present age, when compared with a similar view in any of the preceding ages, must be at once pleasing and grateful. It must add energy to hope, confidence to exertion, and alacrity to perseverance.

Little indeed does that man deserve of society who will not zealously stretch forth his arm to defend a system, which cannot but diminish the influence of vice, enlarge the boundaries of freedom, contract the circle of licentiousness, give energy to poverty, and firmness to integrity.

Little indeed does he deserve of the blessings of life who offers not advice, protection, and assistance to the injured and oppressed of every description. Separate vice from rationality, and man becomes harmless. Impel rationality separated from vice with the energies of virtue and religion, and he becomes eminently useful and

estimable. Man is an active being. In a state of rest he finds no enjoyment; in a state of error no satisfaction; in a state of mischievous industry no consolation; in a state of ignorance no expansion of happiness; in a state of superstition no exalted ideas of the excellency of virtue—no sublime conceptions of the perfections of divine love; but in a state of honest and useful exertion, and in a state of moral, of rational, of social and religious improvement, he finds contentment a constant companion, hope an animating counsellor, confidence a bosom friend, diligence a cheerful associate, benevolence an amiable advocate, and happiness a never failing and a welcome visitor.

In consequence of the admission of vice into the world, human laws and regulations were necessarily instituted. They act not as stimulants to virtue but as preventives of vice. They demonstrate how far, how very far man is fallen from virtue; but they operate not as a check to his progress in the paths of duty and of excellence. The multiplication of depravities adds to the number of laws; and the numerous refinements of vice combined with the studied improvements of systematical knaveries, have given birth to laws not requisite in former ages; and have taken from the freedom of men the liberty of doing mischief with impunity. But as nothing can alter the nature and properties of virtue and vice, so nothing can take from man the privilege of being virtuous and good. Should it be the height of his ambition to make this privilege subservient to the general good, he advances beyond the reach of all human laws, and traverses a path peculiarly blessed and enlightened by the countenance of the Supreme Ruler of the world. Human laws may apparently impede, but they can never finally

counteract those that are divine. As mankind advance in the practice of known duties, they will advance in the knowledge of causes and effects. Reflection will teach them wisdom. It will lead them from ignorance to knowledge, from vice to virtue, from nature to grace, from time to eternity, from earth to heaven. It will shew them what has been done—it will impress on their minds what is now doing; and will enable them to anticipate with no small degree of certainty what will be the effect of transactions that may be passing before their eyes. It will open to their view the insignificance of opinion, and the imbecility of knowledge unapplied by reflection, when compared with the importance of principle, and the everlasting existence and unchangeableness of goodness. It will add to the extension of observation a correspondent increase of advantages arising from diligent and just application. It will correct judgment and resolve doubt. It will cure enthusiasm, and eradicate licentiousness. It will give to liberty the fullest influence and wisdom; to love the dignified support of rational power, and to disobedience the formidable check of salutary and prompt coercion.

The properties of virtue are instruments of happiness. Application will demonstrate their utility, and experience their efficacy. Call reflection to your assistance, and wisdom will give animation to hope, and energy to exertion. True wisdom is generated by reflection. In a very salutary degree it is attainable by every one. Ignorance cannot wholly exclude it; poverty can scarcely escape it. Learning may reject it; knowledge may condemn it; nobility may despise it; but pride with all its efforts, can possess but the smallest portion of it. Humility and wisdom unite hand in hand with reflection. These are inseparable companions. Meanness, falsehood, and duplicity, find no associates here.

Reflection is the nurse of philanthropy; her tears are tears of genuine worth; whether sorrow or joy be the cause for which they flow, they are ever truly valuable; they relieve the heart, and ennoble the mind; they offer to vice the sacrifice of regret, and to mercy the increase of gratitude; they are the consolations of repentance, and the first-fruits of conversion. Surrounded by the curtain of darkness, they often times flow in private when no eye can behold them, or immersed in the gloom of solitude, furrow the cheeks in silence, when no officious intruder can arrest their progress. It is then that the heart enjoys the present, regrets the past, and by hopes or fears anticipates the future; it is then that the objects of penury and want, which we may have passed by without an offer of assistance, present themselves to our view, and call

forth the sigh of sorrow and compunction, and give birth to the feelings of pity and commiseration. It is then that those whom we have injured, neglected, or traduced, offer themselves in a thousand varied forms to our consideration; it is then that those whom we have despised and condemned become formidable and terrific; it is then that those whom, ungenerously and unjustly, we have lightly esteemed, shine with a lustre that adds to the blackness of deformity the odium of suspicion; it is then that those to whom we have exhibited tokens of ingratitude appear decorated in garments transcendently resplendent, and inestimably valuable; it is then that the rudeness of inattention is punished by the upbraidings of sensibility, and the contempt of indifference by the bitterness of recollection; it is then that those on whom we have bestowed the true milk of human kindness are presented to our view, as petitioning the giver of blessings to increase in us the power of doing good, and the means of becoming happy; it is then that Love appears supremely desirable, drives from the heart every selfish sensation, and gives for the enjoyment of man a taste of the happiness desirable from the perfections of his nature; it is then that man feels as he ought to feel, superior to himself; it is then that he perceives something in his nature, in his feelings, his conceptions, his hopes, his fears, his resolutions, his capacity, and his expectations, that at once surprise and astonish him; it is then that he is compelled to enquire, what is man, at once unmindful of his dignity and depravity, that a Being, infinite in power, in wisdom, and in knowledge, should be at all mindful of him? Can powers and capacities calculated for an eternity of improvement, be intended for time only? Shall death be the closing scene of knowledge, of consciousness, and of rational existence? Shall he then for ever cease to remember and enquire, to reason and adore? Shall he not rather be endowed with powers of a more comprehensive nature, and a capacity to acquire knowledge of a less doubtful complexion? Shall he not then more easily discern the wisdom of Providence, and trace the footsteps of divinity with redoubled ardour and adoration? Shall he not then disseminate happiness without allow, acquire wisdom without the appendages of folly, communicate knowledge without error, participate in pleasures unadulterated with frailties, and delights in friendships which fear cannot weaken, space cannot separate, taste divide, mortality destroy, or death annihilate? Shall he not then be qualified to experience and enjoy in every possible way, and in every varied form, the happiness of communicating pleasure without the probability of disappointment, or the possibility of error? Shall

not minds then be as recognizable as persons now are? And shall not those whom he had loved and admired in a present existent state, give added pleasure to his feelings, and varied sensations of delight to his enjoyments? Or will reflection teach us to suppose that the remembrances of time, and the recollections of love, of benevolence, and of friendship, of reciprocity of affection, and similarity of sentiments, will be lost in the beatitudes of eternity? Most assuredly it will not. Nothing that can add to happiness will then be forgotten; nothing that can give an increase to pleasure, will then be placed beyond the reach of recollection; nothing that can add to the perfection or to the extent of enjoyment, will then be forbidden or denied. Without a consciousness of what was meritorious, agreeable, and lovely, and a known conformity of conduct agreeable to such consciousness, the utility of a pre-existent probationary state can neither be conceived nor demonstrated. To man all the plans of wisdom which we are capable of conceiving or pursuing, are founded in progressive knowledge, purity, piety and love.

Permit the efforts of reflection to banish one vice from your heart, and one error from your judgment, and your stock of virtue and of wisdom is instantaneously strengthened and increased. The balance in favour of virtue and of wisdom becomes more strong in proportion as vices and errors become less numerous and less formidable. And every effort that lessens the number of vices and errors in the world, or weakens their influence in ourselves or others, adds to the stock both of wisdom and of virtue a portion of merit that time will recognize and posterity appreciate. In the registers of eternity will be engraven the nobility of man. Perceiving the degradation of our nature to have originated from an act that we had no power to prevent, our business is to counteract with unceasing assiduity the vices we perceive, and the error we detect. To ennoble the heart is to enrich the man; to eradicate vice is to annihilate slavery; to correct error is to banish contention; and to establish virtue is to insure felicity.

Give to reflection the efficacy of application, and to application the merit of perseverance, and you give to man a clue to happiness, and a passport to immortality. Thus will you secure the imagination from the dangers of deception, and fortify the heart against the attractions of temporary frivolities, the contagion of fashionable levities, and the corruption of acknowledged depravities.

The pleasures and the advantages arising from the proper and faithful application of reflection are valuable and permanent; to the influence, and to the importance of these pleasures and these advantages, every good action gives an additional charm and an additional weight. The good man lives not for himself alone; to heighten and to secure the happiness of mankind is the prevailing wish and the ardent prayer of his heart, and the highest object of his ambition; here the extent of his desires, and the summit of his wishes, are happily within the limits of his duty, and the circumference of his influence.

Past transactions are lessons of instruction, illustrated by events that, by the operations of the mind, the application of reflection will convert into sources of wisdom pregnant with blessings of the greatest importance to human happiness. It is here that we behold the follies of those whom the world once thought wise, the errors of those who were considered as infallible, the deficiencies of those to whom former ages had attached the characteristics of perfection, and the wisdom of those whom nations and kingdoms had proclaimed as fools, or considered as insane. In the page of history the fooleries of life exhibit varied and numerous traits of mental imbecility. It is here that ambition is stript of its disguise, and pride of its extreme decorations. Here conceit is deprived of the influence she assumed; and learning, abashed at the knowledge acquired by reflection, ceases to corrupt the taste, or direct the judgment; here superstition vanishes at the investigation of truth, and gives to the inferences of enquiry the rewards of conviction; here reason assumes the power she had lost, and restores to the character and society of men a generation of slaves; here religion wrests from the arm of power the rod of oppression, and opens to the world a system of government influenced by mercy, actuated by love, supported by equity, maintained by justice, and preserved by piety; here feminine weakness is happily superseded by the powers of mental exertion, and the partner and companion of man is gratefully recognized as a being in no respect intellectually inferior to himself.

The blush of reflection is the criterion of sensibility, and the acknowledgement of error, of guilt, or of impropriety. And he, who in himself finds nothing to suspect or condemn, has innocence for his security, ignorance for his refuge, or vice for his patron.

L. C.

mals speak a language peculiar to themselves, and perfectly understand each other; however, it must be allowed at the same time, that such language is greatly limited, and does not extend beyond the wants of life, for nature has given them the faculty of speaking for expressing only their desires and feelings, in order by this means to satisfy their wants, and obtain whatever is necessary for their existence and preservation; all they think, and all they feel, may be reduced, therefore, to animal life; and as we have the strongest reasons to believe it so, we must not consequently expect from them any abstract ideas, metaphysical reasonings, or curious researches on the objects that surround them; but rather confine the whole scope of their science to

the principles of self-preservation, and the propagation of their species, which alone influence all their actions.

But now, Sir, notwithstanding all the above assertions, I trust that you, nor any person that will take the trouble to peruse the above treatise, can suppose an intention to undervalue man, or suppose him of less dignity in the creation than Providence seems to have intended; but I would moderate his excess of pride, by shewing that other creatures have their excellencies as well as he, and are endued with capacities, which even compared with his own, he will find no reason to despise.

II.

THE ACCOUNT STATED BETWEEN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND NINETEENTH.

FRAGMENT FROM LICHTENBERG.

NOTHING is so difficult to translate into another language as those lively pieces, which the English call humour, and the Germans *laune*, and which cannot be rendered into French, without changing the construction of the sentences, and adapting them to the character of the author, or of the work mentioned; but these two nations have, to describe this species of pleasantry, expressions which have no corresponding words in French, their authors are no less embarrassed when asked an exact definition of the meaning of these words; it is a style, that without injuring the taste, or falling into the burlesque, comprehends a mixture of all kinds, familiar and exalted things, comic and noble expressions, lively and serious reflections, all mixed together; all is forgiven, provided the writer knows, without clearly announcing his end, which would spoil all, but by the general impression of the work, how to present a sketch forming the assemblage of all his ideas, in appearance so unconnected, and so irreconcilable according to established rules. It is almost impossible to point out, with precision, the centre of the author's observations; but he must guide us to it, and arrest our attention without constraint, and almost imperceptibly; arrived at this pitch, we should still have our doubts, and throw aside our spectacles, to look through the medium of his, and to view the prospect which our eyes descry only with the colouring decorations or deformities, the sublime or low aspect, which were offered; the extensive scene of the moral and physical world must be unfolded to us in a

facetious, yet instructive manner, with striking contrasts, under a new and conspicuous garb; the details, in particular, should be collected with simplicity; that the most original, the most lively, and the most grave expressions, naturally tend to the common end, to the point of view to which the writer has insensibly drawn, or elevated us, to that turn of mind, and disposition of soul, which he has substituted for ours, and with which he has known how to identify us.

This proves, that men alone of superior minds are able to exercise that magic sway over us, and that no style will produce fewer good works, and more silly imitations, and ridiculous essays than this.

Without mentioning those French authors who are entitled to the appellation of humorous, and are too well known to need being mentioned, Horace, in his epistles, Lucian, in his dialogues, among the ancients; Cervantes, Rabelais, Swift, Fielding, and Sterne, among the moderns, have possessed to an eminent degree this art of painting human life under the most pleasing and exalted features, and while playfully conversing, to teach the most useful precepts, the most profound and sublime truths, without becoming tiresome, or burlesque.

In Germany, a distinguished place generally allowed, professor Lichtenberg is among the writers endowed with this inspiration, which the English denominate *humour*; he possessed it to such an eminent degree, that, with the exception of the Memoirs which he presented to the Royal Academy of Gottingen, it was impossible for

him to treat of even the most abstract sciences, without enlivening his work with ironical sallies, which never abandoned him.

We hope that our readers will have no objection to our giving them a specimen of the style of this author, so celebrated by our neighbours, and we will chuse a piece which was written in 1783, when the improvement of balloons occupied the natural philosophers, and which was printed in the collection of his posthumous works. It is entitled, "Considerations on Ærostatic Machines." It runs thus :

"The eighteenth century may, with some pride, transmit to the nineteenth, the inventory of information which it has acquired, and the discoveries with which it has enriched the human race. When its successor, on receiving the sceptre from the hand of its predecessor, will demand an account of its discoveries, the eighteenth century may answer :

"I have determined the extent of the earth; I have imprisoned the lightning in bottles; I have discovered animals that are more wonderful than the fabulous serpent of Lerne; fish endowed with the power refused to the Olympian Jupiter, the faculty of destroying each other under the water, by hurling invisible thunder; thro' the means of Linnaeus, I have executed the first inventory of the works of nature. I have witnessed the return of two comets, when the furlough Halley had granted them was expired; instead of one species of gas known by my predecessors, I can count thirteen; I have metamorphosed the air into solid bodies, and solid bodies into air; I have prepared quicksilver for the forge, raised enormous heaps by means of fire, shot with water as with gunpowder; I have seduced plants, and made them bear natural children; I have made steel as soft as butter; I have melted glass in water, banished gold from the throne it had usurped for ages, as the heaviest of metals, and substituted platina in its stead; I have invented a telescope, such as even Newton considered impossible to produce. I have at once determined the direction of loadstone in a manner that cannot be disputed; I have hatched eggs without hens; I have reduced the Bishop of Rome and his episcopal functions; I have crushed the head of a powerful and dangerous hydra.

"I have seen Peter I. and Catharine, and Frederick, and Leibnitz, and Newton, and Euler, and Winckelman, and Mengs, and Cook, and Garrick.

"I have created an immense new empire; I have added a fifth part to the globe, and made vessels sail through the air; augmented the number of planets, diminished that of elements, and reduced the sun to the rank of a satellite."

A great number of these discoveries, Lichtenberg adds, "however important they may appear, are still only embryos that require to be carefully developed. What result do they not promise, if we consider that the strength which formerly scarcely sufficed to give the first impression of printing, would now shake the Vatican? that a needle rubbed with loadstone unites the most distant parts of the globe together; and that, through the means of saltpetre and brimstone, which formerly only burned the fingers, continents may be severed! Ah! if we could obtain the key of the sacred vault, where a thousand similar discoveries lie buried! Who will dare to affirm that we shall not attain the means of prolonging our lives to the lengthened period of nineteen hundred years; to impose our yoke upon whales, and to ride from pole to pole upon their backs; to displace the magnetic poles of our earth; to give new ones to Cayenne and Borneo, and arm the poles with a Caucasus of iron? Who knows whether, by the instruction of chemistry, or physiology, a skilful minister of finances may not succeed in inventing a kind of salve proper to make a precious wool grow on the backs of those who are tributary to him, which might be sheared every year, and thus add to the public treasury.

"Unhappily all these fine things remain hidden in a labyrinth whose mazes Bacon has vainly explored; and man is still to-day as four thousand years ago, condemned to invent the grandest things, in the same manner as swine discover salt water and mineral sources."

If the worthy Lichtenberg had been able to make the eighteenth century speak three lustres later, at the time of its disappearance, he would have doubtless given more interest and extent to the deceased's harangue.

We are, after all, far from offering this extract from the celebrated moralist as a specimen of pure taste. We shall content ourselves with observing, that our translation could not attain the graces and sarcastic wit of the original; and that, what is disapproved of by foreign judges, may not be a fault among a nation whose taste follows di Tercent rules, and whose genius is less encumbered with fetters.

E. R.

ZULBAR;

AN INDIAN TALE.

You shall no longer deceive me, weak and treacherous mortals! Too long have I paid homage to your feigned virtues; too long, to believe you good, have I shut my eyes to your actions, and only listened to your words. When you wished to appear estimable, I never failed to admire you, and willingly lost sight of you during the time you were no longer so. I am at last weary of witnessing this long convention of lies, which we sign upon our entrance into the world. I no longer see any thing but what is despicable in this assemblage of animals, who are, at the same time, proud and low, envious and contemptuous; agitated in every contrary sense by the desire of praise, by their indifference to virtue, by the love of idleness, by the desire of activity; who torment themselves for a pastime, and destroy themselves to be able to exist.

Nature in treating them according to their deserts, condemns them to a crowd of evils. But these evils were not sufficient, and they agreed among themselves to invent a thousand others, with the hope that their neighbours might endure them; and of all their agreements this is the only one they have not violated. But why these unavailing complaints? I am like the slave who was sent by his master to a wretched caravansary. "If you find yourself comfortable there," said he to him, "you will wait for me; I shall not fail to be with you in a few days: if not, no thing ought to prevent your leaving it without me. The slave expected him in despair;—the fool did not see the door!"

Thus spoke Zulbar, who, though in the prime of youth, had experienced injustice and ingratitude. He was in an immense wood; all around him was solitary and silent. A tremendous storm had just covered the earth with streams of rain and hail; flashes of lightning were still perceptible amid the sombre foliage; thunder was still heard in the distance; and the unhappy Zulbar, fatigued, and wet by the storm, banished from his country, wandering, and covered with rags, walked slowly, his head bent down under the branches of the cocoa trees. On a sudden, yielding to his last reflections, he stopped, drew his dagger, and raised his arm to plunge it into his breast, when he heard a voice that exclaimed, "Respect thy days, thou mayest be useful to me."

"Ah! I am weary of being useful, answered he; with disdain—I have only found ingratitude

However, while saying this, he had lowered his dagger, and, by an involuntary motion, advanced towards the spot whence the voice proceeded. Discovering no one near him, "where art thou?" he exclaimed, "hasten to appear.—What dost thou require?"—"I require," replied the voice,—"that you should stoop by the side of this hedge of egantine; look nearer the ground, and raise that rose leaf whose weight prevents me from moving."

Zulbar astonished, looked, and at last saw the rose leaf, raised it with the point of the poignard, which he still held in his hand, and then discovered an ant, that, shaking the rain with which it was encumbered, and wiping it off with its antennæ, came and placed itself at the feet of Zulbar, and looking at him said:

"Thanks be to thee, generous stranger! For an hour I have been under that leaf, and had only been able to disengage my head. Without your charitable assistance, I might perhaps have perished, which would have grieved me much, as I am very well contented with my station. You appear to be much dissatisfied with yours. I have heard your bitter complaints; I saw you on the point of terminating your existence.—What pleasure I should feel, my dear benefactor, if I could contribute in any way to render your life more supportable."

"And, who are you then, answered Zulbar, more astonished than ever? how is it that you have the power of speaking and reasoning?"—"You would be much embarrassed, rejoined the insect, if I were to ask you the same question. But I will explain to you who I am; commence by relating your misfortunes; perhaps my advice may be useful to you. From what I heard you say, it appears that you have much to complain of men, which does not surprize me, as I know that almost the whole of them are wicked. However, I think it possible to avoid their malice with a little care, and I have seen but very few unhappy beings who have not drawn their misfortunes upon themselves."

"You are severe, interrupted the Indian, and you will doubtless persuade me that the leaf which crushed you fell by your fault."

Speaking thus, Zulbar seated himself close to the ant. The insect, better to hear him, climbed on the branch of a wild rose bush; and Zulbar commenced his history in the following terms:

"I am the son of a rich jeweller of the town of Tipra. My father, satisfied with the fortune he had acquired by his labours, did not bring me up to his trade. He built a handsome house in a village at some distance from the capital, purchased the surrounding lands, and left me at the age of eighteen, possessor of a domain as extensive as it was useful, a charming retreat, and a great quantity of ready money. I had a sister, younger than myself, named Balkis, remarkably beautiful, and of a very amiable disposition. We were so tenderly attached, that we had promised each other never to separate.

"Both possessing a fortune greatly above our wants, we endeavoured to employ our riches in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures. Our house was open to our neighbours, to all strangers and travellers, and was also the asylum of the poor. Our fortune was almost wholly devoted to hospitality and benevolence. My sister had reserved to herself the department of giving alms, assisting the sick, and presenting the young maidens who were poor, with dowries, to enable them to find respectable husbands. I had taken upon myself the charge of furnishing with work all the labourers who were in need of bread, and doing the honours of our house: on each festival our good villagers were certain of finding under our roof a homely, yet plentiful repast, which we shared with them. Then musicians were called in, dances enlivened the whole evening, and our guests, when they bade us farewell, crowned our brows with flowers, kissed our hands with tears of joy, and besought Heaven to watch over our prosperity.

"For four years I enjoyed that peaceful bliss, the charms of which are only known when it has fled away! My wishes were limited; no regret blasted my rest; I loved my sister, and was loved by her: this tender affection contented our souls. I heard blessings showering from every side on the name of Balkis; she sometimes heard praises of her brother, and this was the sweetest reward of our actions. In a word, I was the happiest of men, when one morning I received the visit of a young fakir who lived in our neighbourhood, and who every week was supplied with provisions from our table.

"Zulbar, said he, do you know the news? No, I replied, what has happened? The Queen of Tipra is dead, and the king has caused an edict to be published, by which all the young maidens of the kingdom, from the age of sixteen to twenty, are obliged to repair to an immense field in the vicinity of the capital. In the middle of this field is a narrow path, strewn over with the finest sand, on which some mysterious characters are to be lightly traced, with the end of a wand. All the young maidens are successively

to run over this path, and she whose light footsteps will leave the characters uneffaced, is to be Queen of Tipra.

"Why should I care, I replied, whom the king marries, the lightest or the heaviest of his subjects? How! exclaimed the fakir, will you not obey the King's commands? must not your sister Balkis repair to the field? Heaven, to reward her virtue, will place her on the throne. Think on the glory which waits her, and what scope she will have to exercise her benevolence. Think also, that her brother Zulbar, whose wisdom and talents have been comparatively lost in this obscure village, will perhaps soon dedicate to the happiness of a whole nation, these talents, for which he is accountable to God. In short, beware of forgetting, that religion and morality forbid you to oppose the will of Heaven.

"This awakened various reflections. My affection for Balkis, the hope of seeing her on a throne, which I felt she would grace; the consciousness that she would pour happiness on her subjects, and the desire —

"Of being her minister," interrupted the ant; "this was the motive which caused your decision, without your having even acknowledged it yourself. I know how to appreciate those disinterested sentiments in which our own interest is enveloped, and in which we conceal our ambition and vanity even from ourselves. You remind me of a certain fox, who one day was caught in a snare. See, said he to me, with a plaintive voice, what it costs me for loving my brothers too well. In passing by this trap, I feared that the bait it contained might draw some innocent fox to his ruin; I wished to remove it, and fell into the snare.

"But I will say no more, Zulbar, for I see you are very unhappy. You may proceed with your history."

"One would imagine that you are already acquainted with it, continued the unfortunate Indian. I conducted my sister to the field, and she was chosen by the king. From that moment she became the mistress of the kingdom, and had all the places at her disposal. Honours were heaped upon me, I was the favourite of the court, and received universal homage from all ranks of people. I was young, rich, credulous, and the favourite's brother. The nairs and courtiers overpowered me with carresses, and eagerly sought my friendship. I was not avaricious, but readily shared amongst my numerous new friends, my fortune, my credit, and my estates. I sold all my lands, that I might be able to lend them the interest; I incessantly fatigued my sister to obtain for them the post they desired; and I thought myself amply repaid for my trouble, and ruin, by the extreme gratitude of those

I had obliged, by the praises which were showered on me, and their pretended lively affection.

"Such friendship and universal homage at last emboldened my sister to have me appointed vizier. This was applauded by all the court; and I saw myself more praised, more beloved than ever. They already, in anticipation, celebrated the success of my administration; nothing was spoken of but my glory; and as I heard myself so often termed a man of superior abilities, I finished by believing it, and resolved to prove such. I applied earnestly, and employed all my time and judgment in well regulating the affairs of the kingdom, to render it flourishing, and to diminish the burdens of the people. I had hitherto been profuse of my own riches, but I now became avaricious with regard to those of the king. I abolished numerous abuses, and only real merit met from me with reward. I accomplished, nearly at the same time, the doubling of the public treasury, and the abolishment of half the taxes. I hoped by this to justify the good opinion I had gained. I reckoned that this success would render my friends a hundred times happier than myself, but alas, I had no friends. The people began loudly to murmur, and called to have me turned out of administration. Those who had shared my property were the most inveterate against me, particularly the fakir. This young man, whose fatal advice had been the cause of my coming to court, and who, as a recompence, I had raised to the dignity of chief of our priests, was at the head of my enemies. The king himself, each day, increased in coldness towards me; the greater services I rendered him, the less he liked me; I was detested by the court and the city; every body meditated my ruin; and, without the protection of Balkis, my persecutors would have caused me to perish on the scaffold.

"One idea still consoled me; it was, that the people were happier than they had been under my predecessors, although they were still oppressed by the nairs. The licence these great personages enjoyed, made them think they were above the laws. I seized an occasion of undeceiving them. The magistrate of police one morning informed me, that two young nairs having sought a quarrel the day before with a poor weaver, had beaten him with their sticks until he expired under their blows. I immediately sent for the two nairs, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

"All the courtiers were indignant at this unexampled justice. My sister with difficulty saved my life: but I became the idol of the people, who called me their friend, their father; and

thought, that as I had supported them when they were attacked, I should do the same if they commenced hostilities. The next day, two weavers having quarrelled with a nair, made him expire under their blows. I sent for the two weavers, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

"From this instant I became the execration of those who had the day before adored me; and as I had no sister amongst the people to appease them, an immense armed crowd surrounded my palace, guided by former friends. My slaves opened the doors, and my wives shewed them my chamber. I had only time to escape by an unknown subterraneous passage, which communicated with the country; I exchanged my clothes with a mendicant, and sought refuge in an impenetrable wood. But soon, notwithstanding the perils I had endured, the friendship I bore my sister induced me again to enter the city. On my arrival, I heard the town-crier offering a reward of a thousand pieces of gold for my head; and I learned that Balkis, divorced from the king, had just been conducted out of his dominions. Still disguised, I endeavoured to follow my sister's steps; wandering from desert to desert, walking all night, and hid during the day, not daring to pass through the villages, but when compelled by hunger to ask charity.—Alas! I was refused even at the door of my own house; I bathed with tears the steps of my former dwelling, and was near expiring with hunger before that asylum which had so often been open to receive the unfortunate. At last, after innumerable fatigues, and having braved death a thousand times, having drank the last dregs of the cup of misfortune, I quitted the kingdom of Tipra, but could not find Balkis. I feel I cannot live uncertain of her fate; and, without your interposition, a blow from my poignard would have delivered me from my insupportable calamities. Do you still think them merited?"

"Yes, answered the ant. Why did you believe the fakir who praised your talents? Why conduct your sister before the king? Why accept the place of vizier? I could ask you why you did many other things. You did not then know, my friend, that the only blessing in this world is retirement. Retirement! gift of God! which Brama grants only to his favourites.—Sweet retirement! source of peace and happiness! this you possessed, mistaken man, and took great pains to lose this inestimable treasure! You tormented yourself, to furnish fortune with weapons for your own destruction.

"I was not born with half the advantages you received from nature. I was the eldest son of

the King of Baghadana; I was to have inherited his empire; and, without the advice of a Bramin, one of my friends, I should not have avoided this misfortune. This Bramin, named Dabchelim, initiated me early into the mysteries of wisdom, a study which is generally thought difficult, tedious, and complicated; but which consists only in two maxims: To injure no one, and live in obscurity.

"At the age of seventeen, my rank, my elevation, and the throne which threatened me, were the objects of my aversion. I began to know mankind; I had just seen my country torn by a civil and sanguinary war, the most tremendous that has ever been witnessed on the borders of the Ganges. The cause of this dreadful war was nothing but that one tribe had required the privilege of wearing pointed caps; and the other that every body should wear round caps; and the incensed madmen burnt the harvests, the villages, massacred their fathers and their brothers, the one for having those caps which had never cured them of a head-ach; the other for having torn off that head-dress they loudly abused, and secretly envied.

"So much pride and atrocity, obstinacy and ignorance, did not inspire me towards human nature with the contempt it deserved, but with the commiseration each fellow creature should feel for a brother. I resolved to fly, and hide myself amidst the solitude of deserts, to avoid the misfortune of living with such wicked madmen. My father died, and, that very day, leaving an authentic writing, by which I yielded to my brother my crown and rights, I departed, accompanied by Dabchelim. We came and established ourselves in this solitary forest, which is more mysterious than you imagine.

"Here we built a hut, and planted in our garden the trees which were most necessary for our support; we cultivated the earth, and our tranquil days were crowned with virtue, labour, and friendship. Here, free from care, without having once been visited by affliction or illness, unknown to the world and forgotten, we remained one hundred years, enjoying together the charms of peace, the greatest of all blessings; and that delightful repose which poor worldly mortals cannot comprehend, while the pleasures of friendship, augmented by solitude, replaced all the vain amusements we had chosen to forego, and increased the joy we mutually tasted. How true was our happiness—the age that our existence lasted, appeared but a fleeting moment. Our white beards alone made us perceive that we were fast approaching the term of our career; yet our minds were not impaired by age: when, to heighten our felicity, Brama visited us in a dream: 'Sons of Adimo, he

said, you have known real bliss; the time is rived when your souls must forsake the prison of clay they have so long inhabited, and pass thro' the various changes which the will of Vishnu has ordained. But you shall not be separated, your abode will be changed, but not your manners. Live again to be for ever happy, to love each other; and to be industrious in retirement.'

"At these words he vanished away, and suddenly awaking, I found I was under a bush of thyme, by the side of my friend, who, like myself, was changed into an ant. Delighted with our new state of existence, we thought it a blessing to be permitted to have the same sentiments and the same affections as before, and to fill less space in creation. We dug a cave beneath the bush of thyme; we explored the environs of our new dwelling, and learned that all the animals in this forest had been human beings like ourselves. Some happy, some unhappy, punished or rewarded, according to their deserts; the wicked become reptiles, fed upon their own venom; turned into mice, misers died with hunger in the midst of their stores; the vicious are changed into wasps, and expire by the side of an honey-comb; conquerors, warriors, and all those who, fired with the love of glory, spread terror and devastation over the world, are become timid deer, and are doomed to suffer as many deaths as they have inflicted in the field of battle; while just kings turned into bees, faithful husbands into doves, and virtuous men into various birds, work, love, and sing, as they did formerly.

"Such are the inhabitants of this wood, called the wood of metamorphoses. For forty years I have been an ant with my dear Dabchelim. We are contented with each other's company, and among the animals that surround us, have only chosen to make acquaintance with a lion, called Darud. This seems to astonish you, but you know not, my friend, that when the soul is freed from its human clay, it is no more susceptible of pride, and sees no difference between animated matter of any species. To her, as to Brama, a lion and an ant are equal. This brave and worthy animal, whom we visit almost every day, was once a common soldier, and fought sixty years for his country; for sixty years he was virtuous, incorruptible, and valiant, but always forgotten by his sovereign. The injustice of men let him die a soldier, but Brama made him a lion. It is he who often devours conquerors, rebels, and the disturbers of nations, now become timid deer; it is he who avenges humanity after having defended its rights.

"This morning he came to see us, and I left Dabchelim with him. I left our abode against the advice of my brother, who vainly represented to me that the leaves being wet, I might meet

with some accident. I did not believe him, and reached this wild rose tree; when, attempting to get on one of the roses, a leaf, dripping with rain, fell upon me, and, without your assistance would have crushed me. Thus you see, Zulbar, that I had drawn this misfortune upon myself, for having forgotten the maxim of the sage, which says, during the storm, and long after it is spent, do not leave the bosom of thy friend.

"If you will become our friend; if your misfortunes, as I imagine, have disgusted you with the vanities of the world, which thoughtless beings sigh for, I offer you the hut which Dabchelim and I built. There your days will glide in peace; you will be quiet and unknown, and you will find yourself happy, if you are persuaded of this truth, which I received from Dabchelim: "it is better to be silent than to speak, to sit than to stand, to sleep than to be awake, and the supreme good, is death."

The ant ceased: and more affected than astonished at this recital, Zulbar accepted her offer with gratitude. The hope of ending his existence in this retreat filled his soul with joy; but the recollection of Balkis mixed his joy with sorrow. Guided by the ant, he set off in search of Dabchelim; when, having proceeded a few steps, they heard a loud roar, that made Zulbar shudder and stop. "Be not afraid," said the ant, "it is our friend Darud, who is doing justice." They soon reached the bush of thyme, where the two friends lived; and the first object that struck Zulbar's eyes, was a woman lying senseless on the ground, at whose feet an enormous lion was placed, holding in his bloody

claws, the mangled body of a man. Zulbar, recoiling, uttered a scream, but soon rushed forward, and terror being overcome by joy, clasped Balkis in his arms. It was she! it was his sister! who, conducted to the frontier of Tipra, had been followed by the ungrateful fakir, whom Zulbar's protection had raised from obscurity, and who had conceived a criminal passion for her. Alone and helpless, in the midst of a forest, she would have fallen a victim to his brutality, had not Darud, attracted by her shrieks, rescued her, by tearing the fakir in twain; after which exploit, extended at her feet, he awaited with anxiety the moment when she should recover her senses.

Zulbar's attention and voice soon recalled her to life. She opened her eyes, knew her brother, and, springing into his arms, pressed him to her heart. Then turning to the lion, who threw upon them looks of anxious interest, both encircled his neck, and shed tears of gratitude upon his flowing mane; while the two ants, affected at this pleasing scene, shared their joy and happiness.

Dabchelim and Darud learned, from the ant, Zulbar's adventures; and assured him, as well as the Prince of Baghadour, of their eternal friendship. They led him and his sister into the hut they were to inhabit. Darud took his post at the door; Dabchelim and his friend, fixed their abode in the garden; and Zulbar, and his beloved Balkis, surrounded at last with reasonable beings, acknowledged, that to be happy, sincere friends, and an obscure retreat, alone are necessary.

E. R.

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

SCENE II.—*Hair-dressers; Perfumes; Dyes for the Hair; Mirror; Hair-pins.*

BEAUMARCHAIS, the witty tradesman and imitable painter of manners, who is known to our readers, at least, on account of his Figaro and Tarare, conjectured, from a silk cloak, which his good fortune had caused him to find in a nocturnal visit to Vauxhall, near London, the age, the colour, the figure, the charms, the propensities, and the amours of the fair owner, and aided only by this single specimen of her seduc-

tive dress, presented her to the eyes of his readers, decked with all the attractions of beauty, both natural and acquired. This was certainly a far superior instance of combination to that which was recently afforded by the English, when calculating from the colossal hand which they brought away from Egypt, they concluded that the statue to which it belonged must have been at least one hundred and twenty feet high.

In like manner, had any of my sagacious readers been so fortunate as to find any part of the head-dress, the tresses, or hair-pins of our Sabina, whom we left at our last visit in the hands of her painters and teeth-cleaners, while a second class of female slaves, the hair-dressers, held themselves in readiness to twist and curl the natural and artificial hair of their mistress into braids and locks of the utmost elegance—undoubtedly such a discovery would have enabled them, even without the aid of my book, to form a complete idea of the ensuing scene. How busy and how ingenious would their imagination have been, while examining those relics of Sabina's toilette!

How ardently it were to be wished, that Prince Borghese, of Rome, who, with his friend, Gavin Hamilton, discovered, at Gabii, such rich sources of entombed antiquities, that with the treasures dug up there he formed the Museum Gabinum, would transmit to us the beautiful hair-pins, which, according to the accounts of certain travellers, were there found in a number of urns!—Who knows whether some of them might not have belonged to our Sabina? But, admitting that the Roman *principe* were more generous than his notoriously mercantile spirit will permit him to be;* supposing that he would bestow on us a trifling portion of those treasures, such an abundance of which he possesses, which would not make him poorer, but would extend the sphere of our knowledge. The exportation of antiquities from Italy, is just, at the present moment, a subject of odium and abhorrence, as foreign, uninvited connoisseurs, at the head of numerous armies, have made requisitions of works of art; and we can scarcely wish, without being extremely unreasonable, for what they have left behind, now that the recent researches of Pius VII at Ne tuno, are of as little avail as the rigid prohibitions to exchange antiquities for English guineas.

From all this, the readers, to whom I allude, will perceive how gladly I would save them the trouble of reading the description of my second morning visit to Sabina. Under these melancholy circumstances, there is no alternative; and they must accordingly condescend to continue these visits in the company of an honest Cicerone, who will cheerfully communicate to them all he knows, be it little or be it much.

Sabina, with her polished skin, her newly-painted cheeks, and her renovated teeth and eye-

lids, enters the circle of her hair-dressers, who are, on this day, obliged to exercise all their art, in order to give full satisfaction to their rigid domina. This day, it should be observed, is the fifteenth of July, on which is held the solemn review of the Roman knights. The lady, who is as good a judge of fine horses as of spirited riders, has bespoken a place in the balcony of a house belonging to one of her female friends in the *Via Sacra*, through which the pompous procession is to pass. The youthful Saturninus, who, as a distant relative of Sabina, is accustomed to attend her in her walks, and to parties of pleasure, and to escort her home when she stays out late, even after midnight, is this day to ride before the images of Castor and Pollux, the patrons of the festival. By his demeanour, he will, probably, attract the eyes and conquer the hearts of all the fair spectators. What a strong inducement is this for Sabina to surpass, if possible, the whole brilliant assemblage, in beauty and in dress; and, at the same time, what an obligation on her slaves to exert the utmost degree of their plastic skill on the hair of their mistress!

A head of hair, of a gold colour, or approaching to a fiery red, had become an indispensable requisite of beauty, among women of fashion, since the conquests of the Romans, in Gaul and Germany, where that colour was generally seen and admired among the natives. Those to whom it was refused by nature, were under the necessity of having recourse to art; and this too was the case with Sabina. In vain had she tried every kind of foreign pomatum and caustic-soap, for the purpose of colouring her hair. Its dark brown colour had become somewhat lighter; but yet it was neither of a deep yellow nor of a light red. She had already resolved to take the desperate step, already adopted by some of her friends, namely, to cut off, without mercy, her obstinate locks, and to order a red wig, especially as she had heard that a milliner, near the Temple of Hercules, had just received a fresh supply of beautiful Sicambrian golden hair, from the country contiguous to the Rhine. But in those days wigs were only used in cases of necessity, as the baths too easily betrayed the deception; or for the purposes of disguise. Sabina was, therefore, extremely unwilling to employ this last expedient. Fortunately, Nape, the eldest and the most trusty of her hair-dressers, had, a few days before, fished out of a Gallic perfumery, who had a shop in the Circus Maximus, the secret of a new species of ointment for effecting her purpose.—The manner of using it was this:—It was first necessary to wash the hair with ley, then besmear it with this ointment, and afterwards suffer it to dry in the sun. Sabina, in order to employ this method without molestation, had

* It is well known, that the Prince is such a jealous promoter of a genuine taste for the arts, that he sold, for ready money, all the ornaments of his wife, partly consisting of valuable antiques, even at the moment when they were decorating her person.

retired for some time to the country. The preceding evening her hair, after being rubbed with a dry yellow-powder, had been carefully turned with a hot iron, and collected under a kind of cap made of a bladder. In this state she returned to town; and now while Nape is taking the covering from her head, she awaits the result of all her pains, and of all the sacrifices and inconveniences to which she has been subjected.

La! how sad! Amora herself cannot boast such golden tresses! Such are the joyful exclamations of the whole troop of daisies, as if upon a given signal; and Sabina, transported at the unanimous astonishment of her slaves, persuades herself that she discovers in her glass the accomplishment of her ardent wishes. She seats herself triumphantly on her chair, and four of her attendants fall to work at once to complete the important business of her head-dress; while the industrious Calamus is employed in curling the hair over the forehead and temples with an iron, which she has heated in a silver chafing-dish, Pseas*, with a dexterity which can only be acquired by long practice, spurs all over her dishevelled hair, the most precious oil of spikenard, and the most exquisite oriental essences, that they may the whole day exhale ambrosial odors. What the satirical Lucian appears, in a passage already quoted, to have said from a spirit of wilful exaggeration, is here literally fulfilled. "They squander," says he, "in these ointments the whole fortune of their husbands, and all the perfumes of Arabia are wafted from their hair." The Greek writers relate, that the consorts of the Persian monarchs often had the revenues of large and flourishing cities settled upon them, merely for the purchase of ointments and perfumes. On this single article of her toilette, Sabina certainly did not expend less considerable sums; she knew nothing, indeed, of all the boasted powders and pomatums distinguished by the name of a Pompadour, a Kingston, a Portland, &c. which have become so indispensable at the toilettes of our modern fine ladies; but what are all these in comparison to the perfumes and unguents of Sabina, or of any other Roman lady of the first rank? The perfumers of Antioch and Alexandria had, with truly wonderful ingenuity, prodigiously multiplied and increased the price of this article of luxury; two productions of India, the root of a shrub called *costum*, and the leaf of the spikenard, were the principal and most costly ingredients in these perfumes; many ad-

ditions and refinements were made by the dealers, in which they always received new appellations, so that in the work of an ancient physician, on the arts relative to the toilette, he mentions the names of twenty-five different ointments.

Pseas having finished her work, is succeeded by Cypassis, a handsome negro slave, possessing abundance of personal qualifications, at the same time a perfect mistress of the art of intrigue, and on that account a favourite of her domina, who knows how to appreciate and to reward her secret services; to her is assigned the principal office in this department of the toilette. The hair being perfumed, and well combed, she forms it behind into elegant tresses, which she collects at the crown of the head into a kind of wreath, which in the language of the Roman ladies was called by the general name of *Nodus*, a knot, the form and ornaments of which were exceedingly varied.

The swarthy Cypassis is likewise entrusted with the care of the little casket containing the ornamental gold hair-pins, of exquisite workmanship; from these she selects on this occasion the most significant, and by means of it gives solidity to the head-dress of her mistress. The poor wench has indeed had a difficult task, to select from a dozen different pins contained in the box, that which most clearly expressed by its figure the secret wishes of Sabina. She was, at first, going to chuse the most elegant and beautiful, one which terminated in a Corinthian capital of the most delicate workmanship, serving as a base for two small elegant gold figures representing Cupid embracing Psyche; fortunately she recollected just at the right time, that all the pains bestowed on this day's toilette were for the sake of the young Saturninus. She had herself more than once accompanied her mistress to a private assignation with the favoured youth, in the temple of Isis, on the banks of the Tiber, and had there secretly witnessed the caresses lavished on the handsome young man by Sabina, in a retired corner of the temple; the sly Cypassis therefore preferred another pin which lay next to the former. This was also extremely elegant, and was embellished with figures of charming workmanship, by a Grecian goldsmith; it was surmounted, like the other with an elegant Corinthian capital, on which stood a small figure representing the goddess Abundantia, or Plenty, having a cornucopia in her right hand, and with her left caressing a dolphin that pressed close to her. Her head-dress consisted of two horns of considerable height, the well-known symbol of the goddess Isis, or the Moon. Sabina generally wore this pin when she attended the public worship of Isis, on the banks of the Tiber; but on the present occasion the pin had another signifi-

* This was the name given to the young girls who, by means of an art totally unknown to the moderns, spurted these perfumes out of their mouths upon the hair in an almost imperceptible shower.

ocation, perfectly intelligible to him who was initiated into the mystery. "Would you chuse, Madam," asked Cypassis, with an arch smile, "to wear to-day the beautiful pin of Isis?" Sabina understood the hint of the sly Cypassis, and, with her regenerated eye-brows, gave the cunning slave a wink of approbation. On taking a pin from the casket, a slip of parchment, in which it had been wrapped, fell upon the floor; it contained a short epigram by Martial, who was at that time the favourite poet of the Roman ladies, and who, to gain their favour, had written on almost every part of their toilette, little inscriptions and epigrams, which they were accustomed to make presents of at the new-year, or at the festival called Saturnalia. The verses in which Cypassis had wrapped the above-mentioned pin, had been shortly before sent, to Sabina by Saturninus, with a number of others by the same author, as something new; and their unexpected appearance at this moment excited in her a series of delicious recollections. Her nod of approbation was now converted into a gracious smile at the attentive Iris, craftily diving into every secret wish of her Juno.

"Read that, Nape!" exclaimed the Domina, who had suddenly become quite condescending to her slave, now standing just before her, to finish the last part of her head-dress.—"Read it, Nape! does not the merry poet know how to make an inscription on the merest trifle?" Nape picked up the parchment, and read the following verses:

*Tunica ne madidi violent bombycina erines
Fingat acus sparsas sustineatque comas.*

"Lest the anointed hair should spoil the light silk garment, let a pin fasten and hold together the scattered tresses."

Charming, charming! instantly exclaimed the whole troop of maids now waiting round their mistress; and charming, charming! echoed the other slaves, who formed a still wider circle about Sabina.

Nape, an accomplished hair-dresser, now completes the work of her companions. Sabina had had her carefully instructed in the whole theory of hair-dressing, so that she knew how to adapt it to every form of the head, every variety of hair and face, and even to the other parts of dress. It now became a consideration whether Sabina should bind the hair in front with a diadem, and suffer it to descend carelessly in ringlets over the temples, or whether it should form a toupee; the former, that is the diadem, was thus called, because it surrounded the forehead and temples, and suffered only the front hair to fall in small ringlets, but differed from the original diadem in this, that it rose in front, above the forehead,

to a broader bandeau, in the form of a segment of a circle. Sometimes it consisted of a plate of massy gold, sometimes the band was only plated with gold, and decorated with pearls; but as this kind of head-dress had an air of gravity and solemnity, on which account it was worn only by the most distinguished matrons, in imitation of Juno, and as Sabina wished less to excite veneration, than to please and to conquer, the preference was given to the toupee. This was composed of the hair itself, formed into an elegant bow in the front of the head, and generally accompanied with ringlets depending on each side.

During this tumult and confusion, occasioned by the dressing of one single female head, no one had a more fatiguing office than the wretched Latris. This was the name of the slave who was obliged to hold the mirror for her Domina, now to the right, and now to the left; by means of springs. The inventive art of the cabinet-maker endeavours at the present day to enable the lady, seated before her toilette, to give the glass affixed to it every possible direction, and elevation; but the Roman ladies had a far superior and a more convenient contrivance; they had living mirror-stands, slaves, whose sole employment it was to attend their mistress while at her toilette, to watch every look, and with astonishing address to hold the mirror now this way, and now that; sometimes even the humble servant, or Cicisbeo of the lady, when he obtained admission to her toilette, took the place of the slave who held the mirror, and thus complied with this precept of the celebrated master of the Art of Love:—"Blush not, however disgraceful it may be, to hold the mirror; it is not disgraceful in you to be the slave of your mistress."

But it was well worth while to have a particular servant for a mirror, such as was then used at the toilette of a Roman lady of distinction. These mirrors incontestably belonged to the most splendid and costly pieces of furniture with which the ingenious ancients were acquainted; they were not of glass, like ours, but of polished metal, like the mirrors of our telescopes. Sabina's toilette mirror is set round with precious stones, and consists of a plate of silver; and the artist who made it availed himself of the recent discovery of placing a sheet of gold under the silver, which causes the latter to reflect images still more distinctly. The circular frame of the mirror is attached to a handle of ivory, curiously wrought, on each side of which is fastened a little sponge, for the purpose of instantly wiping away the least damp or breath that may tarnish the surface of the metal; by this handle Latris holds the mirror in her right hand, while she keeps under her left arm the case of the mirror, on which is engraven a very appropriate subject, that

is frequently met with on antique stones,—a Cupid is holding before Venus Anadyomene, the mirror consecrated to her, and the figure of which is still used in every calendar as the sign of the planet which bears her name.

The wretched Isatris, should she ever damage this costly mirror, would forfeit her life for her negligence; it cost a far greater sum than the price paid for her to a slave-merchant of Alexandria. Seneca, the philosopher, probably al-

luded to one of these mirrors when reprobating, in these words, the prodigality of his contemporaries:—"One single mirror cost a lady a larger sum than in the early times of the state, the dowry given by it to the daughters of poor generals; the portion allotted by the senate to the daughter of Scipio, would not now be sufficient to purchase a mirror for the daughter of an emancipated slave!"

[To be continued.]

APOPTHEGMS.

Most women want wit, only because they want education.

Why are those women who are virtuous always less witty than those who are not so?

The English *Spectator* says, he is sorry he cannot find out why women keep talking without knowing any thing. That is the very reason, because they know nothing.

Europe may perhaps behold ages of bad taste, but never any of barbarism: the invention of printing has prevented that.

The man of genius has only his single voice, or vote, in council, but he has also his knowledge and talents, which make him master of many others.

In every country where the women have no taste for finery, the men have no taste for the arts: and the fine arts are never cultivated with success but in those countries where the women possess graces.

All the application of the politician, the coquette, the military man, and civilian, the man of the world, the artist, should be confined to the present moment.

It is a gift to be able to think, another to think successively; it would be a much greater not to think at all. "You cannot imagine (said a thinker to me), how heavily my mind hangs on me."

The title of sage gives to Solon a pedantic air;

he was, however, one of the most amiable of the ancients. "I grow old (said he), whilst I assiduously make my court to the muses, to Bacchus and to Venus, which are the only sources of pleasure to mortals."

The constitution of England is immortal, because a wise people can never be subjected by an interior enemy, nor a free people by an exterior one.

One of the most pernicious effects of luxury is its having multiplied those causes which hinder the propagation of the human species, by augmenting the objects of pleasure and dissipation. Some men enter into the world rich: they become frivolous, and consume their youth and their fortune in pleasures which are the image of marriage, without fulfilling its end; they marry when worn out, and die fruitlessly.

That country where there are the most projects, is the country where there is most money; and the country where most money is, is always that where there is most benevolence.

The mania of projects, is the mania of people who have nothing to lose.

Always mistrust the man whom you know to have been guilty of a crime which has been proved. A man can no more change his heart than his colour.

NICKNAMES.

I THINK nothing so stupid as most of the nicknames given and adopted in society. Monsieur de —, nicknamed Cupid, was always very ugly; and his neglect of his person adds to this natural disadvantage a still more disagreeable

defect. One day when he was going to a masquerade, he asked a person what he should do to disguise himself completely. "Put on a clean shirt, my friend," was the reply.

. THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BEAUTY.

[Continued from Page 522.]

CHAP. V.

Of the Propensity of the Female Sex for Dress.

It is an old observation that dress constitutes full half of the existence of women; it has been under-rated; but consult the sex, and they will inform you how great is its importance.

The love of dress is natural to the sex: is it commendable? Undoubtedly it is. Dress doubles the value of a woman; it augments our pleasures and enjoyments by setting off her charms: it is the natural finish of beauty. Without dress a handsome woman is a gem, but a gem that is not set, and is in want of an intelligent artist to give it, by means of a brilliant chasing, all the lustre of which it is susceptible. Thus Ariosto, after he has drawn an exquisite picture of the beauty of Alcine, does not forget to bring in art to the assistance of nature, and completes his description with these words:—"To finish the picture, figure to yourself all that dress, subjected in its ingenious contrivance to good taste, and paying due respect to the graces and to nature, can add to a faultless person." In these lines he has comprized, I may say, all the principles of the art of embellishing the person by means of exterior ornaments. Dress must be subject to the dictates of good taste, and above all, it must be consistent with the graces and with nature.

Is no deviation from these sage principles ever observed in the sex? Never, if their sole object in dress is to please; but with this desire, so perfectly natural, so allowable, and which so often constitutes our happiness, is almost always associated another wish, that of vying in elegance with a rival, of surpassing her in the brilliancy of ornaments, in the richness of jewels, in luxury and magnificence.

Those females who thus overload their persons with superfluous, and often ridiculous ornaments, must, therefore, have forgotten that they issued bedecked with charms from the hands of nature, and that it is this same bounteous nature that has bestowed on them a thousand enchanting attractions.

Look at the youthful Chloe! fifteen springs compose her age. What freshness! what delicate colours! what a seductive figure! Her eyes, the colour of the heavens, are shaded by two elegant arches of ebony; the graces have half opened her voluptuous mouth, and two rows of pearls

appear in beds of roses. She smiles, and Love himself becomes jealous of his most beautiful work. Her slender and elegant form charms the eye and excites desire, and the bloom of this new Hebe, agitated by a sentiment which she is unable to describe, awakens an involuntary passion in the soul. Tell me what art could embellish this celestial perfection? Would you cover it with gold or diamonds? Would you overload it with parasitical luxury? Oh! no; each ornament would conceal a grace, would rob it of a charm. A light and simple robe curving with complacency round her enchanting person; hair turned up with taste, or gracefully flowing; one single rose—and behold one of those elegant and airy nymphs with whom Albano has embellished his beautiful compositions.

The greater the beauty of a woman is, the less occasion she has for ornament, and the more simple, but yet elegant, her dress ought to be. Should not this incontestable truth have the effect of persuading women that the perfection of dress consists in simplicity, taste, elegance, and grace, and not in the singularity or novelty of costume, in the richness of the stuffs, or in the useless and ruinous luxury of jewels. Vanity is almost always the companion of bad taste.

Whatever makes women more beautiful, whatever sets off their charms, and the gifts they have received from nature, is their legitimate right; whatever renders them more gaudy and more vain, whatever leads them to substitute the merit of rank and opulence, for the merit which nature has denied them, only tends to aggravate their defects, to cherish their self-love, to excite rivalships, at the same time that it encourages prejudices in the other sex, who are sometimes induced to give an unjust preference to faded charms, tricked out in purple and gold, while they neglect the attractions of native beauty, which, unsophisticated by art and dress, languish unnoticed and unknown.

Certain moralists have censured dress: they are wrong for so doing. In the first place, it is of no use to censure a propensity interwoven in the very nature of the fair sex, a propensity which manifested itself at the beginning of things, and which must necessarily last till the consump-

tion of ages. But I go still further and say, that the love of dress is in itself a laudable propensity. It indicates in women, and likewise in men, a love of order and propriety, esteem for themselves, and respect for others. People who have profoundly studied the world have even remarked that there is an invariable coincidence between the character and the dress of a person. It is extremely easy for an attentive and intelligent observer to form an opinion of people by their dress. Can you not distinguish at first sight, even in men (for I must likewise say something concerning my own sex), can you not distinguish, I say, the sensible man by the simplicity and decency of his appearance, equally free from puerile affectation and from cynical carelessness? Can you not distinguish the man who, having dressed for the purpose of pleasing, appears in clothes that display good taste, an elegant make, colours perfectly matched, gracefulness without presumption, and elegance without affectation? Cannot you distinguish the coxcomb, who, seeking only to make a figure, changes his fashions according to the caprice of the day, and prides himself on each in succession, whether ridiculous or not? Cannot you distinguish him who neglects his dress from pride, a cynical disposition, or singularity.

Thus every one carries about with him the stamp of his character: is not the same the case with women? Yes, doubtless. What a picture I could have exhibited! but I have too good an opinion of the imagination of our ladies; they will compose this critical picture not only with much greater ability, but likewise with much greater pleasure than myself.

The celebrated Lavater has very justly observed, that persons who are habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. Young females who neglect their toilette and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular a disregard to order, a mind but ill adapted to attend to the details of house-keeping, a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love: they will be careless in every thing. The girl of fifteen who strives not to please, will be a slut and a shrew at twenty-five. Pay attention young man to this sign; it never yet was known to deceive.

The love of dress is therefore not only allowable, but is essentially requisite in women. It is an unequivocal sign of those qualities which we seek in them; it indicates cleanliness, amiableness, a love of order and of regularity.

What then is there to censure in dress? Extravagance, bad taste, the tyranny of fashion and luxury. Fashion and luxury! these are the bane of good taste, of private happiness, and public morals: But these two subjects deserve to be separately discussed.

CHAP. VI.

Of Cleanliness.

There is in the toilette of women one very essential requisite, and which constitutes its greatest merit in the eyes of the delicate man; I mean cleanliness.

Cleanliness alone, unaccompanied by any other recommendation, has a right to please, to attract the eye, to gratify the taste, to excite desire; the toilette, without cleanliness fails in its object; it displays only idle pretensions, bad taste, and low sentiments.

A modern writer, the author of *L'Ami des Femmes*, has given a very bad definition of cleanliness, of which he conveys an exceedingly mean idea when he denominates it "the veil of indigence."

Cleanliness is that precious quality which nearly transforms a woman into a divinity, by removing from her every thing that might betray the imperfections of human nature.

Rigid attention to the person; frequent ablutions: linen, always white, which never betrays the inevitable effect of perspiration and of dust; a skin ever clean and brilliant; garments unsoiled by any stain, and which might be taken for the robes of a nymph; a shoe which appears as though it had never touched the ground—in these things it is that cleanliness consists.

To the preceding particulars might likewise be added, the scrupulous care to avoid every thing that might indicate functions that disenchant the imagination, by reminding the votary that the divinity whom he adores, is but a weak mortal, subject, like himself, to all the tributes demanded by impetuous nature.

In this point the ancients were much more delicate than we. Among them the females were nymphs; nothing about them belied the charming images of the Poets who immortalized them in their works. How very far are the fair of modern times from the scrupulous delicacy of the women of Greece and Rome!

At Rome and at Athens the women could neither spit nor make use of a handkerchief in public. A Grecian female who had taken cold, was obliged to shut herself up in her apartment. She who should have violated the established usage in this particular, and have presumed to spit or blow her nose in public, would have been punished with universal ridicule and contempt. In a word, the functions of the handkerchief appeared so ignoble to the ancients, that the infringement of the laws of decorum, on this head alone, was sufficient to burst asunder the bonds of a tender union, to set lovers at variance, and to separate husband and wife.

We find a passage in Juvenal which proves

that the use of the handkerchief now only in public, but even at home, was sometimes the cause of a separation. The satirist in speaking of a man, who being disgusted with his wife, sends a freed man to order her immediately to quit his house: "Pack up your things," says the freedman, "and be gone; you are disagreeable to my master; you are continually using the handkerchief; make haste and depart; another woman will come whose nose will always be dry."

The Romans were so delicate that the word *sponge*, was with them an obscene expression, the use of which was consequently prohibited.

The conduct of the Greeks and Romans was perfectly rational. How many females would be more captivating, if nothing about them were ever to dispel the brilliant dreams of our imagination! Yes, charming women! ye are divinities to the man who adores you; but one solitary word, one single gesture, and the pedestal is demolished!

We are satisfied with imposing fewer restraints than the ancients; at least we allow our women the use of the handkerchief—a permission which, it is true, they have exceedingly abused.

There was a time when women wore pockets.

In these the faithful and discreet depository of a too abundant serosity lay concealed; the tribute paid to human weakness almost escaped the eye; it was but a short moment of weakness and every thing instantly disappeared.

But the pockets themselves also disappeared. In their place came the *ridicule*—What a term! Never mind—the ridicule was, I admit, somewhat less decent than the pocket; being continually present to the eye, it renewed rather too distinctly the recollection of its humble functions. But, alas! the ridicule too, that happy contrivance, which still left some room for illusion, has in its turn disappeared! To complete the disaster, our sex frequently supplied the place of the ridicule; men received the handkerchief, and tender lovers who fancied that they were sighing for a divinity, could no longer disguise the truth from themselves. What occasion have I to say more? They all had proof of it in their hands. It was no longer Flora or Hebe, but plain Mary, or Sarah, attacked with a nasal or pulmonary catarrh. Oho! Mary, or Sarah, I wish you a good night, and better health.

(To be continued.)

"YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME TO MIND CONSEQUENCES."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

LA JEUNESSE, a native of Bourdeaux, was of a good Bourgeois family, and entitled at the death of his parents (which happened when he was very young) to a fortune of twenty thousand livres, about eight hundred pounds sterling.

As he was too young to have any choice of his own, his guardian thought it most advisable to place him as an apprentice to Mr. Jeffry Fireblade, an eminent sword cutler in Bourdeaux. La Jeunesse was not much pleased with his new master, as he rather wished to improve himself in his learning. "La Jeunesse, says old Fireblade, learning is nothing but nonsense, it never gets a man a shilling, and is no use in the world that I know of, but to make people impertinent.—You are now, child, in the high road to preferment, and you may be one day of as much consequence to society and the world as I am. My business, you see (continued he) has very little to employ you, and as idleness is the root of all evil, you may find many opportunities and occasions in my family to employ such leisure; and in order to be useful in a domestic life it is necessary, child, that you understand consequences.

"Consequences, Jeunesse, are so necessary in a good servant, that there cannot be a proper discharge of your duty without them, and I am indeed what every good servant ought to be, acquainted with, as they save time, and shew a good head. Suppose, Jeunesse, I order you to bring my shoes, consequently I want my buckles; if I order candle, consequently you must bring the candlesticks and snuffers. In short, every thing that is dependent, or relative to what I send for, or order you to do, comes under the class of consequences; and your own head, which must always save your heels, will make you acquainted with this valuable precept."

La Jeunesse thanked his master for his kind instructions, and promised to take particular observance of consequences, and treasure up this advice.

La Jeunesse and his Master were disturbed in the midst of their conversation with a noise below stairs, the screaming of the servants, the barking of dogs, together with a strange confusion of human voices. Mr. Fireblade had scarcely time to recover from the confusion this uproar in his

house had occasioned, before he was met by the maid, who came running, open mouthed, staring like the picture of amazement, her cap in her hand, her hair hanging about her ears, and had just strength enough to cry out, "Oh my poor Mistress!" and flung herself into a chair.

It seems the sagacious Mrs. Fireblade, while her husband had been waiting on some of his customers abroad, had been out to visit a neighbouring gossip; and on her return, had the misfortune to have a tile fall from a builder's scaffold, which cut her head, and otherwise bruised her in so terrible a manner, that she was obliged to be carried home between two men.

Old Fireblade, who, from the maid's behaviour, expected no other than that his wife had been brought home dead, jumped up in a moment, overset La Jeunesse in his passage—run down stairs—his looks big with importance, to see what doleful misfortune had befallen his loving help-mate; he found her seated in a chair, with her head bound with an handkerchief, which was discoloured with snuff and blood, and might be justly styled, as Smollet observes,—flag of abomination. Every one present judged her to be dead or expiring; however, they were soon happily relieved by hearing her pronounce the words, "O Geoffry, my dear Geoffry!"

The good man made no other answer than by hallowing with great vociferation, "La Jeunesse, La Jeunesse! run for Mr. Crocus, the apothecary, tell him to come immediately, your poor mistress is dying, she can't live an hour."

Poor La Jeunesse, having so lately lost his own mother, was well acquainted with the necessary appendages to a sick person; and ruminating on old Fireblade's doctrine of consequences, he considered, that, as his poor mistress was sick, she consequently would want a nurse; and not having any particular direction, called in his way on Mrs. Midnight, the old nurse, who had so lately attended his mother, and desired she would go immediately and help Mrs. Fireblade, who was dying: he then proceeded to the apothecary, whom he had the good luck to find at home. "Oh, Mr. Crocus, says La Jeunesse, you must go to my mistress, Mrs. Fireblade, and bring a Doctor with you, she is almost dead." "I will go first, says Crocus, and see if there is any occasion." "I am sure, says La Jeunesse, there is great occasion for a Doctor." "Very well, says Crocus, then I will call in my way on Doctor Recipe. Away went La Jeunesse, and luckily bethought himself, that as his master said his mistress was dying, it would be necessary to call on the Curate of the parish, to pray by his mistress as he had done by his mother; and happily finding him in the way, desired his instant

attendance; at the same time desiring the sexton would be so good as to go to Mr. Sawdust the undertaker, and order him to attend immediately, for he was obliged to make all the haste he could home, for fear that his master should want him.

La Jeunesse made the best of his way home, rubbing his hands, and pulling up his breeches, by way of applauding his own care and diligence, in the strict observance of his master's orders respecting consequences.

When La Jeunesse went up stairs, to make a return of his message, he found old Fireblade in the dining room, surrounded by Doctor Recipe, the physician; Mr. Crocus, the apothecary; Mrs. Midnight, the nurse; Mr. Tythepig, the curate; and Mr. Sawdust, the undertaker, attended by two of his men, one with a bag of sawdust, and the other with a roll of black baize under his arm. These people were all talking together, without any regard to the sick woman who lay in the next room; though old Fireblade's voice was louder than the rest.

"Zounds, Sir, I say again, get out my house, do you think that I want to bury the poor woman before she is dead? What in the devil's name!—Lord have mercy upon us!—Why do you bring your sawdust and trumpery to my house for?"—"Sir, cried Mr. Tythepig, I protest I heard the lad order Pickaxe, the sexton, to go to Mr. Sawdust, and tell him to come to you immediately."—"Sir, it cannot be, rejoined old Fireblade, a little innocent lad could never put such an imposition upon me."—"Sir, says Crocus, I assure you, I was ordered to bring Doctor Recipe, who, to be sure will expect his fee." When La Jeunesse came in—"You young dog, says the Undertaker—you puppy, says the Doctor—you blockhead, says the Parson—young gentleman, says the Nurse—Sirrah, says old Fireblade, how come you to send all these people to my house, when I only sent you for Mr. Crocus the apothecary?"

Poor La Jeunesse was thunderstruck at this reproof. "Sir, says he, I only obeyed your orders." "My orders, sirrah! I sent you for the apothecary." "Yes, Sir, says La Jeunesse, and so as I went along, I thought upon your directions concerning consequences, and as she was sick, I thought consequently, that she would want a nurse; and as I went for the apothecary, I thought consequently that she would want a doctor; (the physician smiled)—and as there was occasion for a physician, I thought that my mistress, as well as my mother, would want the undertaker; here the doctor looked glum;—and as you told me, Sir, that my mistress was dying, I knew that she would want the parson. I did it for the best, Sir, you told me always to mind consequences."

ON SELF-IMPORTANCE.

LITTLE incidents are sometimes pregnant with instruction; and trivial circumstances, scarcely attended to by the majority of mankind, frequently furnish a clue that shall lead an inquisitive observer into the inmost recesses of the human heart.

One clue of this nature, my friend T. and myself picked up in the streets of W. and another upon our first entrance into the public room of the hotel where we now are.

As we were riding through the streets of W. the road divided, and being uncertain which to take, T. asked the simple question of the first person we chanced to meet.

"Good woman, pray which of these is the road to C?"

"Good woman?" cries the stranger, placing her arms a-kimbo, and giving a significant jerk with her head, "good woman, forsooth! I am no more a good woman than yourself, Sir. To let you know, I have lived in this parish seven-and-twenty years and a half, and never was called any otherwise than Mrs. Thompson, or Mrs. Mary, or so; and I'll not be good-woman'd at this time of life, I promise you; and so you may find your way for your pains, and learn to know who you speak to at another time."

My companion made her a most obsequious bow, confessing that he was, if possible, more sensible of his error than herself.

Upon our arrival at this place, we were conducted into the public room by a very smart waiter, who most politely asked us, "What do you please to want, Gentlemen?"

Unmindful of the dignity of office, I answered, "Why, the first thing I shall want is a pair of slippers, for my boots are uneasy: bring the jack-waiter."

The obliging smiles which were crowding into the muscles of his face, instantly checked themselves, and he precipitately retired. Bang went the door, the windows jarred, and the china rattled on the mantle-piece. It took me upwards of ten minutes, with the aid of courteous language and a glass of wine, to efface the severe contractions of his brow.

These two instances of self-importance are not so much to be considered as personal foibles in the parties, as faithful samples of human nature at large. This species of vanity runs through every class of men; nor escapes perhaps an individual in each class. All are vain of something, and think they possess some gift, some talent, some quality, which gives them a superiority over their neighbours; or at least enables them to main-

tain their balance. Thus doth the man of science prefer the acquisition of solid knowledge to the superficial frothiness of a wit, the wit considers the man of science as little better than a drudge; employed in the collection of materials for himself to play with; while the man of sober sense, considers the one as a pedant, and the other as a cockcomb, where they are not employed in the investigation of useful knowledge, or in putting vice and folly out of countenance. The historian, the geometrician, &c. value themselves for being in pursuit of facts solely: the speculative philosopher regards these facts merely as the foot-steps of investigation, and finds his superiority in the use which he makes of them; and an admirer of the *Belles Lettres* pities them all, when they remain destitute of an improved taste, and refinement of their mental feelings. The divine swells with the idea of his being the man of God, and thinks himself, by virtue of his profession, as much superior to the physician and counsellor, as the soul is to the body or estate. The physician maintains, that, without health, a man can neither enjoy this world, nor suitably prepare for the next; and the advocate pleads, that he enforces those moral obligations, and secures that peace and property, without which health itself would be of little value. The king prides himself with being the sovereign of millions; and the minister is vain of being able to direct this sovereign as he pleases. The noble would resent being taken for a plebeian; and the man of independent fortune, were he suspected to be a tradesman. The wholesale dealer feels his superiority in not being obliged to serve behind the counter; and he that keeps a shop, would ill brook being mistaken for his own journeyman. A purchaser of old clothes prides himself on not being a chimney-sweeper, and the latter that he can work for his living. A vender of toothpicks, or matches, thinks himself above a common beggar; and beggars value themselves according to their stands, or degrees of mutilation.

It may be farther observed, that, allowing this self-importance to be a foible, yet it is one that renders us more contented, and happier in ourselves and in our stations, than if we were to eradicate it. Hath not Providence kindly thrown in the composition of man, to soften or qualify the slights and contumelies to which the imperfections of his state may subject him? Or, as a fine-flavoured apple is sometimes grafted upon a crab, may not the virtues of mutual indulgence, respecting our little failings and vanities,

be grafted upon this principle of self-love; and thus the germ of pride be made to produce the fruits of benevolence and humanity?

But, a truce to moralizing, and I shall content myself with relating several instances of a similar nature with those already mentioned.

I had once an occasion to enquire after a gentleman who lodged at the house of an apothecary in the Strand. But the name of this son of Galen having escaped my memory, I was determined, like a cork-cutter, or seller of vials, to make application at every shop, of a medical aspect, from Temple-bar to Charing-cross. Seeing a bow-window, adorned with red, blue, and yellow tinctures, and with other artifices to take off the horrors of physic, I ventured to enquire whether Mr. B. was within.

"Sir, (says a formalist, suspending a spatula in his right hand, whilst he was holding the door with his left,) I know of no such person."

"I understood that he lodged here, Sir."

"Who gave you to understand such a falsehood, Sir?"

"A concurrence of circumstances have let me into it, if it be one. My friend lodges with an apothecary on this side of the way, and near this part, and I concluded you's to be the house."

"Take my word for it, good Sir, your conclusion is false. As you seem to have trusted to your eyes more than your memory, they might have undeceived you, had you read my inscriptions. I am a wholesale chymist and druggist, and no apothecary, I assure you. Nor are my rooms for lodgers, Sir."

As he was sensible that no reply was requisite, he would not stay for one; but, performing a quick evolution, he made a precipitate march behind the counter.

However, I soon after found my friend, and was informed he was above stairs. Being my own pilot, I was steering directly into the drawing-room. The lady of the mansion begged leave to acquaint me, that she kept the first floor for herself and family; nor did she let the upper chambers but to oblige a friend. Asking pardon for the mistake, I ascended to the second story. The gentleman received me with a confused countenance: was sorry I should take so much unnecessary trouble: blamed the servant for not calling him down to me in his lower apartments: and took care to hint it was merely from choice that he chiefly resided in the upper room, as it was the most airy, and freest from noise.

At another time, I remember, being fatigued with the peregrinations of the morning, I stepped into a genteel coffee-house, near Lincoln's-inn, and ordered a gill of Lisbon.

"Sir, we sell no wine, by the gill, in this

house," says a decent well-dressed lady at the bar, bridding her chin, and rubbing her hands, to give emphasis to the declaration.

"Why then, Madam, a small glass of brandy will do as well."

"Thou vulgar mortal! what, do you mistake the place of resort of the gentry for a gin-shop? On the other side of Temple-bar you may be accommodated with a three-penny glass, but I serve no such customers."

This was the only cordial I could get from my fair hostess, and it warmed me sufficiently till I got beyond Temple-bar, where I found the desired dram heightened by the great civility of the attendant.

At another time, a shoe-black near the Hay-market, seeing my shoes in a dirty condition, obsequiously saluted me with, "Japan your shoes, your Honour?"

Disclaiming every superiority of class, I answered, in the innocence and frolicsomeness of my heart, "Aye, come on, my Lord, and I will give you sixpence if you clean them well."

"D——n you, and your money into the bargain," says my hero, throwing an old wig into the pan, darting from a curve into a straight line, quick as an unstrung bow, and placing his hands by his sides, "I'd have you to know, Sir, I am, as straight and well-made a man as any in the kingdom, and no more a Lord than yourself, let me tell you."

"Come, come, Honesty, I know it, I know it; I was only willing to return the compliment you paid to my honour: be pacified, and I'll give thee another sixpence to drink my health, that thou mayest be assured I meant not to insult thee."

"God bless your Honour, you are a gentleman every inch of you."

He returned to his work, my shoes shone like a polished mirror, and I was entertained with the history of his conquests over the fair, during the whole of the operation.

Diverted with the scene, I was willing to relate it to my hostess in the evening, when I returned to my lodgings.

"Landlady, I have met with a humorous adventure to day."

"Sir," said she, in a grave accent, "it is not the custom in London, whatever it may be in other places, to give that title to the mistress of a hotel; the expression is vulgar, fit only for a pot-house, or an inn-keeper's, and I wonder any gentleman can make use of it. However," added she, with ineffable condescension, "I shall be glad to hear of your adventure."

This sudden shock took away my inclination for a recital: and the better to evade it, I proposed deferring my narrative till after supper,

especially as she seemed somewhat engaged. After supper I complained of being fatigued and sleepy, and begged to be conducted to my chamber.

"Mary," commanded the hostess, "show the gentleman to the Dolphin."

"I shall be glad, Mary, if you would just air my bed."

The girl changed her complexion, bit her lips, and gave a toss with her head, which convinced me, that whatever freedom her mistress might take, I ought to have called her Mrs. Mary, or Mrs. Molly, at least; and, in order to make reprisals, she transfers the office to her fellow-servant.

"Sarah, shew the man that supped in the *George*, to his room; and he is to have his bed warmed, I think my mistress says."

The man in the *George*, walking to his bed in the *Dolphin*, was as heartily mortified at being curtailed the dissyllable *gentle*, as any of those could have been, whose vanity had contributed so much to his amusement: and he learnt that he was not able to laugh at the follies of mankind, without his own being included in the number.

TRAVELS THROUGH ANCIENT HELVETIA.

[Continued from Page 541.]

THE repast finished, we adjourned to another chamber, where various games were introduced. One offers the chances of hazard, and the result of calculation. It is played with dice, on a square table, whereon are traced fifteen lines on which the players place their men, regulating them according to the points they throw with their dice.

Odd or even, gives all to chance. A number of counters are placed on the table; the player takes up as many as his hand will contain, and his antagonist guesses the number.

Heads or tails, offers but little more combinations. A piece of money is thrown up in the air, and to win it you must guess the side it will display when it falls. A counter, dedicated to Saturn, is made use of for this game; on one side is seen a ship, and on the other the head of Janus.

The game of dice is very general; it is said that the Helvetians learned it of the Suavians who inhabit the borders of the Rhine. It is the more or less points the player throws, which makes him lose or win; it is played with three square dice, on which are traced various lines representing the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Venus is the most favourable throw, which is the cast of the sixes; three lines on each of the dice is the worst throw; sometimes the player calls the number he wishes for, and, if it comes, he wins the game.

The game of *cockals* presents less variety; they have only four sides, while the dice have six,

where are found the numbers 2 and 5. This difference is made up by playing with four cockals, which you shake for some time in leather boxes, very wide at the bottom, and becoming narrower towards the top, the inside of which is full of a multiplicity of unequal dents and cavities, into which the cockal passes, and thus encreases the chances of the game, and renders dexterity of no avail.

Discus, on the contrary, gives all to dexterity; a circle is traced on a table, or the floor, and from a tolerable distance you must reach the centre by throwing a quoit.

While we were thus amusing ourselves, the children of the family, were engaged in the various games of their age. They played at *odd or even*, with nuts and almonds; at *blind man's buff*, in which game one of the party, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, seeks and endeavours to catch one of the others; at *testudo*, or turtle, where he who represents that animal lured by his companions, is obliged to remain in the same place till he has caught one of them; others hopped on one foot, and thus directed their steps towards the appointed bourne.

United together in another part of the apartment, the young girls did not mix in these sports, but they folded rose leaves in the shape of a bladder, and bursting them on their foreheads, judged from the noise they produced whether they should be married, become mothers, and have many children.

E. R.

SKETCHES OF BUXTON.

IN A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As I think you told me, when we last met, that you had never been at Buxton, perhaps a short sketch of that place, from whence I am just returned, may not be disagreeable to you; and, should you ever think of going there, you will have some idea of what you are to expect. We left York, by way of Sheffield, and after passing over some "heathy old moors," and a very rough road, arrived at Buxton on the 16th of last month. The prospect as you approach that place is certainly very bleak, and we could not help observing, that Providence had been very kind to the inhabitants of that country in sending them so salubrious a spring. The town stands in a bottom surrounded by barren hills, intersected every here and there by what Dr. Johnson calls "stone hedges," but enlivened by various flocks of sheep which graze upon their surface. The town is not large, and seems divided into two parts, upper and lower, but connected by a range of buildings placed on the declivity of the hill. There are many houses for the accommodation of strangers, but the chief place for that purpose is the Crescent, which stands in the lower division, and is allowed to be one of the finest buildings of the sort in the kingdom. It was built under the direction of Mr. Alderman Carr, of York, who, I am told, esteems it his master-piece. The space within the semicircle is two hundred and fifty-seven feet, and the building contains upwards of three hundred windows. It is constructed of very fine stone, and in the center of the balustrade, which extends the whole length of the building, are placed the arms of the Cavendish family. I am informed it cost the Duke of Devonshire, to whom it belongs, 16,000*l.*; but that he paid for it out of one year's profits of a lead mine of his in Staffordshire, and that he reckons Buxton the best estate he has.

There are two hotels in the Crescent, the Grand Hotel, and St. Anne's, which take up the two ends of the building; the intermediate part consisting of shops, where they also can accommodate strangers, when both the hotels are full, and they may either dine at the hotel or have their dinner brought them.

But, however, there is now another building erecting for the accommodation of the shopkeepers, so that the middle part will, in future,

be converted into another hotel; it being found to pay better. Near the Crescent the Duke has erected some very fine stables, in the form of an octagon, "supposed," says the Buxton Guide, "to be the grandest in Europe," in the inside of which there is a circular space of one hundred and sixty yards by three and a half; where ladies and gentlemen may ride when the weather is unpleasant; and, for the accommodation of the pedestrians, in the same weather, there is a colonnade the whole length of the Crescent. But the oldest building for the accommodation of the invalids is the Hall, said to have been built in the reign of Charles I. and close adjoining the Baths, to which, however, the Crescent is so near, that persons may get to them from thence without inconvenience. The air of Buxton is accounted very salubrious, and is the only medicinal part of the place of which I partook; for, as I was in very good health, I thought it best, according to the old adage, to "let well alone."—However, the waters, whether taken inwardly, or used as a bath, have long been in great repute, and are said to

"Make the arthritic staff and crutch forego,

"And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe!"

But those who go there for their health will do well to consult "The Buxton Guide," where they will find much more on this subject than is necessary for me to relate to you.

But the greater part of the company who resort to Buxton during the year, (and their numbers, my "Guide" informs me, are often more than seven hundred,) go there for pleasure, and to kill time, so you will perceive it has attractions; and, I am told, it is supposed to be one of the gentlest watering places of any in the kingdom. There is a very large and elegant assembly room at the grand hotel, where there are balls three times a week, and a theatre not far from it, where, on the intermediate nights, you may be entertained with a play; and those who prefer a game at cards, may generally engage with some party either at their respective homes, or in the card-room adjoining the assembly. There is one thing, however, in which Buxton differs from most other public places: that species of animal called a *black-leg* is there quite unknown. Besides the amusements I have already mentioned, there are frequently to be seen, during the day, exhibitions of natural or artificial curiosities:

and twice whilst I was there little Miss Randell, about seven years old, accompanied by her blind father on the harp, entertained the company with her charming performances on the forte-piano; and a few days before our arrival, the company were gratified with the inimitable acting of Master Betty.

There are likewise for your amusement in fine weather, various rides and walks, and those who have the power and time, may make excursions to the many curious places to be seen at a distance; a description of which will be found in the Guide. But what I may term "the home circuit," which may be traversed either on horse-back or on foot, is a pleasant road of about three miles round, lately made for the benefit of the company, by his Grace of Devon, and generally known by the name of "The Duke's Ride;" during the course of which you come to a place called the Lover's Leap, "where Nature roams majestically wild, knowing no laws save those her God hath made." Indeed it is one of the most romantic spots I ever saw. It consists of a narrow valley, with very high and rugged rocks on each side of it, and a murmuring stream running at the bottom, intercepted every now and then by huge masses of stone, which have, perhaps, at some remote period, fallen from the adjacent rocks, whilst various trees, growing out of different clefts, and nodding over the valley, heighten the beauty of the scene.

But one of the chief curiosities which many people visit, and which is a short walk from the town, is Pool's Hole, a large cavern running a considerable way under one of the hills. The passage into which you enter is, at first, so very low and narrow, that it is impossible to go forward without stooping; however, after having proceeded between twenty and thirty yards, the place becomes spacious and lofty, from the roof and sides of which drops of water continually issue, and where you may observe many curious figures. To this place I was conducted by an old woman and a little girl, each of us carrying a lighted candle in our hands, but as the road here began to ascend, and I found it slippery, I went no farther; the girl, however, skipped up the rock for a considerable way, holding up two candles to shew me how much farther I might have gone. When I came out I was surrounded by a parcel of clamorous old women, each expecting something, and meaning, forsooth, that I should pay, not only for those who conducted me into the cavern, but also for those worn out in the service. There are many shops in the town where you may purchase different beautiful articles, made of Derbyshire spar, and other natural curiosities found in that country.

Having now given you a tolerably long de-

scription of Buxton, I must descend to other matters, and give you some account of our eating, drinking, sleeping, and society, "though last, not least, in our esteem."

As we were recommended to go to St. Anne's Hotel, we ordered our postillion to drive there, but it was so full we could only be accommodated with beds at the top of the house. Looking through the balustrades, however, we had the advantage of breathing the pure air whenever our windows were open. We arrived too late for the public dinner, but we joined the company at tea, and in two days found ourselves quite at home. There is a common room in which many parties assembled in the morning to breakfast, and it served for those to sit in during the day who had not a private room, or did not go out, and for tea and cards in the afternoon. We breakfasted usually about ten o'clock, which seemed to be the general hour; dined in the long room about half past three. When we first got there, I concluded there might be near sixty persons dined at the public table, and I was informed there were about forty more in the house, whom we never saw; the person who has been longest there presides as chairman, and each person rises higher up the table as the elder ones go away. Two Ladies, indeed, of my acquaintance, I found there, who had a private apartment, for which they paid a guinea a week. It was large and lofty. We generally had a great variety at our table, though, as you may suppose from our situation, not much fish, and as each had his wine to himself, there was no pushing the bottle about, and consequently we had no temptation to break through the rules of sobriety. After tea, if we did not go to the rooms or the play, we generally had a sober game of whist, or a merry round game, and after supper the song, or the glee; and then, like sober folks, we usually went to bed at an early hour. Thus, I have nearly gone through the routine of the day. Our mornings, indeed, were spent, according to the taste of each individual: some to the news-room, or circulating library; some to billiards, or the ride, or the walk. As to myself, I generally employed my mornings in botanic excursions, traversing the distant hills, or rambling in the valley; and, though rather late in the season, I found many of the rarest species of the vegetable world, particularly amongst the rocks at the Lover's Leap; but, as you are no botanist I will not trouble you with a list of them. On Sundays the company either resorted to the parish church, or attended prayers in the great assembly-room, where generally some clergyman or other, a visitor at the Spa, was kind enough to officiate; and where I heard an excellent and appropriate sermon on the duty of

of the rich setting good examples to the poor. The church is a small one, and by no means sufficient to hold all who wish to go there; however, it is about to be enlarged, towards which perhaps you are a subscriber, as a brief has been read in most of our churches; and the Duke intends, next year, to begin a chapel near the Crescent, for the use of the company. There is a Girls' school in the town, chiefly supported by the company who resort there, as every person who is two days at the place, is asked for a shilling towards it, and another shilling towards the support of the poor who go there for the benefit of the waters; books of which are kept at the different houses. There is likewise a Sunday school, and Psalm singing seems much attended to there, as indeed I am told it is throughout the county. There are also two manufactories for making straw bonnets, and a patent black lace, which employ a number of poor children, and are well worth seeing, as are also the cottages formed by the poor out of old lime quarries under the hills. It is a common report that it always rains at Buxton, but out of eighteen days that I was there, we had only two rainy ones. But to return to our hotel. We found many very pleasant people there, though we had no Grantees, and some very pretty young ladies

whom I shall not attempt to describe, lest you should think that I am already more than half in love, and what if I am:

Allow me to muse and to sigh,

Nor talk of the change that you find;

None once was so watchful as I,

I have left my dear Phillis behind.

However, I spent a very pleasant time at Buxton, and left it with regret.

Enclosed I send you my bill of expences during my residence at the hotel. Yours, &c.

York, October 7, 1806.

G.

FROM SEPTEMBER 15, TO OCTOBER 3, 1806.

Lodgings.....	£. 0	18	0
Servant's bed.....	0	9	0
Eighteen breakfasts.....	1	7	0
Eighteen dinners.....	2	5	0
Sixteen teas *	1	0	0
Eighteen suppers.....	1	7	0
Wine.....	2	5	0
Beer.....	0	13	10½
Servant's eating.....	2	15	6
Beer, ditto.....	0	6	0

£. 13 6 4½

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE CAVERN.

FROM OLAFSEN AND POVELSEN'S TRAVELS IN ICELAND.

THERE are many caverns in Iceland, but that called Sourther is the largest, the best known, and the most remarkable, as well on account of its form, as from the details given of it in the ancient and modern histories of the country. In these histories its name is said to be derived from that of an enormous giant, who resided in it, and the inhabitants believe this fable, but it is probable that the name of *Sourtour*, which means black, was derived from the colour of the rocks, in which it is situated.

There is no doubt that this cave has been inhabited, not by giants but by vagabonds, who escaped to avoid punishment for their crimes, which is probable both from its situation and the following anecdote. In two of the ancient histories it is stated, that, in the tenth century, a body of thieves took refuge here, and found a safe

retreat, because from superstition, no person would approach the cave, and when they went out to commit their depredations, they had on one side a number of villages, and on the other the land of Arnavatn, which was always covered with sheep and oxen at pasture. One day, however, they were surprised by having their retreat cut off, and being surrounded in a little valley. Several other tales are told of different bands of robbers, who have successively resided in this cavern, which have made such an impression on the minds of the people, that none of them will attempt to enter it.

Our travellers visited this remarkable cavern: M. Olafsen had already seen it in the year 1750,

* I twice drank tea with some ladies in private; and gave a one pound note for the servants.

but had not been able to penetrate far, on account of the want of torches and other necessary things. The peasants of the district made every possible attempt to deter them from their project, by insinuating that they would never return, as the spirits never failed to punish the curious by killing them, or preventing them from finding their way back: these tales, however, only stimulated their curiosity.

This cavern is situated to the south of the land of Arnavatn; and the country and its environs consist of rocks of lava melted into masses, and exposed to the air a long time before the country was inhabited. It may be seen from the course of the lava, that the eruption took place from the glacier of Geitland or the rocks behind it, and that the flux ran between the glacier and another mountain called Eryksnypa, whence it afterward separated into two branches. Indeed the whole of this extent of country, presents a striking and extraordinary picture of the action of subterraneous fire. On one side may be seen large masses of detached rocks, and on the other, perfectly horizontal strata of stones, melted and mixed into all manner of forms and figures. There may frequently be seen large crevices, vaults, and arches in the rocks, but particularly three caverns, situated a quarter of a mile to the south of the Sourther. One of these was formerly considered a very convenient place for collecting the sheep, when sending them to pasture, it being very long with an entrance only wide enough to admit the sheep conveniently; after which they dispersed themselves over the cavern, which was large enough to contain two thousand of these animals. The third of these caves is the longest of all, as it receives at one end a branch of the river of Nordling, and disembogues it at a distance of a quarter of a mile.

The entrance to the cavern of Sourther is gloomy, and runs from N. W. to S. E. but preserves its height, which is from thirty to thirty-six feet, while its width is from fifty to fifty-four. Its soil, or bottom, is uneven, sometimes rising, and at others falling; its partitions are the same, only that there is an equal distance between them. On advancing, it is perceived that the cavern turns to the south, and afterwards to the S. W. and W. in proportion as it diminishes in width.

Our travellers on entering the cavern, lighted a torch, of which they had brought a supply from Copenhagen; it was well covered with wax and a thick coating of rosin, so as to resist the strong current of air that prevails in subterraneous passages, as well as the drops of water that fall from the upper rocks. Their progress was the most difficult and dangerous that can be imagined, on account of the inequality of the soil, which was covered with large fragments of stone, and to the

fall of which they were incessantly exposed, as great numbers drop every year. The vault of the cavern possesses almost the same degree of irregularity; the roof is full of cavities, which afford passages for the filtration of water.

In this cavern their are stalactites of various sizes, the largest are three inches long by two and a half in diameter at their base; they receive by fusion the same form as lava-stone, and appear to be composed of the same substance: they are, however, rather finer, and are covered externally with a reddish coloured varnish; internally, they are more or less porous and compact, proceeding probably from the greater or less degree of heat, to which they have been subjected.

The sides, or partitions of the cavern, produce the greatest effect, as they are covered with a sort of varnish in horizontal squares, separated by borders in relief. This varnish is formed of a very fine vitreous, but opaque matter: in some parts it is black, but it is generally of a greenish colour, and similar to that employed in the manufactories of earthenware. This varnish as well as the stalactites just mentioned, affords a certain proof of the operation of subterraneous fires, and that the lava, in a state of fusion, has passed, like a rivulet through this channel, while it began to cool on the sides and top of the cavern. The flux of lava must have given to the cavern its present form; while the same fusion must have covered the sides with the metallic alkaline varnish, by melting the interior crust of the cavern in those parts where the heat was strongest. The same cause must also have produced the stalactites.

After reaching a certain distance within the cavern, they perceived the light of day breaking through an aperture in the summit; and on passing this hole the cave became as dark as before, and they observed on each side at the height of some feet, the mouths of two other caverns. When strangers visit this country, they are often induced, from curiosity, to proceed thus far in the cavern; our travellers ascended to that on the right: and then saw two other excavations, separated by one partition. One of these last caves is narrow, and of no great extent, but the other is double its size. A small portion of light is perceptible at its entrance, and its height enables a man to stand erect; it is supposed to be thirty feet long; its top is arched, and its bottom is smooth, reddish, and declines at the entrance. Messrs. Olfesen and Povelsen found here some large bones of an ox, or similar animal; which they considered as the remains of antiquity, because they were soft and friable, though they were not exposed either to the attacks of water, wind, or weather; they also remarked some common stones of a cubical form, and of a different nature from those of which the rock of Sourther is com-

posed. It is therefore very probable, that they had been brought thither for making a fire-place as their arrangement seemed to indicate that they had been used for this purpose.

Having examined these small passages, our travellers returned, and proceeded towards the great cavern at their commencement, and to enter which it was necessary to climb an equal height. They found it much larger, but more hideous, and totally dark. On first entering, they supposed it to be nothing but a simple cavity; but on passing forward they discovered, in front of the entrance, a small partition, or kind of column, which, however, was of no great extent: it is a kind of gallery extending beyond the cavern, and to which they formerly gave the name of the Little Fort. On one side is a wall, or kind of rampart, built of lava-stone that has been conveyed thither for that purpose. The *Stourlonga-Saga*, Vol. 5. represents this place as a security against any attack, because those who take refuge in it can discover all who come towards them, and prevent them from ascending; while the attacking party is obliged to proceed in darkness.

"At ten paces from the ascent, we discovered an elevation of two feet and a half, extending thirty-six feet, by fourteen in width, and having in the middle a path about two feet broad. It is precisely in front of the entrance, so that one cannot proceed farther into the cavern without scaling it: it consists of lava stone of a square form, which must have been conveyed from the outside, and we are satisfied beyond a doubt, that this cave must have been the retreat of the criminal fugitives to whom we have alluded. The bottom is covered with a very fine black sand, &c. which they spread sheep-skins, which served them for beds: it is large enough for twenty persons to lie with convenience, provided they place themselves across, instead of along it.

"Near this spot we found a large heap of sheep and ox bones, the base of which was twelve feet in circumference; they had preserved their form and natural colour; but on taking them into the hand, they were so soft that they crumbled to pieces. We demolished the upper parts of this heap and, on reaching the lowermost stratum, we found it almost in a state of dust; the bones of which it had been formed resembling boiled pease, from which the water had been strained. The remains were still moist, and possessed a sort of glutinous quality; we found that the marrow of these bones had separated, from corruption, into two parts longitudinally."

Our travellers expected to meet with some other remains of antiquity; but their researches were fruitless; all the caverns and other parts of the country having doubtless been searched, and excavations made in them with great assiduity, par-

ticularly at this time of the *Stourlongues*, when there was a great scarcity of arms. Our party only found in the place just mentioned, as appropriated for rest, a single small tool, which was but half finished; it was five inches and a half long, and formed a kind of bodkin, the upper end of which was perforated in two places, and the lower end was incomplete. It appeared as if this instrument had served the fugitives for a needle to sew their sheepskins; and the rags which they used for clothes. They saw no traces of hearths, except some stones placed in squares, and which had been reddened by the action of the fire; but they found neither cinders nor ashes. There is reason to believe, that they ate their food in the two large chambers or cavities already mentioned, which must have been more convenient by securing them in a great degree from the smoke, which had no proper outlet.

They afterwards went farther, with a view to arrive at the heart of the cavern, which grows considerably narrower, till it is not more than a foot in height, by even a less width. The Cave called the Fortification, from the rampart already mentioned, is 50 fathoms long, while its greatest width is a fathom and a half, and its height is nearly the same. It is so narrow and low in the middle, that one can scarcely pass through it on one's knees, and when our travellers thought themselves at the end, they found that it again widened into the form it had before; towards the place where it becomes so narrow, the soil ascends considerably, and afterwards slopes down; at the end of this declivity, our travellers found a lake of fresh water, the bottom of which was frozen. They passed it with the water up to their knees, and at every step they had additional proof that the whole of these caves had been formed by the melting or dissolution of stones. The great Channel being at length blocked up for some time, and the fire not being able to find a vent, acted upon the sides, and melted the more dissoluble earths and stones, but before the fiery matter could thus find an outlet, the great canal had forced its way, and had ceased to have any action on the caverns. The narrow passage that our travellers found, proves however, that the fire did not operate with the same force upon the rocks in that spot, or could not reduce them so easily as the others, because they were of a harder and more resisting nature.

On leaving the cavern of the fortification, our travellers proceeded further into the Sourther, they had a difficult route, on account of the rocks which were detached from the top, and at times were obliged to pass on their hands and knees through intermediate spaces filled with water, and soaked through by the drops that filtered from the top. Some of the detached fragments

of the rock were upwards of five feet six inches in height: at length after many attempts to advance, they perceived some rays of light penetrating through an aperture in the roof, and on reaching this spot they found above the hole a heap of ice and snow, which had remained since winter. They pursued their road to a good distance when they perceived an aperture, but before reaching it, they found a wall that divided the cavern into two equal parts, this wall was below the hole, but it had fallen to decay. The cavern afterwards branched off into two galleries, the left of which was 20 feet in length, and the right much more, while in both of them they every where observed the effects of fire. The gallery to the left at last became so narrow, that they were obliged to creep on their hands and knees; and at this part they smelt a kind of ætid exhalation, propelled by the air of the subterraneous channels; it was an infectious miasma, similar to that which arise from stagnant marshes. Our travellers, however, were not much incommoded by it.

They afterwards proceeded into the gallery on the right, where the cavern regains its former size; and here they found a lake of fresh water, which entirely stopped their passage. One of these gentlemen had arrived at this lake in the year 1750. He then found its bottom was frozen as at present, but its water was too high to permit him to cross; he ascertained that it was three feet deep at the brink, from which he presumed that it must be much deeper in the middle. At his present visit, however, it was different, the ice at the bottom was thicker, and formed two sheets, one above the other; on this account there was but one foot of water, and they easily passed through it by keeping close to the wall above mentioned.

After having overcome every difficulty, they proceeded with ease to the other parts of the cavern; the floor here was level, and they no longer met with fallen masses of stone and rock; but they perceived that the soil gradually became steeper, and that the cavern curved to the S.S.W. They also here found but little, either of the stalactites or the varnish, lately mentioned; which proved, that the *terro-aqueous* matter that formed them, must have been, in this part, more coarse and much scarcer.

The air now became very cold and dense, and the darkness so much increased, that they went from 200 to 400 paces, without perceiving a ray of light; they at last, however, observed the

fourth and last hole in the roof, which gave them much pleasure, as it afforded a current of fresh air, and an easy ascent, by which they quitted the cavern.

They perceived no difference in the air, as they advanced into the dark part of the cavern; but afterwards it became more thick and condensed; and, on proceeding, the obscurity increased to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the strong light thrown out by the torches, they could only see two or three steps before them. Advancing a little further, they found that the thick vapour that fell about them resisted their breath, which could only arise from the great degree of cold, the effect of which was visible on the walls, as the whole of them was covered with a thick ice, in long and large lumps. The ground was frozen in the same manner; but they ran no risk of slipping, because the ice was covered with a moist and brownish earth, which had fallen from the roof of the cavern in consequence of the filtration of the water.

They considered it as a remarkable circumstance, that to the lumps of ice were attached pentagonal and heptagonal figures, very similar to those observed in the second stomach of ruminating animals. There is no doubt that these figures have been formed in the ice by the cold and compressed air: they did not appear in the superficies, but in the interior of the ice, which was compact and transparent.

Our travellers now thought that they had proceeded as far as possible; endeavouring, nevertheless, to go still farther, they perceived that the air was more rarified, and that the soil began to rise; while the ice was no longer visible, and their torches burnt clear. The situation of the water was also very inconsiderable; but it had carried with it such a quantity of the moist mould already mentioned, that the bottom was so covered with it, as to render their progress very fatiguing. They now came to an ancient heap of stones, which had been carefully arranged; and not far from this spot, they found a piece of birch, which had been broken in two.

Having no other object to examine, Messrs. Olafsen and Povelsen returned, and in remembrance of the research, they affixed their seals on the summit; they also left two pieces of Danish silver coin, to prove to those who might undertake the same journey, that they would not be the first who had executed a project which perhaps might be considered as fool hardy.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON DANCING.

THE grave Motesquieu has written on dancing as follows :—Dancing pleases by its lightness, by a certain grace, by the beauty and variety of its attitudes, and by its connexion with music, &c.

No one should attempt dancing, that cannot excel in it. The mind may be read in the dance as much as in most conversations held in a numerous company. A good band of music is absolutely necessary to dance properly; and then the dancers ought to possess a sufficient knowledge of music to attend precisely to all their motions and attitudes. The gracefulness and ease of the French performers, afford almost as much delight to the spectators as to themselves. Dancing appears to be more an affair of system and sentiment there than in England.

Noverre said, of a celebrated opera dancer, "She is, whilst dancing, always tender, always graceful, sometimes a butterfly, sometimes a zephyr; at one moment inconstant, at another faithful; always animated by a new sentiment, she represents, with delicacy, all the shades of love."

Such dancing is the true *poetry of motion*.

During the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. at the court-balls, the Princess, or other lady, whilst dancing a minuet, was always obliged to turn her front to the King of France, and consequently her back to her partner, who was under the same necessity!

In the fashionable balls at Paris, (of which there are, during half the year, fifty or sixty almost every evening) ladies may be seen, in the midst of winter, with naked arms, uncovered bosoms, their hair braided in a spiral line behind the head, their legs without stockings, and under their feet only a thin sole or sandal, fastened with slender ribbands, showing their toes ornamented or rather incumbered with a number of rings; and ostentation makes them dissemble the pain they must feel in forming the dancing steps.

Soon after the execution of Robespierre, the released prisoners instituted subscription-balls, which they called *Bals à la Victime*. The qualification for a subscriber was, that he or she must have lost a grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, son, daughter, husband, or wife by the *guillotine*.—

However, the rage for this species of dancing-assemblies soon subsided.

The *Bals à la Sauvage*, consisted of ladies and gentlemen who were dressed, or undressed, like savages. Some of these wore no other covering than a green silk net, of which the meshes were extremely small and close, and exactly fitted the entire person. These too had their day, and are no longer in fashion.

In cellars, even at the further end of blind alleys, in dirty beer-houses, to the sound of a paltry fiddle, or hoarse bagpipe, every Sunday, and every Decade (for the populace keep double holidays), and often in the intervals, the water-porters, charcoal-heavers, &c. dance so as to make the floors shake with their heavy capers. The place is lighted by four ends of candles stuck in clay, on two bits of wood laid crossways, or by a few lamps set on the ground along the walls. In the midst of clouds of tobacco-smoke, and the smell of brandy, may be seen, rising and falling again, without cadence, or regard to time, unimaginable dancers; and behind them groups of hideous men and women, seated on worm-eaten and half-rotten benches, beslobbering each other with kisses. Sometimes the hob-nailed shoe, in its jerk, crushes a lamp, and bespatters the dancers with the oil; that signifies nothing, for the inflamed oil, or tallow, does not bite on the tanned hides of those *Vestris*; and no stain can be perceived on the shoes, stockings, or petticoats of the company.

They take up their yokes and slings, and depart, after giving each other a few knocks on the pate by way of diversion.

To such noisy orgies, where not only dancing, but also drinking, is carried to excess, may be applied Cicero's words :—*Nemo saltat sobrius*.

These words are in Cicero's defence of L. Murena, one of the consular candidates, who was brought to trial at Rome, in the six hundred and ninetieth year of Rome; Cicero was then forty-three years of age; he was born one hundred and seven years before the Christian era.

In the words of Dr. Conyers Middleton (who died in 1750), in his Life of Cicero, "The accusation consisted of three heads; the scandal of Murena's life; the want of dignity in his cha-

racter and family; and bribery in the late election. As to the first, the greatest crime which Cato charged him with, was dancing; to which Cicero's defence is somewhat remarkable. He admonishes Cato not to throw out such a calumny so inconsiderately, or to call the Consul of Rome a dancer; but to consider how many other crimes a man must needs be guilty of before that of dancing could be truly objected to him; since nobody ever danced, even in solitude, or a private meeting of friends, who was not either drunk or mad; for dancing was always the last act of riotous banquets, gay places, and much jollity: that Cato charged him, therefore, with what was the effect of many vices, yet with none of those, without which that vice could not possibly subsist; with no scandalous feasts, no amours, no nightly revels, lewdness, no extravagant expence, &c."

Cicero's own words are:—*Nemo enim saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit: neque in solitudine, neque in convivio moderato atque honesto. Tempestivi convivii, amoeni loci, multarum deliciarum comes est extrema saltatio.*

ORATIO PRO L. MURENA.

It is deemed superfluous to make any comments on this philippic against dancing, written near two thousand years ago; but we shall conclude our essay with a chapter from Voltaire's *Zadig*, or *Destiny*, which has never been translated. It is Chapter xiv. entitled,

THE DANCE.

Setoc was engaged to go to the Island of Serendib, on commercial business; but as he was in the first month of his marriage, which, as every one knows, is the honeymoon, he could neither leave his wife, nor imagine he ever should be able to leave her: He begged his friend Zadig to undertake that voyage for him.—Alas! said Zadig, must I wander to a still greater distance from the beautiful Astarté? but I must serve my benefactors. He said, he wept, and he departed.

He was not long in the Island of Serendib without being regarded as an extraordinary man. He became the arbitrator in all differences between the merchants, the friend of the wise, the adviser of the few who were willing to be advised. The King wished to see and hear him: he soon discovered the worth of Zadig; he confided in his wisdom, and made him his friend. The esteem and familiarity of the King made Zadig tremble: he was alarmed at the probable consequences of his misfortune in obtaining the King's good will. "I please the King," said he; "am I not a lost man?" Notwithstanding this, he dared not absent himself

from court; for it must be owned, that Nabussan, King of Serendib, was one of the best Princes of Asia, and that he gained the esteem of all those with whom he conversed.

This good Prince was continually praised, cheated, and plundered. The receiver-general of the kingdom set the example, which was faithfully followed by every one else. The King knew this; he had frequently changed his treasurer, but he had never been able to change the established custom of dividing the royal revenues into two unequal parts, of which the smallest always reverted to the King, and the largest to the administrators.

King Nabussan acquainted the wise Zadig with this grievance. "You, who possess so much knowledge," said he, "cannot you put me in a way of finding a treasurer who will not plunder me?"—"Certainly," answered Zadig; "I know an infallible method of procuring a man with clean hands for your Majesty. The King, greatly pleased, demanded how this might be done. "By only," replied Zadig, "making all those who may offer themselves as candidates for the dignity of treasurer, dance before you; and he who shall dance the most lightly, will be infallibly the most honest man." "You jest," said the King, "this is a pleasant way of chusing a receiver-general: What! do you pretend that he who cuts the best caper, will be the most able and upright financier?" "I will not engage he shall be the most able," answered Zadig, "but I assure you, he will certainly be the most honest."

Zadig spoke with so much confidence, that the King thought he must possess some supernatural secret of finding out financiers. "I pay no regard to any thing supernatural," said Zadig; "prodigies in men and books have always displeased me: If your Majesty will permit me to make trial of what I propose, you will be convinced that my secret is the most simple and easy thing imaginable."

Nabussan was much more surprised to learn the secret was so simple, than if he had been told it was a miracle. "Well," said he, "do as you like."—"Leave it to me," said Zadig, "and you will be a greater gainer by this proof than you imagine."

On the same day a royal proclamation was issued, enjoining all those who were inclined to become candidates for the office of receiver-general of his Majesty's finances, to present themselves, on the first day of the *crocodile-moon*, in the King's anti-chamber, habited in light silks.

At the appointed time they attended, in number sixty-four. A band of music was waiting in the adjoining saloon; every thing was prepared

for the ball; but the door of this saloon was shut, and in order to enter, it was necessary to pass through a short and rather obscure gallery.

An usher attended, who was to introduce all the candidates separately through this passage, where each was left alone a few minutes. The King, who was in the secret, had caused a vast number of jewels, gold coins, and valuable trinkets, to be disposed in that gallery. When the competitors were assembled in the saloon, his Majesty ordered them to dance.

Never was dancing more heavily performed, and with so little grace; they all hung down their heads, their bodies were bent, and their arms and hands appeared as if glued to their sides.

"What rogues!" said Zadig, speaking softly. One only among them danced with agility; his face erect, his looks confident, his arms extended, his body straight, his steps firm. "Ah! the honest man, the brave man!" said Zadig. The King embraced this good dancer, and declared him to be the receiver-general; and all the others were punished and fined with great justice, for every one of them, whilst in the gallery, had filled his pockets with such a heavy load, he could hardly walk. The King was sorry for the sake of human nature, that among

sixty-four dancers, there should be sixty-three thieves.

The gallery was afterwards called the corridor of temptation.

In Persia those sixty-three lords would have been impaled; in other countries they would have been brought to a trial, of which the costs would have amounted to thrice the sum stolen, and which would not have replaced any thing in the coffers of the Sovereign; in another kingdom, they would have fully justified themselves, and would have disgraced the light dancer. In Serendib they were only condemned to augment the public treasure, for Nabussan was indulgent.

He was very grateful; he gave Zadig a greater sum of money than had ever been stolen by a treasurer from the King, his master.

In the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris, is preserved a volume in manuscript, containing the names of all the young men who have been educated in *L'Ecole Militaire*, and specifying those who have obtained prizes for their proficiency in the sciences there taught; among these appears that of Bonaparte, to whom the second prize was decreed for his excellence in dancing.

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[Continued from Page 539.]

GAME is often brought in when not likely to keep a day, in the cook's apprehension; yet may be preserved two or three days, if wanted, by the following method:—

If birds, (woodcocks and snipes excepted, which must not be drawn) draw them, pick, and take out the crop—wash them in two or three waters, and rub them with a little salt. Have ready a large sauce-pan of boiling water, and plunge them in one by one; boil each five minutes, moving it, that the water may go through them. When all are finished, hang them by the heads in a cold place. When drained, pepper the inside and necks. When to be roasted, wash to take off the pepper. The most delicate birds, even grouse, may be kept this way, if not putrid. Birds that live by suction, &c. bear being high; it is probable that the heat might cause them to taint more, as a free passage for the scalding water could not be obtained. Hares ought not to be paunched

in the field, as they keep longer, and eat much better without. But that is seldom in the cook's power to guard against. She should take out the liver and heart, and parboil the former to keep for stuffing, wipe the inside every day, quite dry, put a bunch of parsley, or some pepper, or both; thus it will keep long, especially if the seasoning be rubbed early on the inside to prevent any mustiness of taste, which often is communicated to the stuffing by this omission, and want of extreme nicety in washing it in water and vinegar before it be dressed, while the outside has been preserved fresh by the skin. If old, a hare should be kept as long as possible, except for soup, or jugging; and after soaking in vinegar, be well farded.

Fresh water fish has often a muddy taste; to take off which, soak it in strong salt and water; or, if of a size to bear it, give it a scald in the same, after extremely good cleaning and washing. The latter for carp or eels.

Turbot will hang two or three days, if lightly rubbed with salt, and be in quite as great perfection as the first day.

Fish may sometimes be bought reasonably by taking more than can be dressed at once; when recourse may be had to pickling, potting, or frying, to keep for stewing a succeeding day.

When thunder or hot weather causes beer to turn sour, half, or a whole tea spoonful of salt of wormwood should be put into a jug, and let the beer be drawn in it as small a time as possible before it be drank.

If the subject of servants be thought ill timed in a book upon family arrangement, it must be by those who do not recollect that the regularity and good management of the heads will be insufficient, if not seconded by those who are to execute orders. It behoves every person to be extremely careful who they take into their employ; to be very minute in investigating the character they receive; and equally cautious to be scrupulously just in giving one to others. Were this attended to, many bad people would be incapacitated from doing mischief, by abusing the trust reposed in them. And it may be fairly asserted, that the robbery, or waste (which is but a milder epithet) of an unfaithful servant, will be laid to the charge of the master or mistress, who, knowing such faults in him, or even having only well-grounded suspicions, is led by entreaty, or false pity, to slide him into another place. To refuse countenance to the evil, is to encourage the good servant; such as are honest, frugal, and attentive to their duties should be liberally rewarded; and such discrimination would encourage merit, and inspire servants with a zeal to acquit themselves.

On the other side it may be proper to observe, that a retributive justice usually marks persons in that station sooner or latter even in this world. Those who are extravagant and idle in their servitude, are ill prepared for the industry of and sobriety on which their own future welfare depends; their faults, and the attendant punishment, come home when they have families of their own, and sometimes much sooner. They will see their wickedness or folly in the conduct of their offspring, whom they must not expect to be better than the examples that are set them.

It was the observation of a sensible woman, that she could always read the fate of her ser-

vants when they married from her; those who had been faithful and industrious in her service, continued their good habits in their families, and became respectable members of the community; those who had been unfaithful servants, never were successful, and not unfrequently were reduced to the parish.

The manner of carving is not only a very essential knowledge in point of doing the honours of the table with grace, but makes a great difference in the family consumption; and though in large companies, a lady is so much assisted as to make the art of less consequence, yet she should not fail to acquaint herself with an attainment of which she must daily feel the want. Some people haggle meat so as not to be able to help six times from a large tongue, or a piece of beef. It is to be observed, that a thin sharp carving knife, and with a very little strength to the management of it, will cut deep thin slices, cause the joint to look neatly, and leave sufficient for a second helping, instead of that disgusting appearance which is sometimes observable. Habit alone can make people carve, or do the honours of a table well; for those who have not had practice, there are very good directions in a little book of Trusler's.

In the following, and indeed all other receipts, though the quantities may be as accurately set down as possible, yet much must be left to the person who uses them. The different taste of people requires more or less of the flavour of spices, garlic, butter, &c. which can never be directed by general rules; and if the cook has not a good taste, and attention to that of her employers, not all the ingredients with which art or nature can furnish her, will give an exquisite relish to her dishes. The proper articles should be at hand, and she must proportion them until the true taste be obtained.

To boil Turbot.—The turbot kettle must be of a proper size, and in the nicest order. Set the fish in cold water to cover it completely, throw a handful of salt and one glass of vinegar into it, let it gradually boil, be very careful that there fall no blacks, but skim it well, and preserve the beauty of the colour.

Serve it garnished with a complete fringe of curled parsley, lemon, and horse radish.

The sauce must be the fine lobster, and anchovy butter, and plain butter, served plentifully in separate tureens.

[To be continued.]

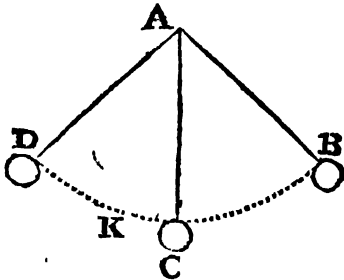
ON MECHANICS.

[Continued from Page 543.]

A horse endeavouring to draw a load illustrates the third law of motion: the load draws him back with a force equal to that which puts it in motion, and if the load be equal to the utmost strength the horse can exert, it will resist all his efforts to move it. If, on the contrary, it be but equal to 50 degrees, while it exerts a force of 100 degrees, he will draw it with 50 degrees of strength, the re-action of the load being only a counterpoise to the other moiety of his effort.— If the finger be pressed on one scale of a balance, in order to keep it in equilibrio with a weight in the other, the scale pressed by the finger, will act against the weight with a force equal to that with which the other scale endeavours to descend.

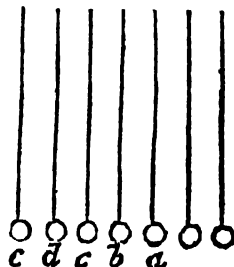
That every body which gives motion to another body, actually loses as much force as it communicates, is made apparent by the percussion, or stroke, of elastic and more elastic bodies*.

If two ivory balls, of equal magnitude, be suspended from a central point, thus,



as from A, and one of them, after being drawn aside to B, be suffered to fall upon the other, the ball which strikes will lose all the motion it acquired in its descent from the point B, while the struck ball will be driven up to D, which is the point the first ball would have reached had it met with no obstruction.

If any number of equal ivory balls be suspended from centres near each other, and two of them be drawn aside so as to fall with two degrees of velocity upon the ball A, they will communicate the whole of their motion to this ball, and



* The most perfect elastic bodies are ivory, hardened steel, and some compound metals. That such bodies are elastic may be demonstrated by letting two ivory balls, of one of which the surface

the motion thus communicated, will pass through b and c, to d and c, and the two last balls will be carried forward by the whole two degrees of velocity, while all the others remain motionless.

Bodies which possess no elasticity do not separate when they strike but move on together with half the velocity which the striking body possessed. Thus, suppose the balls in the first experiment to be made of clay, instead of ivory, or of putty, or any other non-elastic substance, on letting the ball fall from B, it would acquire sufficient velocity to carry it to D, but on striking the ball C, it would lose half its motion, and with the remainder carry the ball it struck to K. If the mass of the moving ball were double that of the other, it would lose but one third of its force; if its mass were only half that of the other, it would lose two thirds of its force.

If two equal non-elastic bodies strike each other with equal force, they will stick together, and remain motionless at the point where they met, their mutual action having destroyed each other; and re-action being equal and contrary.

OF THE MECHANIC POWERS.

There are six mechanic powers; the lever, the wheel and axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge, and the screw. By these powers bodies are raised, which, unassisted, human strength could not move; and resistances are overcome, which, without the aid of the mechanical powers, would be absolutely insurmountable. But what they furnish in power is lost in time; for as many minutes are required to raise, at once, a mass of 1000 pounds weight by means of machinery, as would be requisite to enable a man to convey it to the same height, in portions suited to his strength.

There are three sorts of levers. The first has the fulcrum, or press, between the weight and the power. A balanced scale beam is a lever of this kind; for the fulcrum is in the centre, the power is the weight, and the mass in the other scale the resistance to be overcome. Scissors, snuffers, pincers, and a variety of common instruments, are formed of two levers, acting contrary to each other. In all these the rivet is the ful-

is thinly painted, fall against each other with some force. The painted ball will then make a small circular mark on the side of the other, which it could not do had not the surface of both balls been flattened for a moment by the stroke.

crum, or centre motion; the hand using them, the power, and the body coming between them, the resistance that is to be overcome. When a poker is used to raise the fire, it becomes a lever of the first kind; of which the bar is the fulcrum, the hand raising the poker, the fire, and the coals, the weight to be moved.

The second kind of lever has the weight between the power and the fulcrum. Every door that turns on its hinges, is a lever of this kind; the hinges being the fulcrum, the door the weight, and the hand that opens it the moving power. A pattern-maker's knife, nut-crackers, oars, rudders of ships, &c. are also levers of the second kind.

Levers of the third description have the power between the fulcrum and the weight.

A pair of wool sheers, which act by a pressure in the middle, may be referred to these kind of levers; as may also a pair of fire-tongs, the joint being the fulcrum, the hand using them the power, and the substance which they raise the weight. Levers of the third kind are but little used.

The advantage, or addition of power acquired by the use of the lever, is in proportion to the space passed through by the moving power; that is, if the space passed through by the longer arm be nine times greater than that passed through by the shorter arm of a lever, a weight of nine hundred pounds suspended from this last, may be balanced by a force equal to 100 pounds, exerted at the longer extremity.

The principle of the wheel and axle may be illustrated by a machine that presents itself every where; namely, a draw-well. The handle may be considered as the wheel, for by its circular motion it acts as one; the axle is what the rope coils round. Now as the wheel and axle may be considered as a lever of the first kind, the power gained by it may be calculated by the same rule as that given for estimating the power of a lever: and if we suppose a draw-well to represent a wheel and axle, and the handle of it to be the arm of a lever, then if the circle described by the handle in turning round, be twelve times greater than the circumference of the axle, or axis, a power equal to one hundred weight applied to the former, will balance twelve hundred weight suspended from the latter. This may be easily conceived by attending to the increase of exertion necessary in raising water by this machine as the bucket ascends: for as every time the rope coils, the whole length of the axis, the circumference of the axis is increased, while that of the handle remains the same, the exertion must increase in an equal proportion, or the bucket could not be raised.

There are many modes of applying the wheel and axis, as by a handle used to turn a jack, &c.

and on the principle of this mechanic power, cranes, capstans, windlasses, &c. are constructed.

Little advantage is gained from the single fixed pully, but when two or more pulleys are formed into what is called a system of pulleys, the mechanical advantage gained is as the space passed through by the acting power: for the pully, like the wheel and axis, may be reduced to the principle of the lever.

The inclined plane gains power in proportion to the difference between the length of the plane, and its perpendicular height. That is, if the perpendicular height be only equal to one-third of the length of the plane, a cylinder of three hundred pounds weight may be raised up the plane by a power equal to one hundred weight. The exertion of raising a hill may be lessened, by ascending it in a zig-zag direction; for the hill may be considered as an inclined plane, which is lengthened by moving up in this way. To the inclined plane may be referred chisels, hatchets, and whatever other sharp instruments are sloped down to an edge on one side only.

The fifth mechanical power, or the wedge, is used in various cases where no man can be employed; as in raising ships, or other great weights; splitting wood; separating firm blocks of stone, &c.* The wedge is usually made of iron or wood, and gains advantage in proportion to the difference between the breadth of the back and the length of the side. If, for example, the length of the side be double that of the thickness, a force of one pound acting against the back, will overcome a resistance of two pounds acting against the sides. But if the acting power be a blow instead of the weight, the advantage gained will be according to the momentum of the blow. That is, a blow from a hammer weighing two pounds, falling on the back of the wedge with a velocity that gives it a momentum of fourteen pounds, will overcome a greater resistance opposed to the sides of the wedge, than would a pressure at the back equal to a ton weight.

The screw is a compound mechanic power which partakes of the principle of the lever, and that of the inclined plane: for the spiral thread of the screw, were it unfolded, would form an inclined plane, and the winch is a lever. There are two ways of increasing the acting power of the screw; one by diminishing the distance of the threads, and the other by extending the length

* The wedge is used in separating large mill-stones from the rock. The workmen cut out a kind of circular ridge, and bore horizontal holes round it. These are afterwards filled with wedges of well dried wood, upon which water is then poured. This causes the wedges to swell, and in a day or two they force up the mill-stone.

of the winch. If the winch makes a circle of 850 inches while the screw rises but half an inch; the advantage gained will be as 800 to 1. But if the threads of the screw be so close that it rises no more than half an inch, while the lever or winch makes the circle above mentioned, then the advantage gained will be as 600 to 1: that is, a force equal to one pound, applied at the extremity of the lever, will balance a weight of 600 pounds acting against the screw.

But in all cases where the mechanic powers are employed, allowance must be made for the obstruction they receive from friction, which makes a considerable difference between the theory of the advantage resulting from their use, and the practice. The friction of the screw is so great in its practical effect, that there will be the difference of a third between the above calculation and the actual advantage it gives.

[To be continued.]

ON MUSIC.

[Continued from Page 545.]

ON THOROUGH-BASS.

THE very general approbation which our article on Singing has found (in No. 8, and No. 10, of this Magazine), makes us hope, that similar remarks on Thorough-Bass will be equally welcome to our readers. For, as the Fashionable World cannot be expected to submit to so many hours of daily practice, as is requisite to become, and remain a capital performer, and yet they are, as it were, compelled by rank and fortune, to make music part of their occupations, it is natural that they wish for as much amusement and enjoyment in it, as possible. And this it is difficult to find, without some knowledge of harmony in general, or of Thorough-Bass in particular. For this knowledge enables a musical person to accompany a figured bass, which is very useful in songs as well as other sorts of musical pieces, to play some extempore fancies of their own, and to harmonize melodies of songs, or to compose familiar pieces. And what renders the knowledge of harmony also valuable in the practice of playing, is, that it facilitates it as much as the knowledge of a language facilitates the reading and pronouncing of any composition of its words; to which still may be added the very important consideration, that such a knowledge does not require the constant trouble of daily practice, which the mechanical art of playing demands.

But every person of some musical experience will allow, that the study of Thorough-Bass has of late been so very difficult and tedious, that it was almost considered as highly unreasonable to propose it to ladies and amateurs. The greatest teachers of the piano-forte, therefore, strenuously advised their pupils not to attempt it; and we suppose that even many of our readers will have found it too difficult to obtain a satisfactory knowledge of it. It must therefore be very important to every musical person to know the cause of

such difficulties, and a remedy for them; and we hope to prove in this article, that both must evidently lie in the method of studying Thorough-Bass.

The original and most ancient method of it was, to explain or consider every interval and chord merely according to its individual appearance; that is to say: every third as a third, every fifth as a fifth, every bass third and fifth as a common chord, and so forth, without a systematical rule for those numerous cases, in which every interval and chord appears in itself very differently, from what the connection proves it to be in its respective place. But experience has taught, that such a method was as fallible, as it is to consider every member of human society merely individually; that is to say, every man as a man, every woman as a woman, and every man and woman walking, or talking together, as a married couple, without regard to the political and social differences, between a man as king or subject, as admiral or sailor, as giver or beggar, and between a man and woman as being married together or not, and so forth.

The fallibility of the above described method has long been felt by the greatest harmonists, who endeavoured to find a remedy for it; but as they did not perceive the cause of it, they only made bad worse. They took refuge in the doctrines of suppositions, additions, borrowings, substitutions, suspensions, anticipations, transitions, licences, exceptions, irregularities, &c. &c. which as they still adhered to the individual consideration of every combination, rendered the doctrine of harmony so perplexing, that even the greatest writers upon it could not find a clear way through the maze of their own rules, but frequently contradicted on one page what they had insisted upon on another. And consequently it was no wonder that many composers began to depend merely on their good natural feelings;

and that all amateurs were literally prohibited the study of harmony or Thorough-Bass.

As in all we have advanced there is not a word of exaggeration or misrepresentation, we feel a particular satisfaction in having it in our power to make our readers acquainted with a new method of learning Thorough-Bass, which removes all the former difficulties, and which has been published in a work this summer, entitled, "A New Theory of Musical Harmony", by A. F. C. Kollmann, Organist of his Majesty's German Chapel at St. James's.

The outlines of this new method, or new system, are as follow: the principal rule of it is, that every interval, or chord, which stands in connection with others, must be considered and treated according to the quality it obtains from that connection. This at once removes every embarrassment, and proves that all the harmony and melody which can be produced with the notes of our modern scale, depends on two fundamental chords as the roots of it, viz on the common chord, as fundamental concord; and the chord of the seventh, as fundamental discord. From these chords all the others are shewn to arise in two different manners, first, by mere inversion, that is to say, by making a higher note the lower one; and secondly, by using the diatonic and chromatic means between the intervals of those chords, as accidental fore-notes, and after-notes.

By this method, the region of modern harmony is so completely explored, that the almost infinite number of varieties, to which it shews the way, become depending on a few simple general rules, without one exception; and every known, or yet unknown chord or combination, is accounted for, by an equally simple and positive rule, as every visited, or yet unvisited, spot on the globe of our earth, is disposed of by the degrees of longitude and latitude. And this the work before us not merely asserts, but it is proved by numerous abstracts from classical compositions, some of which are the most intricate ones ever known; and the whole new system is shewn by a small example of two bars, on the title page of the work.

But the contrast between the proposed new system, and those former ones, by which chords of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth, are taught as chords in themselves, is rendered most striking in a chapter of the work before us, entitled "Confutation of the doctrine of chords, by supposition;" where it is shewn, that the thousands of rules required for that doctrine, do not explain one twentieth part of what Mr. Kollmann brings under four simple rules, in his doctrine of accidental fore-notes, and after-notes.

Nothing can therefore be more easy, even for

ladies and amateurs, who do not wish to spend all their time in the study of one art or science, than to obtain a true knowledge of harmony and thorough-bass, according to the proposed new system by Mr. Kollmann. And this is allowed by all those who have studied harmony, some of whom are persons of the first rank and quality in this country.

But as the work before us is calculated for the study of all that belongs to a complete knowledge of harmony, viz. to chords, modulation, and counterpoint, with their different related and subordinate branches, we have the satisfaction to add, that Mr. Kollmann has also in the press, and ready for publication, a smaller work entitled: "A Second Guide to Thorough-Bass," which is a familiar abstract from the doctrine of chords, of the new theory, with such practical exercises, as will enable a lady to play a figured bass. This, we presume to say, will deserve to be in the hands of every musical person.

We think it necessary to annex to the above important article, a brief account of Mr. Kollmann's other theoretical works, to shew the connection in which they stand with the described new theory, as follows:

His first theoretical work is entitled: "An Essay on Musical Harmony." London, 1796. (One volume in folio.) By this work Mr. K. introduced in this country Kirnberger's system of harmony, which at that time was the most natural one known. But having since discovered, that the said system disposes of more than one half of the combinations useful in music, in too arbitrary a manner, as he shews in the first chapter of the new theory, he made it his particular study to remove that great imperfection, and thereby discovered the new system explained above. It is therefore a great mistake of a certain author, that the new theory is a mere improvement of the first essay. For the system of the latter work is as distinctly different from that of the former one, as Newton's system is from any other; and this we shall be very ready to shew, if required.

The second work is entitled: "An Essay on Practical Musical Composition." London, 1799. (Also one volume folio.) This work forms as it were, a second part to the first essay; and treats of the construction of all sorts of musical pieces, viz: of sonatas, symphonies, concertos, fugues, and canons. And among the examples are found, four fugues and ten canons, by the author, being all on one subject; and a rondo, with variations of the subject. These pieces standing with the greatest credit among the masterly productions of Handel, Sebastian, and Emanuel Bach, Clementi, &c. they shew that our author can not only reason upon composition, but also ex-

emply the practice of it by his own works. And to these we may add his concerto, Op. VIII. as one of the most classical, as well as most brilliant pieces of its kind.

A third work is entitled: "A Practical Guide to Thorough Bass." London, 1800. This having been founded on the system of the first essay, Mr. Kollmann has entirely altered it according to his new system, in which form he is now on the point of publishing it.

Mr. Kollmann has two children, viz. a daughter, (Miss K.) who is a capital singer, and one of those few, who at present know how to form and

cultivate a voice in a regular manner. She made her first public appearance in last year's concert for the New Musical Fund, (Opera Rooms), and has already had great success in teaching. His son, (Mr. George K.) is known as a first-rate player on the piano forte, to which we may add, that he is also a very perfect harmonist, having had no other musical instruction than that of his father. Of this distinguished musical family, we shall, no doubt, have frequent opportunities to take further notice in our succeeding Numbers.

[To be continued]

FINE ARTS.

DESCRIPTIVE LETTER ON THE GALLERY OF DUSSELDORF.

UNFORTUNATE circumstances, you know, my friend, have accelerated my return; my personal interest was concerned; but it was not sufficiently strong to make me pass through Dusseldorf without viewing one of the finest galleries in Europe. If love for the fine arts can soften our troubles, the son who has just been deprived of his mother, often finds pictures analogous to his feelings, and at first sight can scarcely refrain from imagining that it is himself the painter has represented: he sheds tears, and happy if he can thus ease his overcharged heart!

The gallery of Dusseldorf is placed in a wing of the Castle, which was built in the year 1710, under the Elector Palatine John William; it has escaped the ravages of war, although the other part of the Castle is entirely demolished by the bombardment of the 2d of October, 1794. It appears that the French imagined that the pictures were still there, and spared it by the natural consideration due to the fine arts. The learned directors, foreseeing this misfortune, had already, during thirteen days, been employed in packing up the whole collection, consisting of 365 pictures, and one day preceding the bombardment, sent them off for Gluckstad, in Holstein; where they remained six years and a half. This gallery was saved by the Inspector, Professor Bruliot; the carriage and the journey has cost more than sixteen thousand pounds. It is fifteen months since the collection returned, and their order is nearly re-established.

It was John William who began to form this collection.—A zealous amateur of the fine arts, he invited the most celebrated painters to Dusseldorf, among whom we distinguish Vander-Werff, Schalcken, and Weenix, of whom this collection offers the most precious productions. Charles Theodore increased it greatly, and at the same time caused it to be put in order.

The 365 pictures are tolerably well arranged in six contiguous apartments; and as there was not room enough, they have hung some of them on the doors, and even on the window-shutters.

The Dusseldorf collection is distinguished by a number of productions from the Flemish school; it contains many of Rubens, Vandyke, Vander-Werff, and Schalcken, done when they were arrived at the meridian of their talent. There are also some fine pictures of the Italian school. I will describe a few of them. I have seen so many superb ones at Paris, that I may be pardoned for being rather difficult. I shall speak more amply of those of the Flemish school, as they more particularly arrested my attention, and I examined them more minutely.

The first picture that drew my admiration was that of the *Wise and the Foolish Virgins*, by Schalcken. I was compelled to render justice to this master, who, to tell you the truth, was never a great favourite of mine. I have, however, seen a great number of his productions; but I could never forget his faults of design and ex-

pression, before having seen his *Wise and Foolish Virgins*. The effects of light and shade are represented in so happy a manner, that I should not know whose production it was, so much has Schalcken surpassed himself in this composition. Forster pretends that there are fine works of this master at Cassel; but it is so long since I saw them, that I dare not contradict him, notwithstanding the wish I feel so to do. This picture represents eight Virgins, the five first of which are advancing with a light airy step; their lamps are burning. Three others behind seem much embarrassed; one of them is kneeling, her lamp is nearly extinguished, and she appears to be begging a little oil of her merry companions. Another Virgin, whose lamp is gone out, her hands joined, implores their assistance; while the third vainly blows her's, which she cannot re-illumine. A wick, fallen from a lamp, is still burning, and the illusion is carried to such a height, that one would wish to extinguish it. The light, which is nearly going out in the back ground, the effect of the lamp vainly blown, the reflection which falls on the three Virgins in the centre, are most astonishing in this *chef d'œuvre*. This picture, which is three feet two inches long, by three feet nine inches wide, has been twice engraved, first by Valentine Green, and afterwards by John Elias Haidin, in 1782. There are also here three more pictures of this master, who dwelt some time with the Elector John William. If the historical painter generally surpasses the painter of ordinary life, by the noble and exalted style in which he represents his subjects; the delineation of ordinary life may also sometimes surpass his rivals; and Gerard Douw, in his celebrated *Mountebank*, confirmed this opinion. I am not fond of this style; when there are historical Pictures to draw my attention, a glance contents me, and I return to history; yet this *Mountebank* arrested my attention against my will.

On a sort of a scaffolding, covered with an umbrella, is seen a *Mountebank*, engaging the surrounding multitude to purchase his infallible drugs. A thief has his hand in the pocket of a woman, who is robbed without perceiving it, so much is her attention taken up by the powers of the wonderful speaker. There is a little Savoyard, with his box that contains all his treasures, a little marmot, which every body wishes to see. A maker of pancakes is seen cleaning her child; this good mother might have fulfilled her duties without making us take a part in them, and the natural manner in which this artist has represented this scene, renders it still more disgusting. One of the principal personages in this composition, is a huntsman, who has a hare at his back; his simple

look, and the foolish attention which he bestows on the mountebank, seems to promise the latter, that the countryman will not continue his route without having been made his dupe. A gardener, who passes with his wheel barrow, appears really to move. The crowd of spectators are principally occupied in listening and speaking. At a window we discover the painter, who has represented himself with his pallet and brushes.

Much *naïveté* reigns in this picture; the heads are full of expression. If I find his *Diapsical Man*, at Paris, more highly finished, on the other hand I remark, in his *Mountebank*, more spirited touches. It appears to me that a picture is like a book; we have no longer a wish of reading it, if the author have explained all, in a manner to leave us nothing to add; he may wish to tell us every thing, but we would rather sometimes he should leave us something to divine. We throw away the book, vexed that he has not left us some little intervals which our imagination could have filled up. Hegedorn, in his "Reflections on painting," says, on the subject of this celebrated picture, that such delicate touches are discovered in the figures, that there are very few like them in the most elevated style of painting.

The *Mountebank* is one of Gerard Douw's largest pictures. It is three feet eight inches long, by two feet nine inches wide. It was painted on wood, in 1632; it has been engraved by Professor Hesz. This plate, which appeared in England, partakes much of the spirit of the original, a praise which we very seldom dare venture to bestow. Without depreciating the other productions of this skilful engraver, who resides at Dusseldorf, we may pronounce this plate his master-piece.

If we consider Vandyke as an historical painter, he does not certainly come up to his master, Rubens, neither for the richness of his composition, or the grandeur of his execution; but with respect to his portraits, they have only to be seen to crown him with fame. In other schools, he has only one rival, which is Titian, to whom he may sometimes appear rather dangerous.

There are here twenty-two of Vandyke's works, the greater part of which are painted in his best style. Of all his historical pictures, I prefer his *Christ borne to the Sepulchre*. The colours of this performance are light, and yet produce an astonishing effect; he has been reproached with incorrectness in his design. Some people prefer his *Jupiter, under the shape of a Satyr surprising the sleeping Antiope*. Among his portraits, a whole length one of a woman pleases me most. There is also a portrait of himself, done in his youth.

Two of Raphael's paintings are found here;

the *Holy Family*, painted in the beginning of his career, I shall not dwell on; the other is a fine Academical production, in his best style; it is *Saint John the Baptist in the Desert*, who, under the figure of a handsome young man, is seated on a rock, from which a torrent is pouring. He is almost naked; in his left hand he holds a cross, in his right a cup, filled with water. What a fine attitude—what truth—what design—what sublimity of style is here displayed! Who, except Raphael, has ever united so many beauties? Forster will not allow him the honour of having produced this piece, on account of the richness of the colouring. He attributes it to Andrew del Sarto: but his reason is not valid; for, if Raphael did not always succeed in this respect, he must be allowed to have sometimes equalled any of his contemporaries. A fault in this picture, a shortening of the left foot, convinces me that it is Raphael's: he is known to be rather incorrect in his proportions. It is related that this picture was found covered by a landscape in water colours, which was tolerably well executed. In cleaning it a painting in oil was discovered underneath. What surprise! what delight must have been experienced by the person who cleaned it, when, little by little, he perceived this fine work of the god of painting. It is imagined that this master-piece was thus hidden, in order to facilitate its removal. The difficulty of transporting the productions of ancient masters is well known.

This work has been engraved by Valentine Green.

The portrait of Luc Jordain, painted by himself, is done after the manner of Espagnolet.

The *Holy Virgin with the infant Jesus*, is without doubt a *chef d'œuvre* of Carlo Dolci's. He painted it in 1649, in his thirty-third year. You know I have no great partiality for this master; but that does not prevent me from believing that the critics have been too severe with respect to this picture. The reason is, perhaps, because it is unfortunately hung under the superb Raphael. Our judgment on a picture very often depends on the manner in which it is suspended. Many pictures lose greatly by being displaced. Several artists have assured me, that this is the reason why some of Rubens' pictures excite less admiration at Paris than at Antwerp.

The *Head of Christ*, by Corregio, is so expressive, that it made me melancholy.

There is by Andrew Del Sarto, who treated

Francis II. with so much ingratitude, a *Holy Family*, composed of the Virgin, the infant Jesus, St. Elizabeth, and the infant St. John.—The head and the drapery of Elizabeth pleased me excessively. This piece is, without doubt, one of the most capital performances of this master, as well by the grace displayed in the heads, as the beauty of the colouring. This picture, which is four feet six inches long, by three feet five inches wide, is painted on wood, and has been engraved in dots by L. Cosse.

There is here, by Dominiquino, whose *Saint Jerome* I have so often admired, a picture that does him much honour; it is *Susannah in the Bath*.—By this he proves that he possesses the talent of expression to the highest degree. Susannah is seen seated on the steps of the bath, wiping her fin: turned limbs: two of the Elders surprise her, and she seems in the act of screaming aloud. One of them, on the outside of the balustrade, extends his arms towards her, while the other forces open the door and approaches. Susannah's face is not disfigured, as Forster says; on the contrary, the grief and agitation of a virtuous woman is extremely well represented. The heads of the Elders are full of expression, particularly that of the one who is in the act of forcing the door. This picture is nine feet long, by eleven feet six inches wide. It has been engraved in dots by Egington.

The various judgments that have been passed on Adrian Vander Werff are much exaggerated. Some find all the perfections of painting in his works: others all the defects; the latter have probably seen him too little; while the former, in examining his works, fall in extasies without reflecting on the faults of the *ensemble*; a wise medium should be observed in every thing. A painter, who is so attentive to the smallest parts, requires to be studied before any sentence be passed on him. No one, however, ever painted drapery better than he. His flesh is censured, which certainly is rather inanimate, and partaking too much of the appearance of ivory; but are we to forget all his beauties, because we have discovered one defect.

Vander Werff should be studied at Dusseldorf; a great number of his best paintings are found there, where he resided at different periods under the reign of John William. Five-and-twenty of this master's works are seen here, four-and-twenty of which are nearly of the same size.

[To be continued.]

E. R.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

FRIENDSHIP'S COT.

BY MR. PRATT.

*Presented on the anniversary of a Friend's birth,
November 15, 1806.*

WHENEVER Friendship's Cot reviewing,
Whether while primroses are springing;
Or summer his bright course pursuing;
Or autumn the rich chaplet bringing;

Or winter, the wild deluge pouring,
Invested in his tenfold gloom,
Or, his dread hurricane is roaring,
Dear Friendship's Cot preserves its bloom.

What tho' the yellow leaves appearing
Will fall, and wither round the spot,
Yet mental summer, ever chearing,
Still irradiates Friendship's Cot.

What tho' the rain, with wind combining,
Sometimes shake the little roof;
The heart, well pleas'd to these resigning,
Knows Friendship's Cot is tempest proof?

What tho' against your casement hurling,
E'en all the elements together,
Freeze the poor wand'rer or worldling,
In Friendship's Cot—'tis sunny weather.

King's Road, Chelsea.

TO LAURA.

You bid me sing the song you love;
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay;
For Laura's lips no wish can move,
But I am blest, when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the poet dear,
Who form'd the song, you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be
The bard who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee
To nature just, to genius warm!
But ah! the bard, where is he fled?
Like common forms of vulgar clay;
The shades of night are round him spread;
The bard has lived, and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art
To music gave the poet's rhyme,
Touch'd with new eloquence the heart,
And wak'd to melody sublime,

How vainly would my eyes require,
And seek within the realms of day;
For like the master of the lyre,
He too has lived and pass'd away.

'Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,
These notes some unknown minstrel fir'd;
Yet where—to silent death resign'd,
Rests now the form the muse inspir'd?
No vestige points to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay!
Alas! why lives the song to charm?
All but the song has past away.

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that soften'd eye,
How quickly thro' thine heart can steal
The tender thought that bids thee sigh!
Not at thy will, from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can Genius claim;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain,
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Muse on and mourn, thou generous maid;
Ah! mourn for man thus doom'd to view
His little labours bloom and fade,
An hour destroy, an hour renew.
Vain humbled man! must every pride—
—All thy fond glories feel decay?
Must every boast, if office allied
To thee, but live to pass away?

Vain humbled man! as transient flies
Whate'er thy reasoning mind rever'd,
In some lov'd maid, thus sinks and dies
All to thy inmost soul endear'd.
Oh, Laura! haste thee to my breast!
Come, all thy life, thy love convey;
Oh! closer to my heart be prest—
Dost thou too live to pass away?

THE SAILOR.

A TALE.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks the native shore,
As all its less'ning turrets blueely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her air,

Ah! how each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
This the last wish with which its warmth could part,
To meet the smiles of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave;

When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet Hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo! at last she comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!

In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furld;
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,

And clasps the Maid he singled from the world.

TO A BUTTERFLY

IN A WINDOW.

ENCAP'D thy place of wintry rest,
And in the brightest colours drest,
Thy new-born wings prepar'd for flight,
Ah! do not, Butterfly, in vain
Thus flutter on the chrystal pane,
But go! and soar to life and light.

High in the summer buoyant gale
Through cloudless ether thou may'st sail,
Or rest among the fairest flowers;
To meet thy winnowing friends may'st speed,
Or at thy choice luxurious feed
In woodlands wild, or garden bowers.

Beneath some leaf of ample shade
Thy pearly eggs shall then be laid,
Small rudiments of many a fly;
While thou, thy frail existence past,
Shalt shudder in the chilly blast,
And fold thy painted wings, and die!

Soon fleets thy transient life away;
Yet short as is thy vital day,

Like flowers that form thy fragrant food,
Thou, poor ephemeron, shalt have fill'd
The little space thy Maker will'd,
And all thou know'st of life be good.

ODE TO THE SKY-LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
Soon as morning's purple dyes
O'er the eastern mountains float,
Waken'd by thy merry note,
Through green meads I gaily pass,
And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away;
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee lessen from my sight;
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden, swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing, and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Those jocund notes of liberty,
And sees thee independent soar,
With glad some wing, the blue sky o'er,
In wiry cage would thee restrain
To pant for liberty in vain;
And see thee 'gainst thy prison grate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound;
And yet not ope thy prison door,
To give thee liberty once more?

None! none! but he whose vicious eye
The charms of nature can't espy;
Who dozes those sweet hours away,
When thou begin'st thy merry day;
And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
To tread the meadows' morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear,
He keeps thee lonely prisoner.

Not such am I, sweet warbler; no;
For should thy strain as sweetly flow,
As sweetly flow, as gaily sound,
Within thy prison's wiry bound,
As when thou soar'st with lovers' pride,
And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide,
Yet still depriv'd of every scene,
The yellow lawn, the meadows green,
The hawthorn bush, besprent with dew,
The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
Not half the charms thou'dst have for me,
As ranging wide at liberty.

W. S.

ELEGIAC ODE. * *

WHEN the stroke of the Woodman had ceas'd in
the vñle,

And the sweet Philomela had finish'd her
song;

A sage Child of Sorrow repeated his tale,
And sigh'd to the stream as it murmur'd along.

"I have seen the glad prospect which led me
astray,
Change its lustre, and fade like the tints of the
morn;

I have seen the meridian splendor of day,
But night has succeeded, and found me forlorn.

"I have seen, as I pass'd, how the rose blush-
ing gay,

To the gl' of the morning its bosom display'd;
I remain'd,—but its beauties had faded away,
And the pride of the morn ere the ev'ning
was dead.

"I have seen (oh how lovely!) the maid of the
dale,

Flush'd with health, and with beauty tri-
umphantly tread;

But, alas! neither beauty nor heath could avail,
For all that was lovely, with Laura is dead.

"How delusive is Hope!—oh, how transient the
stay

Of the sun-beam that gilds our terrestrial
scene!

How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the blast of Misfortune how piercingly
keen!

"How blank is the prospect, how gloomy the
day,

Which is clouded with care, and o'ershadow'd
with woe;

How dreary, unsocial, and cheerless the way,
Which the Children of Sorrow must wander
below!

"Oh! when shall the Pilgrim arrive at his
home,

And man to his parent in gladness return;

Oh! when shall our sorrows be lost in the tomb,
And the wretched forget with the wretched to
mourn."

Thus nightly he sang, and the swains lov'd to
hear,

For his accents were gentle and mild as the
dew;

Till they dropp'd o'er his tale of misfortune a
tear,

And shrunk from the world, and the picture he
drew.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

Bare are the boughs where clust'ring foliage grew,
And loud the chilling wind howls o'er the
plain,

The hedge-row shines no more with morning
dew,

But falls, with heavy sound, the pattering rain.

Another Summer of my youth is gone,
Nor left a trace to say it once was mine;
In folly spent, its golden hours have flown,
Or lost at laughter-loving pleasure's shrine.

I fondly hop'd to cull the classic page,
Or woo stern science in her sombre cell:
Still meaner thoughts each passing day engage,
And ev'n neglected lies the Muse's shell.

Yet I had hop'd to form a raptur'd strain
Might bid my memory triumph o'er the
tomb—

But Genius flies from Pleasure's brawling train,
And seeks the shadowy glen 'mid evening's
gloom.

'Tis her's to climb the mountain's craggy steep,
And gaze upon the scene that glows around;
To muse in silence o'er the foaming deep,
Or list in horror to the tempest's sound.

'Tis her's, reclin'd beneath the moon's pale beam,
To give the passing air a living form;
Or 'wilder'd in Imagination's dream,
To view the angry spirit of the storm.

Yet what avails her power, her thoughts refin'd?
They only give a keener sense of woe;
Far more sereneness feels the humble mind,
Than they whose breasts with genius' throb-
bings glow.

Then be it mine, amidst domestic joys,
To live retir'd, nor feel Ambition's flame;
Its wild controul the bosom's peace destroys,
And arduous is the path which leads to fame!

But happy he, with calm contentment blest,
Who gazes raptur'd on an infant train,
Clasping a lov'd companion to his breast,
Who gives each pleasure zest, and soothes every
pain.

Be mine his bliss! in some sequester'd shade,
Far from the world, its follies and its crimes,
Be mine to mark life's latest shadows fade,
Whilst nature's lore my humble joy aulimes.

Tho' not forgot shall be the simple lay,
That oft has charm'd misfortune's heavy hour;
Still, Poesy! I'll court thy heav'nly sway,
Still shall my willing bosom own thy power!

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

EUROPE is no longer that assemblage of independent States, united by commercial relations, divided only by political claims or natural jealousies, and forming therefore a whole, in which a certain harmony might be preserved. The present state of Europe resembles that Oriental religion in which all adoration is paid to the genius of evil. Every thing, the minds and spirits of men, is subjected under the predominant fortune of Bonaparte; he has conquered, not kingdoms, for they might be recovered; his conquest is more complete, it is a conquest over the general courage of Europe.

Europe has doubtless sufficient cause to tremble. But let us look the danger manfully in the face. Precipitation has led to great calamities; despair may lead to still worse. The calamities of one war are recoverable by the fortune of a succeeding one; languor and despair, the cowardice of the mind, are the seals of our misfortune, the voluntary resignation of the cause.—Europe has indeed lost the greater part of her effective force; let her rally the remainder, her *reserves de reserve* may still do much. It may check the progress if not repel it beyond the present point of advanced of a Power which must otherwise annihilate the independence of Europe. The authority of Bonaparte has been augmented in a greater proportion than his intrinsic strength.

Bonaparte at this moment lays claim to the Empire of Charlemagne, as did Charlemagne to that of Constantine; but when Charlemagne was first crowned, at Rome, Emperor of the West, there was no Power in Europe that was not subjected under his arms. Charlemagne did not seize on one half of Europe under the eyes of the other half; he had subdued all, and his general dominion was but the fruit of his general conquest.

There is, moreover, in the very nature of the French Power one very important hold for hope, *Mole ruat sua*, is an ancient adage. The French Empire is, perhaps, too great to last. It is composed of parts which, in the language of the poet, are rather "joined than matched." The world does not present a single example where a confederate Empire has survived its first founder. The hand which had the power and ingenuity to build, was required to hold together the unnatural structure. The hand was no sooner removed than it fell

into as many fragments as it was composed of parts.

The conclusion which we wish to deduce from these circumstances is, that the present French power is not calculated to be a permanent structure; and that however it may overawe Europe in the present age, it will wear a form less tremendous in the eyes of our posterity. It is, in every sense of the word, a structure of Fortune, and may disappear with the same suddenness as it was erected. It sprung out of the earth like a magic fabric, it may sink into it again like that of a dream.

One thing, however, is certain, that this is not the time to contend against it. The fortune of France bears every thing before it, and by daily accessions has acquired such a physical force, that nothing can stand in direct opposition against it. Let the ball roll, it will dissolve as it moves,—every new motion will but the more shake the coherence of its ill-cemented atoms. Meet it, and you must be swept before it. France is too powerful to be conquered by immediate conflict; elude her, let her spend her strength in the air, encourage the jealousies which are natural to such a state of things, and you may finally succeed.

In respect to the general aspect of Continental affairs, there is very little consolation to be drawn from them. Notwithstanding the loss of his capital, and two-thirds of his empire, the King of Prussia has refused an armistice; in other words, that sort of treaty with France which would affix to his losses the stamp of his own voluntary surrender. This was, perhaps, prudent. He could scarcely lose more by resistance than by concession. He is now, however, driven up into a nook of his dominions; and waiting the reinforcement of the Russian army. Bonaparte is by this time, perhaps, at Warsaw; and the high road to Moscow is more than half accomplished.

The war against England, on the Continent, is carried on in the usual manner, by confiscations of her merchandize, and prohibitions of her commerce; to which has lately been added, a declaration by the Chief of France,—“That she is in a state of insular blockade.”

Our domestic affairs carry an important, but not unpleasing aspect. The new Parliament is assembled; and the first discussions will be on the subject of the late negotiation.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR DECEMBER.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE Opera, this season, has been enriched by the accession of the most celebrated singer (we might almost say) that nature and art have hitherto produced. We scarcely need announce Madame Catalani. This lady was born in Ausonia, in Italy; in which, at a very early age, she surpassed almost every other musical competitor. Paris, however, was the chief scene of her glory, which she left, upon the temptation of the English Opera managers, who have engaged her at a salary exceeding what was ever given to any other female singer. Her age is four-and-twenty; her person is delicate and *petite*; and she bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Siddons.

Her powers, as an actress, are almost equal to those which she possesses as a singer; she treads the stage with a majesty and grace not inferior to Grassini. In the Comic Opera, she is likewise said to excel. In a word, the opera amateurs call her a prodigy; the less enthusiastic critic may be excused if he pronounces her hitherto unrivalled.

The first Opera, which was *Semiramide*, on the 13th instant, was numerously attended, and met with general approbation. Madame Catalani was applauded with the greatest rapture, and she did high credit to herself in point of performance; for she sang with astonishing execution, and exquisite taste. But, if we may be allowed to point out a defect in this favourite, we should say, she seemed to be deficient in point of ear, for she sang too flat all the evening. Whether this can, in some measure, be ascribed to her appearing, for the first time, before so great and brilliant a house, we are unable to ascertain; but certain it is, that similar little deficiencies had been observed in her rehearsals, which were also ascribed to fearfulness. Her action was easy, simple, and affecting, though some thought that she gesticulated too much. One thing seems to have struck every person, viz that she misapplies the smile, and puts it on death, barbarity, cruelty, and pain, in the same manner as on love, joy, and other sweet expressions. The fault of singing too flat she endeavoured to rectify, on Tuesday, the 15th, but unluckily it made her sing sometimes too sharp. Yet she was again most cordially applauded.

The music of the new Opera is composed by Portogallo. It is in the lighter sort of the Italian style, full of natural air, and has a pleasing effect, though it will not bear to be compared with the operas of Mozart and Winter. The *vox humana*, which is introduced in it, is that antient sort of a crooked hautboy, otherwise called the *Corno Inglese*, or English horn. But it has not the least resemblance to a human voice, unless it was to the most sheepish one; and what spoils its effect entirely is, that in one of the songs it is seconded on the beautiful bassoon, by Holmes.

DRURY-LANE.

NEW PIECES.

Tekeli; or, *The Siege of Montgatz*, by Mr. Theodore Hook, was produced, at this theatre, in the latter end of November. This piece is a translation from the French, and bears a strong resemblance to the musical After-piece, *The Escapes*, produced some time since at Covent-Garden.

The plot is a kind of narrative of the escapes of Count *Tekeli*, (the Polish General) from the pursuits of the Austrian army, which was, at that period, besieging Montgatz. In this pursuit of *Tekeli*, many adventures occur, particularly in the house of a miller, who shelters him at the hazard of his life.

The piece concludes with *Tekeli's* gaining the city; from which he makes a sally, defeats the Austrians, and compels them to abandon the siege. The story is tolerably well related, though we cannot much commend the circumstance of concealing *Tekeli* in a tub, and carrying him out of the mill in a sack.

The music, by Mr. Hook, sen. was pleasing and appropriate. *Tekeli* has already been acted twenty-six nights.

Mr. H.—A Farce has been produced with this whimsical name. The humour was the raillery of the affectation of that mincing practice, so common in life, of calling people by the initials of their names, as Mrs. V.—Mr. C.—&c. &c. *Mr. H.* whose real name was *Hogaflesh*, adopts this practice from the disgust naturally excited by the mention of his real name, and passes

under the name of *Mr. H*—This gives rise to several pleasant adventures; and the piece proceeded very auspiciously till the discovery of the name of *Hogsflesh*; when the taste of the audience became offended, and a damnation ensued.

The prologue was, without exception, the best since the days of Garrick.

REVIVALS.

Murphy's Comedy of *Know Your Own Mind*, has been revived at this theatre; but it has hitherto done nothing.

NEW APPEARANCES.

A Young Lady, of the name of Ray, has made a most successful *debut*, in the character of *Albina Munderville*, in the Comedy of *The Will*.

She is very young. Her characteristics are a most prepossessing countenance, a melodious and articulate voice, and a general simplicity and ease, which win irresistibly upon her first presenting herself. She is, above all, no copyist. Her manner is entirely her own. This is a merit as rare as it is inestimable. We are fatigued with imitations; and the praise of originality, when just, should be liberally awarded.

Miss Ray was received with rapture.

Bannister has returned to the stage since his late accident; and his reception was such as he deserved; warm, enthusiastic, and sincere.

COVENT-GARDEN.

REVIVALS.

The Tempest has been revived at this theatre; not, indeed, Shakespeare's *Tempest*, but a piece, manufactured by the conjunct labours of Dryden and Davenant, upon the ground of the original of Shakespeare. The critics have always doubted whether Dryden and Davenant did not do more harm than good in their intermeddling with the works of our immortal bard. It is certain, that their additions have nothing of the quality of the stuff to which they are attached. The coarse, homespun fabric of Shakespeare, could derive little advantage from the flourishing and tambouring of the wits of the reign of Charles.

As a companion to *Miranda* (the daughter of *Prospero*), Dryden has created another sister (*Dorinda*); but they no more resemble each other than the latter resembles nature. Instead of simplicity, and chaste untutored nature, Dryden has given to *Dorinda* an indelicacy of

sentiment and expression; and a general tone of character rather foolish and profligate, than any wise resembling that of a child brought up in a state of nature, without experience of mankind, either in scenes of life, or the lessons of books. In a word, *Dorinda* is any thing but what Shakespeare would have made her.

Hippolito, the character which Davenant supplied, is more natural; but, though there is nature in his constitution, there is a most outrageous violation of it in the uses to which he is put in the drama. He is killed for no manner of reason; or, if for any, it is to excite our disgust of a character (*Ferdinand*) for which Shakespeare intended to awaken our warmest love and affection. He is, however, restored to life for the sake of the catastrophe; but this is a most unnatural use of magic. Shakespeare left no precedent for it. He might open sepulchres and call up ghosts; but he stopt here; he left them in that "bourne, from which no traveller returns." Dryden, however, had other ideas; and he no sooner gets hold of *Prospero's* wand, than he resolves to play some of his own pranks with it. And what does he do? He disenchants us at once; and the minds of the audience, which were before holden in a pleasing magical delusion, are disgusted by those outrageous improprieties which at once awaken them to the vanity and grossness of the whole.

Dryden, who could so readily confess,

"That Shakespeare's magic could not copied be,
"Within that circle none could walk but he—"

Should have remembered the lesson he taught, and not, in this ill-matched contest, between wit and nature, have exposed himself to the ridicule of the critic, and the charge of degrading Shakespeare.

Mr. Kemble's *Prospero*, in this piece, was a very impressive performance; but the part is not much suited to affect.

This revival has not been very popular.

NEW PIECES.

A new Farce, called *Arbitration*, from the pen of Mr. Reynolds, has appeared at Covent-Garden with success. It is a light, shallow thing, unworthy either of praise or blame.

NEW PERFORMERS.

A young Lady, of the name of Meadows, appeared in *Ariel*, in *The Tempest*. She is a light interesting figure, and sings prettily; but, upon the whole, she promises little excellence.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For JANUARY, 1807.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

PARISIAN COSTUME.

No. 1.—A MORNING WALKING DRESS.

Of twill sarsnet, cambric, or velvet, embroidered round the bottom and up the right side, where it confines the front which wraps under it, with three bows and ends of correspondent ribband; long waist, with robin front; and long sleeve, nearly to fit the arm. An erect Vandyke ruff, sloped to a point at the extremity of the waist, terminating with a steel clasp, which secures the belt. An Indian Scarf, or long shawl of crimson, with diversified ends, and border, thrown loosely over the shoulders, and negligently supported by the right hand. A poke bonnet, of woven willow, or fancy straw, blended with crimson velvet; bows of the same in front, edged with velvet; a band of the same passed under the chin, terminating in a bow and ends on the crown. Hair cropt behind, and formed in close curls in front. York tan gloves, and kid shoes.

No. 2.—A PARISIAN BALL DRESS.

A frock of white Italian crape, over a white satin slip; the latter edged with a narrow border of pink velvet at the feet; the frock festooned in gentle curves round the bottom, with single Persian roses; ornamented up the front with the same, placed at regular distances, finishing in front of the waist, and apparently confining a pink velvet girdle. The body of the dress quite plain, lacing behind with a pink chord; and cut so low at the bottom as greatly to expose the bust. A narrow tucker of net, with full corkscrew edge. A full Melon-sleeve formed of alternate stripes of white satin, and pink velvet; finished at the bosom with a trimming of corkscrew corresponding with the tucker. The hair divided behind; part formed in braids, and brought in loose loops over the right eye, the rest folded round the head in a plain band, so as entirely to disclose the ears, and fastened at the back with a cornet comb of pearl; two roses, similar to those which ornament the dress, are placed on the left side. Pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; pink satin shoes, with silver trimmings. White kid gloves.

No. XI. Vol. I.

• ENGLISH COSTUME.

No. 3.—A MORNING DRESS,

Of French cambric, made with a train; plain waist, rather high behind, and sharply rounded at the chest; trimmed round the bottom with muslin *à-la-corkscrew*; long and very full sleeves, edged at the hands with the same; a blue ribband round the waist, terminating with bows and ends on the right side. The cap *à-la-cloister*, entirely concealing the hair, flowing loose, and shading the face on the left side, gathered above the right eye-brow in a sort of irregular nose, and simply confined round the head with a blue ribband, which finishing behind with a bow, forms the crown, or caul of the cap. A neckerchief, or shirt, sitting full in the front, and high towards the throat, with a deep falling collar, embroked at the edge. Limerick gloves, and jean shoes.

No. 4.—MOURNING FULL, OR OPERA DRESS.

A Spanish vest and petticoat of Italian crape, worn over white satin, with a rich border of embossed velvet, terminating at the extreme edge with a narrow Vandyke, or fringe of bugles; the petticoat gathered in a drapery towards the right knee, with a chord and tassels; the front of the vest made high, and formed in irregular horizontal gathers; confined with two narrow bands of bugles, terminating at the corners of the bosom, where the vest flows loose, and forms the square bust, which is finished with a pearl or diamond brooch in the centre. A short full twisted, or rucked sleeve, bordered at the bottom similar with the vest. The hair in a plain band round the right temple, relieved, and terminated by loose curls, which commence on the crown of the head, and flow in long irregular ringlets from the left eye-brow, so as to reach the shoulder. A plain lace veil, with slight border, fastened on the crown of the head, falling over the right side of the bosom, and reaching below the waist. A pearl or diamond ornament, blended with the hair, over the left eye. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets to correspond. White kid gloves, white satin shoes. Fan of ebony, inlaid with ivory, and silver mount.

A GENERAL DELINEATION OF THE FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

THE mourning for the respected, and venerable Duke of Brunswick, though principally designed for the Court, was, on its first commencement, a costume very generally adopted by the multitude; and our public places in consequence exhibited an aspect of gloom and solemnity. The cloud has, however, begun to disperse; and the rainbow tints of fashion and variety again call forth our observation, and attract us more immediately to admire those graces they are destined to illuminate.

The fawn-coloured pelice, and mantle of kerseymere velvet, or sarsnet in diverse forms, have resumed their popularity: nor do we recollect ever to have seen a colour so justly entitled to public suffrage; it is unobtrusively elegant, and attracts by its simplicity. The Russian mantle, given in our last, is much in request; also the plain kerseymere coat, trimmed down the front, round the bottom, collar, and cuffs, with Trafalgar trimming of the same colour; and is worn with a cottage bonnet, or yeoman hat, to correspond. The velvet pelice, flowing open as a robe, and the Cardinal coat, as minutely described in our last Number, are selected by the most tasteful females: but the most novel of this species of habiliment is the Roman mantle. It is composed of a long width of kerseymere, and is trimmed quite round, with a fur of the Leopard's skin. It is cut in the most fanciful form; wrapping round the figure in front, and falling in two points towards the left side, and behind; from which points are suspended tassels the colour of the mantle, which confine it also on the neck, it having no cape. A plain hat, of the same materials as the mantle, is usually worn with it. It has a flat brim, which is gently turned up towards the left side, and lined with Leopard's skin. A silk chord round the crown, finished with full floss tassels in front, is its only ornament. The effect of this costume on an elegant figure, is beyond description attractive and splendid; but to be adopted with consistency requires the accompaniment of a carriage. We have observed a new and useful ornament in the style of a tippet, which we think worthy of description. It is composed of velvet or twill sarsnet, cut in the form of a scarf, with sharp rounded ends, reaching within a quarter of a yard of the feet. The back and shoulders are cut in the form of a coachman's cape, or in the shape of a tippet. The scarf is put in full on the shoulder, and is usually lined throughout with a coloured sarsnet, agreeably contrasted with the outside; and is invariably trimmed with skin, either blue fox, squirrel, or leopard. It is often worn with

a plain pelice of the same material; but is more generally adopted as a shelter from partial air, sometimes experienced at the theatres, &c. and in this capacity it may be considered as combining utility with grace, and taste with convenience. The long scarf *a la Parisot*, composed of mohair, or shawl muslin in imitation, is a most distinguishing ornament. Its colours are generally salmon, cream-colour, orange, and fawn. It has a rich border, happily contrasted with the ground; and on the latter are large variagated spots, where the gold-coloured silk is chiefly predominant.

These scarfs are nearly four yards long; and are worn in various directions; forming a most elegant drapery over a plain white dress. The style most generally adopted by our women of fashion, is, throwing it negligently over the left shoulder, letting it fall nearly to the feet: the other end is passed under the adverse arm; and confined in a sort of festooned drapery, by the natural and unstudied security given by the left hand. Sometimes this end is left to flow loosely behind, mingling with, or forming the train of the dress.

We do not discover much alteration in the general style of gowns since our last. The backs continue to be cut low, though not quite so much in the extreme, as a few weeks back. The frock bosom, and square front still prevail: but are not considered so new as that formed of full reversed gathers, divided in the centre with footing lace, or satin; and trimmed on the top with chenille plaited net, or narrow fringe of silver, &c. Sleeves are for the most part in the opposite extreme, either very high and full, with a plaiting of net, fall of lace, or bordering to correspond with the dress; at others they are formed of lace, or richly embroidered, and plainly extended over white satin. The coloured muslin, or shawl dresses, are invariably worn over white sarsnet or satin; and the bosoms and sleeves of these vestments are made quite plain; and either trimmed with fur, or swansdown; or embroidered in a rich pattern of gold-colour. We have seen a dress of Italian crape worn over a pale pink satin slip, ornamented with a border of white bugles in vandyke at the bottom; the bosom and sleeves quite plain, but thickly studded with single bugles; and a high and full tiara to correspond.

A dress of white Italian gauze, with a border and drapery of hoops in foil, has attracted our observation by its novel elegance. White velvet spencers, flowing open from the shoulders in front, and finished with a gold chord and tassel, or band and clasp, are much worn with round train dresses. They have a compact and graceful appearance. The backs of these spencers are cut like the gowns, and have a short but full

Roman sleeve, made high on the shoulder, to meet a plain one, formed of lace or needle-work.

The fronts of most dress gowns are formed so high, that delicacy asks no other shade for the bosom : yet we venture to recommend to the full forms the round tucker of net or muslin, edged with a border of needle-work.

We have recently witnessed a new style of wearing the half neckerchief : it was adopted by a female celebrated for beauty, fashion, and invention; who is somewhat *embonpoint*. The ends were crossed full on the lower part of the neck behind, so as to relieve the extreme lowness of the back, and to form a light contrast to the dress ; it was then folded low on the shoulder, and crossed plain over the bosom in a wrap form, meeting on the opposite side of the robe, and terminating at the corner of the bosom, with an emerald brooch. This simple style of shading the bust is particularly becoming, and gives a chaste finishing to the *tout ensemble*.

The hanging sleeve frock, with biased front, has lately been introduced amongst very young women ; and is invariably worn over white or coloured satin slips. The waists, however, being much shorter, and the hanging sleeve more tastefully formed, than that of our ancestors, divests it of all formality, and leaves it a costume by no means ungraceful. The simple round train dress of India, or Moravian muslin, if formed agreeable to the fashionable standard, and aided by tasteful, and well-chosen ornaments, must ever be considered unobtrusively elegant, and will attract by its neatness, rather than dazzle by its splendour.

The *Tekeli Cap*, and *Alexina Helmet*, has lately been selected by a few fashionables, who are distinguished for tasteful singularity, and whose beauty and rank entitle them to take those liberties of invention and whim, which do not infringe on the laws of modesty. The above-mentioned ornaments are an improvement on those which are worn by the hero *Tekeli*, and his noble heroic consort, in the celebrated Melo-drama of *The Siege of Montgutz*.

The hair is still much compressed. The Madonna front is sometimes seen, with loose curls flowing irregularly over it ; others braid the whole of the hind hair, and fasten it tight with a comb, bringing it across the head in full braids, so as to bind the left temple, and expose the ear ; while on the other, are small flat curls. The tiara of raised frost-work in silver, is a very elegant ornament. The pearl crescent, also *bandeaux* of diamonds, &c. are much seen in front of the hair ; but no brooches are worn on the head ; and the veil, now banished the *toilette*, has retired within the *cloister*. The half kerchief not more than five-eighths square, of fawn-

colour or morone muslin, embroidered richly in white or gold-coloured silk, is fancifully placed at the back of the head with a coronet, band, or other ornament in front, and forms a most distinguished head-dress.

Hats and bonnets are chiefly made of kersymere, velvet, or sarsnet, to correspond with the mantle or pelice with which they are worn. Broad black lace plaited full on the forehead, and put plain on the sides, forming the peak of the bonnet, with the fur of divers animals ; *Trafalgar trimming* and *swansdown* are their only fashionable ornaments.

The *cap à-la-rustique*, and the simple quartered cap of patent net over white or coloured satin ; a broad net lace plaited across the crown, and continued under the chin, without any other embellishment, are much in esteem, and give to the morning dress a consistency and simplicity which is very attractive. These dresses are sometimes made very high round the throat, and finished with the vandyke or plain frill *a-la-Mucen-Elizabeth*, or the double trimming *a-la-corkscrew* ; but those which are considered most elegant, are cut very low behind, with scarce any shoulder-strap ; a square front edged with a border of needle-work ; and shirt of the same material, embroidered round the throat and up the front, in form of a triangle.

Trinkets continue without any material alteration since our last, except that the pigeon brooch (which still prevails) is now formed of a sort of composition resembling the plumage of the bird.

Dress shoes are chiefly white, and invariably of satin or kid. With white dresses we have seen a few fawn-coloured and melbourn brown, which were singularly neat. All dress shoes are now finished with rosetts of gold, silver, or bugles. Walking shoes are usually made high, and tied or laced up the instep.

White kid, Limerick, or York tan, are the only gloves which can be worn consistently in full, or evening dress ; on other occasions the selection is optional. The prevailing colours for the season are, fawn-colour, bright morone, silver-grey, and pink.

OPERA OBSERVATIONS,

IN A LETTER FROM ELIZA TO JULIA.

Thank you a thousand times, my dear rustic friend, for your last indulgent letter.

There is something commanding and impressive in an act of generosity, however trifling ! It calms the tempest of the soul, subdues anger, and softens the pang which neglect imposes.

My sweet friend, I am just returned from the

OPERA, where we have all been completely charmed; it is surely the most delightful *coup-d'œil* that ever entranced a wondering mortal.

You remember hearing of the celebrated singer Grassini, of whom cousin Mary wrote with such enthusiasm last winter. She was considered as most dignified, graceful, and expressive; but this bewitching Catalani (the present phenomenon of the musical world) is even more. So fascinating, so powerful, so sweet, so transcendent, and so versatile are her powers, that she takes captive the heart; and judgment, entranced in silence, breathes and looks a fullness of approbation and rapture. "I am sure there is a soul in music," my dear Julia used to exclaim, as at the dear personage I played to her the simple air of "When pensive I thought of my love." My dear creature, could you but see the delicacy at this Theatre, I am sure you would say there was a soul in motion also.

But now to the main subject which is to ensure a welcome to my epistle. To delineate from life, it is, however, necessary that I confine myself in a great degree to colour; for black, though not absolute, was prevailing. It is not, however, entirely of the sable hue, but is enlivened by a gentle relief, of gold, silver, pearl, or bugle ornaments. The dresses of our most celebrated fashionables are chiefly of Italian gauze, crape, or muslin, over white. Several head-dresses struck me as particularly elegant and becoming, and equally so out of mourning; of these I will say something hereafter; at present listen to a description of the attractive costume worn by my beautiful cousin. It was a round dress of Italian gauze, worn over white satin, the train very short, embroidered up the front in three divisions, round the bottom, bosom, and sleeves in a delicate border of gold leaves; and on her head was a rich diadem to correspond. This with white satin shoes and fan of white crape with gold edge, composed the exterior of her dress. Mine was a habit completely simple, but the effect was neat, and not unattractive. It was formed of undress crape worn over white sarsnet; three deep tucks were laid at regular distances round the bottom, and two of the same breadth down the front, each of these tucks were thickly studded with single bugles.

My hair was dressed in a full but plain band on the forehead, so as entirely to expose my ears; the hind part was braided, and formed in a knot; the ends falling in corkscrew curls on the left side of my neck; a row of fine pearl was twisted once through the band in front, and

finished by being entwined in the braid behind. One row of pearl ornamented my neck, and composed also my bracelet. I wore a cable armlet, formed of the hair of my two darling Cousins. My shoes and gloves were of white kid. In this place of fashionable resort, the veil was partially revived; but turbans seemed almost entirely exploded. The hair in various forms—in the ancient Eastern style, or in simple braids and curls, fancifully placed, was universal. The diadem, high tiara, or wreath, formed in an arched leaf in front, and composed of gold, silver, foil, or bugles, was the most prevailing ornaments. I was exceedingly attracted by the effect of one of these diadems, formed of grey fur, spotted thickly with silver foil.

A small yeoman hat of velvet, turned up with deep tiara front, embroidered in silver, with a single ostrich feather, drooping towards the left side, struck me as elegant.

The bosoms of dresses were universally made high in front, and though many were gently rounded, yet they invariably terminated sharp at the corners of the bosom, and left the shoulders, back, and throat, entirely exposed.

The long sleeve was so general this evening, as to attract my particular observation. It was chiefly composed of a very clear material, corresponding with the drapery of the dress, was made very large, and twined round the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, with a narrow band of gold, silver, pearl, or beads. You cannot form your under dress too scanty to exhibit the drapery which may flow over it to advantage.

I accompany this packet with an *invisible petticoat*, which I beg you will wear for my sake, and your own. You will find it a most comfortable, compact, and seasonable appendage; and I doubt not will join me in the hope, that it will place the odious and vulgar article which formerly supplied its place, entirely on the shelf. I have occupied my time so agreeably in your service, my dear friend, as to render me unmindful of the lateness of the hour. Nothing is now left me but to take advantage of the general observations transcribed at my leisure, and enclose them for your investigation in their original state.

Good night! dear Julia!—for once in my life I am weary with pleasure; amidst which, the satisfaction of scribbling to you has not been the least; and if any thing is wanting to complete the happiness I experience here, it is the presence of her who will ever be near and dear to the heart of

ELIZA.

SUPPLEMENT
TO
LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.
OR
Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,
FOR THE YEAR 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable Portrait of His Majesty George III.
2. A Map of the present Seat of War, and a correct and authentic Plan of the late fatal Battle of Jena.

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1807.

SUPPLEMENT
TO THE FIRST VOLUME OF
Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,

CONTAINING A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED WORKS OF
LITERATURE FOR THE YEAR 1806.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Memoirs of Richard Cumberland; written by himself. Containing an Account of his Life and Writings, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of the most distinguished persons of his time, with whom he had intercourse or connection. 4to. Pp. 533. Lackington. 1806.

WE do not know who first set the example of an author becoming his own biographer. If it be certain, indeed, that no one is better acquainted with the incidents of a man's life than himself, it is equally certain, in our humble opinion, that no one is less calculated to sit in judgment upon them. The vanity of the biographer is here as mischievous to the cause of truth as could be any degree of ignorance. If, in points of doubtful faith, as in many parts of history, we consider it a just argument for incredulity, that it is transmitted to us by this or that friend or flatterer, how much stronger is the objection that it is transmitted to us by the man himself.

If this reasoning will apply almost to the narrative of facts in which the writer himself has been engaged, it is still more solid with regard to those judgments and opinions which he shall venture to pass upon himself. We are not so formed by nature as to be the most unexceptionable judges of ourselves; our candour will be suspected even in a generous self-condemnation, and if we are resolved upon the *mihi plaudo domi*, we should, at least, do it with the doors shut.

Supplement—Vol. I.

Cæsar and Xenophon, indeed, have long instructed and delighted the world with the histories of their own expeditions; but, upon one side, it must be remembered that even Cæsar has kept more to his expedition than to his own person; and that with regard to Xenophon, in his account of his expedition, his name so seldom occurs, and is then so cursorily mentioned, as almost to have led to a doubt whether he had absolutely written what has reached us under his name. The ancients knew how to do every thing well; hence, even in these their private histories, assuming an appearance, at least, of impartiality where the reality of it was perhaps impossible, they speak in the third person, and Cæsar and Xenophon as actors, appear perfectly different persons from Cæsar and Xenophon as writers. Here was some sacrifice to propriety.

With regard to an author becoming his own biographer, it cannot escape remark, that as the life of an author is the æra of his writings, and the deeds of an author are the works of his brain, his narrative must be limited to his closet, and he must become the narrator of his own triumphs. This might, perhaps, be excused, but

there is another more offensive incident;—he might be pardoned being his own biographer, if he did not at the same time become his own critic; but in the mention of his own works it is difficult to avoid a detail of their defects or excellencies.

Here, indeed, in the very outset, is our chief source of complaint with regard to the work before us. Mr. Cumberland has here set all propriety at most outrageous defiance; he not only becomes his own critic, but, by a peculiar logic, vindicates his right to assume this judgment chair, and insists that he alone is qualified to fill it. We should not object, from the very principles of equity, that he should plead his own cause, but as we boast to possess common sense, we cannot consent that he should pass an irreversible judgment.

Mr. Cumberland, however, acknowledges no principles of this kind; his modesty is here beyond all example. He protests that, divesting himself of all prejudice, and judging of his own as of the work of a person indifferent to him, his *West Indian* is the best piece that ever was produced on the stage; that his *Fashionable Lover* “in true elegance of writing, and delicacy of sentiment,” is, perhaps superior to it; that the two latter acts of the *Choleric Man* have not the wit and brilliancy of the three former; and that his poem of *Calvary*, and his novel of *Arundel* “are most perfect in their kind.” We could not have believed all this had we not ourselves read it. With all our regard for Mr. Cumberland, and our admiration of his talents, which are brilliant and solid upon their natural ground, we experienced a sentiment of indignation, that he should fall into these ridiculous vanities. A master of ridicule, the first comic writer of his day, should not have been thus most supremely ridiculous.

With regard to the title-page, we have no hesitation to impute it wholly to the Bookseller. Mr. Cumberland is an ingenious man, a man of truth and simplicity; he would never have promised, as the most prominent part of the book, anecdotes of distinguished characters with whom he had lived and been connected, when such anecdotes do not comprehend one-twentieth part of his volume. The only persons that he particularly mentions are

Lord George Germaine, Mr. Doddington, Lord Halifax, and Mr. Garrick; we had, indeed, forgotten Soame Jenyns and Baron Eyre; he mentions these in such a manner as to excite our most lively regret that he has said no more of them. Mr. Cumberland excels in drawing characters; this is his chief merit, and a merit it is of a very superior worth; it necessarily requires a most acute observation on life and manners.

Mr. Cumberland, upon the side both of father and mother, is descended from a venerable stock; his maternal grandfather was the celebrated Bentley, the great restorer of the classics. If the magnificent patronage of Leo X. brought forth to life and light these more solid treasures of ancient Greece and Rome, the genius and learning of Bentley purified them from the rust which they had collected in the damp cells, and presented them to the eyes of mankind in all their natural splendor. It too frequently happens, that the very excellence, and full success of an author, are the most effectual means of defrauding his reputation. It has so happened to Dr. Bentley. Seeing the classics in their present state of purity, we think nothing of the hand which has thus brightened them; we see the work done, and think nothing of inquiring by whom it has thus been so admirably effected; with the exception of the more learned scholars of our universities, we question whether much is known of Bentley but his illustrious name.

Mr. Cumberland stickles vehemently for the gentle disposition of this Aristarchus; he relates an anecdote of his kindness for children. This may be, but Bentley was, notwithstanding, a most austere man, yet not perhaps more austere than the same heads of colleges of the present day.

Mr. Cumberland was born in the Master's Lodge in Trinity College, in 1732, under the roof of his grandfather, Dr. Bentley. Mr. Cumberland is now therefore nearly eighty years of age. Whatever we may think of parts of his present book, we have no hesitation to say, with regard to his life, that a life more pure, honourable, upright before God and man, has seldom been passed. It is the praise of this gentleman that he has taught his contemporaries that religion does not de-

tract from wit, and that as much talent of every kind may be found in the supporters of our faith as in the advocates of infidelity. This is a praise which will hold Mr. Cumberland when time shall have withered the laurels of literary as of more heroic fame.—Mr. Cumberland has here done his duty.

The mother of Mr. Cumberland, and daughter of Bentley, was the Phœbe of Byron's celebrated pastoral, "My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent," &c. Mr. Cumberland gives us a pleasing description of this lady. She appears by his account to have been well worthy of the love of Byron, and, what is perhaps much more, of being the mother of Cumberland. Mr. Cumberland will see that we are willing enough to do justice to his merits, we only request that he will leave it for us to do, and not become the eulogist of himself.

There is an infinite deal too much of the early life and early years of Mr. Cumberland. He is here loquacious in the extreme. We find the more difficulty in pardoning this as Mr. Cumberland must so well know that it is perfectly unpardonable. From a country school Cumberland was removed to Westminster, the *alma mater* of so many of our first men. His life here passed like that of other boys in the same situation, but Mr. Cumberland seems of a different opinion, for he expends nearly fifty pages in relating his school-boy frolics; he should remember that his readers would, in all probability, not be school-boys.—What care they how often he was flogged, or what was his week-money.

This is not all.—Mr. Cumberland is not satisfied with relating his school-boy acts, he must likewise advance one step further in his puerilities, and relate his thoughts and transmit his writings; he gives us half a dozen quarto pages of a continuation of *Romeo and Juliet*, a tragic drama, written when twelve years old. We are here inclined to address him in the words of a celebrated Italian wit, upon an occasion exactly similar:—"My dear friend, you must pardon me if I have no wish to hear at forty, what you wrote when you were fourteen."

The school-fellows of Cumberland, "of future eminence," were Vincent, Hinch-

cliffe, and Smith. He gives a very just character of Vincent, but not with that discrimination which distinguishes his other portraits in this book. Vincent, the late head master, and present Dean of Westminster, is thus described by the pencil of Cumberland:—

"Vincent, whom I love as a friend, and honour as a scholar, has at length found that station in the deanery of Westminster, which, whilst it relieves him from the drudgery of the school-master, keeps him still attached to the interests of the school, and eminently concerned in the superintendence and protection of it. As boy and man, he made his passage twice through the forms of Westminster, rising step by step from the very last boy to the very Captain of the school; and, again, from the junior usher, through every gradation, to that of second, and ultimately of senior master. Thus, with the interval of four years only devoted to his degree at Cambridge, Westminster has, indeed, kept possession of his person, but has let the world partake with her in the profit of his researches. *Without deserting the post* to which his duty had fettered him, his excursive genius led him over seas and countries far remote, to follow and develop tracts, redeem authorities, and dig up evidences long buried in the grave of ages. This is the more to his honour, as his hours of study were never taken but from his hours of relaxation."

We interrupt this extract to express our surprise that a writer of the taste and knowledge of Cumberland should fall into this puerility of style, this unpardonable conceit, as to make his staying at home an antithesis to his being a geographic writer. Mr. Cumberland, with all his purity, is but too often betrayed into similar errors upon the part of writing.

We proceed with our extract, as it will exhibit the talents of Mr. Cumberland in the portraiture of character.

"He stole no moments from the instruction of the boy to enrich the understanding of the man. His last work, small indeed in bulk, but great in matter, was an unanswerable defence of public education, by which, with an acuteness that does honour to his genius, and a candour that reflects credit upon his heart,——"

This distinction of acuteness and candour, the one doing honour to his genius, the other reflecting credit upon his heart, is common-place. It is, at best, careless from the pen of Mr. Cumberland, who

can write so much more precisely. He proceeds:—

“ Let the mitred preacher against public schools (*this is bombast*), rejoice in silence at his escape, but when the unmitred master of the Temple, indubitably the finest scholar of his day, leaves the pastor of Westminster in possession of the field, it cannot be from want of courage, and still less of ability, to prolong the contest; it can only be from the operation of reason on a candid mind, and a clear view of that system, which, whilst he was denouncing by his pen, he did not probably recollect that he was himself unequivocally patronizing in the instance of his son. Diversion of thought, I well know, is not uncommon with him—perversion never will be imputed to him.”

We have before said, that this character is not by any means in the best manner of Mr. Cumberland. Dr. Vincent, the present Dean of Westminster, and late head master of that school, is a man of uninterrupted application; and as this industry has been continued for a length of years, he has obtained its sure reward in the acquisition of a mass of learning. His parts are rather solid and heavy than brilliant; he is truly learned, but wanting taste and genius, his learning does not appear in the most pleasing form. His slow talents, his assiduous application, his sonorous voice, and lofty and portly person, rendered him the best schoolmaster of the age, and in every respect so well suited to his station at Westminster, that we consider his removal as a public loss.

Mr. Cumberland seems to lament that Dr. Vincent has not yet been advanced to a bishopric. We do not here concur with Mr. Cumberland. The deanery of Westminster has certainly been well earned, but we hope that the worthy Doctor will be taught by experience, that servility is as fruitless as it is unbecoming his learning and station. We confess that we cannot see without indignation the portly person, and austere disposition of the good Doctor, so laboriously curved and distorted into the courtly bow and iron smile. Disappointment may give a lesson which he amply merits.

With regard to Dr. Nichols, he was before our time, and therefore we cannot speak as to the justice of Mr. Cumberland's character of that gentleman. By

what he says, however, he appears to us very different from Dr. Vincent. Indeed we can see no sufficient reason why the station of head master should impose the necessity of a rough barbarism of manners. Dr. Vincent's learning would not be a whit less respected were it united to the manners of a gentleman, and the benevolence of the ordinary intercourse of man with man.

From Westminster Mr. Cumberland passed to Cambridge, where he earned that most difficult of all reputations to a classical scholar,—a mathematical name. Mr. Cumberland here studied too hard, and much injured his constitution. This part of his life is very well related, and we follow him with interest through his several gradations. It was during this time that he wrote a very pretty copy of verses; which, as in a style to which he has not since accustomed himself, we cannot resist our inclination to present to the reader.

SONNET.

“ When wise men love, they love to folly,
 “ When blockheads love, they're melancholy,
 “ When coxcombs love, they love for fashion,
 “ And quaintly call it the *belle* passion.
 “ Old Bachelors who wear the willow,
 “ May dream of love and hug the pillow;
 “ Whilst love in Poet's fancy rhyming,
 “ Set all the bells of folly chiming.
 “ But women, charming women, prove
 “ The sweet varieties of love;
 “ They can love all, but none too dearly,
 “ Their husbands too, but not sincerely.
 “ They'll love a thing, whose outward shape,
 “ Marks him twin brother to an ape;
 “ They'll take a miser for his riches,
 “ And wed a beggar without breeches.
 “ Marry, as if in love with ruin,
 “ A gamester to their sure undoing;
 “ A drunkard raving, swearing, storming,
 “ For the dear pleasure of reforming.
 “ They'll wed a Lord whose breath shall falter,
 “ Whilst he is crawling from the altar;
 “ What is there women will not do,
 “ When they love man and money too.”

This is lively, elegant; the metre suits the tone of the thought, and the thought has a gaiety which recommends itself.

In one of his college vacations, whilst he was preparing to resume his studies, he

received a summons which opened to him a new scene of life. He was invited by Lord Halifax to become his private Secretary. This was, of course, accepted, though, upon the part of Mr. Cumberland, confessedly with reluctance. He here takes occasion to display his favourite, and indubitably most excellent talent, that of describing characters. In his portraiture of Lord Halifax, he conveys to us a lively image of the accomplished nobleman of the present day,—a man educated at Eton, of elegant manners, as far as personal address, and of tolerable classical acquirements. Having some ambition, he obtained the good opinion of the college by his regularity and due performance of the ordinary tasks and duties; he quoted well, and particularly from Horace; made verses, and was fond of Prior.

This is excellent; it will serve for Lord Halifax and the greater part of our noblemen of the present day. It is a good sketch of an ordinary character, and is entitled to the more praise as there was nothing prominent to catch the observation.

His character of Pownal, empty, pompous, an imitator of his Lord, the man of importance in his boarding-house, and the statesman of his club, is equally good. Indeed, we cannot but confess, that these Memoirs improve much upon us as we have proceeded. It is to us at least a most interesting work. We recommend it sincerely to our readers.

A short time afterwards, Mr. Cumberland became a fellow of Trinity-College. His election was doubtless very flattering; the present Bishop of Peterborough was his rival candidate.

Dr. Smith, head-master of Trinity, is thus characteristically portrayed:

“ Dr. Smith, who so worthily succeeded to the mastership of Trinity, on my grandfather's decease, was unquestionably one of the most learned men of his time, as his works, especially his *System of Optics*, effectually demonstrate. He led the life of a student, abstemious and reclusive, his family consisting of a sister advanced in years, and unmarried, like himself, together with a young niece. He was a man of whom it might be said,—that philosophy had marked him her for own; of a thin spare habit, a nose prominently aquiline, and an eye penetrating as

that of the bird, the resemblance of whose beak marked the character of his face; the tone of his voice was shrill and nasal, and his manner of speaking such as denoted forethought and deliberation. How deep a theorist he was in harmony his treatise will evince; of mere melody he was indignantly neglectful, and could not reconcile his ear to the harpsichord till by a construction of his own, he had divided the half tones into their proper sharps and flats. Those who fancied they beheld a Diogenes in Mason, might have figured an Aristotle in Smith.”

Mr. Cumberland was now occupied in collecting materials for an history of India in verse. He had the wisdom to abandon it before it was half concluded, and the equal wisdom to keep what he had finished to himself. We are sorry that this discretion forsook him in his Memoirs. He has given us about half a dozen pages of extracts from his manuscript copy of this history in rhyme. We shall say nothing of it, but that upon reading the first ten lines we read no farther.

The death of Lady Halifax carries Lord Halifax to town. Mr. Cumberland attends him; and his father, to be nearer to him, exchanges his living at Stanwick for the vicarage of Fulham. Mr. Cumberland now becomes acquainted with the celebrated Bubb Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, at that time resident at Hammersmith. He displays at great length the character of this singular man, and displays it in his usual style of excellence; the length of it will not permit us to extract the whole, and we have now become too enamoured of the work to mar it by giving it in part. We must again recommend it to our readers as a book of standard excellence.

It was at this period that Mr. Cumberland wrote his first drama, a tragedy, the *Banishment of Cicero*. The subject was as he himself confesses, somewhat too tame. He sent a copy of it to Warburton, and, through Lord Halifax, had it offered to Garrick. Warburton wrote him a very polite note, thanked him for the perusal of “a drama infinitely too good for the stage:” and Garrick seemed to be of the same opinion, as he declined to produce it to the public. Cumberland candidly acknowledges the justice of this sentence.

Cumberland now married his present

lady, the daughter of Mr. Ridge, a gentleman of family and fortune, in Hampshire. This appears to have been the happiest circumstance in the whole life of the author; and we can truly say, upon our part, that we felt sincere satisfaction that a gentleman so deserving of happiness has had the good fortune to find it. It is the most pleasing trait in these Memoirs, that the excellent heart of the writer is every where visible; we should be worse than any cynics upon record, if, with these virtues, we could not overlook a few vanities. Whether Mr. Cumberland's Memoirs shall or shall not answer the expectations of his bookseller (we will, however, predict that it will), of one fruit of his work, he may rest assured, *hominem antea carum carissimum reddet*. It is, indeed, impossible to read this book without becoming attached to the truly amiable author.

Mr. Cumberland now accompanied Lord Halifax to Ireland, together with Hamilton, the reputed author of *Junius*. Mr. Cumberland concurs in the general opinion that these letters have been rightly attributed to that gentleman.

Mr. Cumberland's father, a man not inferior to himself, was now advanced by Lord Halifax to a bishopric. His talents and virtues appear most amply to have merited this promotion.

In the course of his residence in Ireland Mr. Cumberland met many singular characters; these he describes with his usual felicity. George Faulkner, Soame Jenyns, and the character of the Irish peasantry, pleased us much. Cumberland has here the pencil of a master.

Mr. Cumberland now applied himself to a new drama, the *West Indian*. He gives us a long criticism upon this play. We are sorry that he has here committed himself to the ridicule of the reviewers who are not characterized by good humour.—For our own part, we have no hesitation to say that the *West Indian* is to the full as good as Mr. Cumberland describes it. It is the best modern comedy on the stage by a very long interval. In its kind, moreover, in its own peculiar species, it is not exceeded by any of our ancient authors. It is a true, legitimate, classical drama, and well merits the place which it holds.

Whilst we say this of the *West Indian*,

we regret that in justice to ourselves we cannot give the same opinion upon the other numerous comedies of Mr. Cumberland. Indeed, with the exception of the *Choleric Man*, and not the whole even of that drama, we cannot sufficiently express our surprise, that the author of the *West Indian* should thus write. The *Fashionable Lover*, which Mr. Cumberland seems to rate so highly, is to us but a most insipid novel, scarcely equal to the *Discovery* of Mr. Sheridan, and certainly not equal even to the dramas of Kotzebue. The other plays of Mr. Cumberland are too much in the same style, a sickly sentiment, a pedantic humour, virtue out of place, common situations most ungracefully placed upon stilts, and absolutely nothing of life and manners. Such is the humour of his *Lady Paragon*, a lady of reading, and who banters as if she was bred in a college. To us, at least, a lady of this kind would be intolerable in real life; and what we fly with disgust in real life, we do not relish in representation. The picture will not please where the original disgusts. Perhaps, indeed, it may please as an imitation; but this pleasure is very trifling, where the object itself is abhorrent.

Comedy is an imitation of real life. It is not, however, every imitation of real life that constitutes what we have been accustomed to consider as comedy. The aim of comedy is to please. We are pleased with the representation of passion, and action, from sympathy; we are pleased with the ridiculous from a natural propensity of an opposite nature. Such, therefore, are the suitable objects of comedy; passions in which we can sympathize, and folly which we can understand.

Here is the defect of the greater part of the humorous characters of Cumberland. Their humour, or *ridicules* (we are here compelled to employ a French term), is not domestic, not such as we understand, or to which we have been accustomed. The ridiculous, or to be ridiculous, consists in any aberration from the propriety of nature; and the ridiculous becomes so to us, when we can understand that it is such an aberration. But we cannot know any thing to be improper without knowing what would be the propriety; it is by compa-

riſon with the rule of right, a rule always preſent to our reaſon, that we diſcover this impropriety. Thus the falſe Latin of Partridge is ridiculous to thoſe who know it to be ſo. A paſh boy would read it without a ſmile. It is the ſame with *Lady Paragon*. The audience does not underſtand her ridicule, and therefore ſhe is not to them at leaſt humourous.

Mr. Cumberland was a ſhort time after this induced to take a private journey in Spain on a buſineſs of much public moment. He was here treated, moſt infamous by the miniſtry of the day. We found, indeed, no difficulty in giving him full credit, as we need not now be told the character of Lord Hillsborough. The reader will not peruſe this part of the memoirs of the amiable writer without a very lively intereſt in his favour. It would be almoſt impoſſible, upon any other authority, to credit a deſertion ſo baſe, and, on the part of its object, ſo unmerited.

The treatment of Mr. Cumberland by Lord Hillsborough is ably ſummed up in his memorial to Lord North. It is altogether ſo characteristic of Lord Hillsborough, the proud, heavy, and unfeeling Statesman, as deſtitute of public principle as of private honour, that we preſent it to our readers at its full length:—

“ To the Right Hon. Lord North,

“ The humble Memorial of Richard Cumberland.

“ Sheweth,

“ That your Memorialiſt, in April 1780, received his Maſteſty's moſt ſecret and confidential orders and inſtructions to ſet out for the Court of Spain, in company with the Abbe Huſſey, one of his Catholic Maſteſty's chaplains, for the purpoſe of negotiating a ſeparate peace with that Court.

“ That to render the object of his commiſſion more ſecret, your Memorialiſt was directed to take his family with him to Liſbon, under the pretence of recovering the health of one of his daughters, which he accordingly did; and having ſent the Abbe Huſſey before him to the Court of Spain, your Memorialiſt and his family ſoon after repaſſed to Arenjuez, where his Catholic Maſteſty then kept his Court.

“ That your Memorialiſt upon ſetting out received by the hands of J. Robinson, Eſq. one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, the ſum of one thouſand pounds on account; with direc-

tions how he ſhould draw through the channel of Portugal, upon his banker in England, for ſuch further ſums as might be neceſſary (particularly for a large diſcretionary ſum to be employed in ſecret ſervices); and your Memorialiſt was directed to accompany his drafts by a ſeparate letter to Mr. Secretary Robinson, adviſing him what ſum or ſums he had given order for, that the ſame might be replaced to your Memorialiſt's credit with the bank of Meſſrs. Croft and Co. Pall-Mall.

“ That your Memorialiſt, in the execution of this commiſſion, for the ſpace of fourteen months, defrayed all the expences of the Abbe Huſſey's journey into Spain, and ſupplied him with money for his return into England.

“ That your Memorialiſt took two very long and expenſive journeys, the one by Liſbon, and the other by France, no conſideration for which has been granted to him.

“ That the expences of your Memorialiſt in Spain, every article being inordinately high, amounted to a very heavy ſum that year; the Memorialiſt was, during the whole of the time, at the expence of all couriers to and from Spain, and relieved many priſoners at his own coſt. He took with him out of Spain, by his influence with the Biſhop of Burgos, a number of Engliſh ſeamen, and, at his own coſt, reſtored them to his Maſteſty's fleet.

“ That theſe expences compelled your Memorialiſt to draw on his private bankers to the amount of four thouſand five hundred pounds; of which not one ſingle ſhilling has ever been replaced by Government, nor one farthing iſſued to his ſupport during the fourteen months' expenſive and laborious duty; the conſequence of which unparalleled treatment was, that your Memorialiſt was ſtopped and arreſted at Bayonne, by order from his remittancers at Madrid. In this agonizing ſituation, your Memorialiſt being then in the height of a violent fever, ſurrounded by a family of helpless women, in an enemy's country, found himſelf incapable of proceeding on his journey, and deſtitute of the means of ſubſiſting where he was. Under this accumulated diſtreſs he muſt have ſunk, had he not been relieved by the generoſity of an Officer in the Spaniſh ſervice; who, accompanying him into France, ſupplied his neceſſaries by the loan of five hundred pounds, and thus paſſed the king of England's bankrupt ſervant in his own country. For this humane action this friendly Officer was arreſted at Paris, and by the influence of the French court, ſubjected to every ſpecies of jealous perſecution.

“ Your Memorialiſt now ſolicits the attention of his Court for the laſt time; he is perſuaded that it is not, and cannot be in your Lordſhip's

heart, to devote and abandon to such unmerited ruin, an old and faithful servant of the crown.

“ And your Memorailst, &c.

“ RICHARD CUMBERLAND ”

Such was the treatment which Mr. Cumberland received, and such is daily the treatment to which many of the profligates of power subject other men as honest and credulous as Mr. Cumberland. Lord North was, indeed, an amiable man, and would have relieved him, but Mr. Cumberland's memorial was scarcely received by him before he was compelled to retire from power.

We shall now take our leave of Mr. Cumberland, by endeavouring to give our readers some idea of his character. This we cannot do better than by extracting some parts of his work where it insensibly, as it were, breaks forth; that whatever may be the difference of opinion amongst critics as to his merits as a writer, there cannot be a doubt for a moment, that a man more truly respectable, more worthy of general love and esteem, never existed.

This character, as we have said before, will be better understood by certain extracts from his Memoirs than by any thing we could substitute in their stead.

In page 444, speaking of the death of a favourite Spanish horse, given him in Spain by Count Kaunil, the German Ambassador at that Court, and son of the celebrated Count of the same name, he thus proceeds:—

“ I thank God I never angrily and unjustifiably chastised but one horse to my remembrance, and that creature (a barb given to me by Lord Halifax) never whilst it had life forgave me. It carried my wife with all imaginable gentleness, but would never be reconciled to let me ride it in peace. I disdain to make any apology for this prattle, nor am I willing to suppose that it can be uninteresting to a benevolent reader. I do not concern myself about those who are not so; the man who is cruel to his beast is odious. In short, I believe I am destined to die as I have lived, with all that family weakness about me, which will hardly suffer me to chastise offence, or tell a fellow-creature he is a rascal, in the fear that the intimation should give him pain. I have been wrongfully and hardly dealt with, I have had my feelings wounded without mercy; yes, I declare to God, that I never knowingly wronged a fellow-creature, or designedly offended.

If, whilst I am giving my own history, I may be allowed to give my own character, this is the truth. I am too old, too conscientious, too well persuaded, and too fearful of a judgment to come, to dare to go to death with a lie in my mouth. Let the censors of my actions confute this if they can.”

We have only to say, for our own part, that we most sincerely believe Mr. Cumberland; but we will add more,—we know that his assertions are true. He has here described himself as all his friends, acquaintances, and even townsmen unite to describe him. It is indeed with much satisfaction that we repeat, that a better man than Mr. Cumberland does not exist.

Mr. Cumberland's Memoirs conclude with a most excellent and animated character and account of the latter period of the life of Lord George Germaine, a man who fell under an infamy which he had never merited, and whom posterity has not yet vindicated. We regret that Mr. Cumberland was not here more copious: it would assuredly have been no breach of confidence to have divulged those secrets which would so effectually have corrected the judgment of the day. We are persuaded that Mr. Cumberland is by far too just a man to have withheld these secrets from any other motive: on the side of justice and truth he is not the man who would fear any thing. What if it did tend to commit the reputation of others; is one man to suffer unjustly that the malice of another may not be justly exposed? Is the accused to be left in his unmerited punishment, that by the correction of the injustice the accuser may not be put to shame?

We now conclude our examination of these Memoirs by earnestly recommending them to the perusal of our readers. Their general character is briefly as follows:—the style is loose, and too colloquial and careless even for Memoirs; grammatical barbarisms, and idioms reducible to no syntax, are inadmissible in any work; the subjects are moreover, occasionally too trifling, and such as can only interest the author; there is too much loquacity, and too much gossip. But with these detractions from the general merit, the work is, on the whole, excellent and worthy of its author.”

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF MARMONTEL.

Memoirs of the Life of Marmontel; written by himself. Containing his Literary and Political Life, together with Anecdotes of the principal Characters of the Eighteenth Century. In four volumes. Longman and Rees.

MARMONTEL, and his peculiar talent, are so well known, that the English reader will enter upon the perusal of his book with a perfect conception of the character of the writer.

The style of Marmontel, like that of every master, is peculiar to himself; he stands at the head of a species of writing, which, before him, had no existence, and since its introduction by him, though daily cultivated, has not been advanced to any higher point of perfection. It stands now at the same degree to which the genius of Marmontel has raised it.

It is difficult, except by a long descriptive periphrasis, to convey any suitable idea of this style. In its general nature, indeed, it is composed of the constituents of a perfect simplicity; a simplicity of thought, a simplicity of feeling, and a simplicity of language; but it is not the simplicity of an English writer. It has no resemblance to Sterne or any of our classic novelists. It is the simplicity of Marmontel, and of Marmontel alone; it is *sui generis*.

The Moral Tales of this writer have established his reputation. But what are these Moral Tales? The answer to this question will convey a more precise idea of his peculiar style than can be comprehended in any verbal definition.

The Moral Tales, in their plan, are a species of Narrative dramas. They have their fables, and their characters, and their peculiar scenery. The fable is some action of life and manners; the fidelity of the painting to the original in life constitutes its chief excellence. Here is the characteristic talent of Marmontel.—Having selected for his fable some certain action, something which we daily see passing in the domestic intercourse of life, he follows it through all its parts, with a representation as exact as lively. He presents a domestic picture, a moral tale, a

representation of manners as seen in the action which he has chosen for his subject; he presents this as fully to the imagination, as if it existed before us painted in colours.

It is the same with the characters who act as *dramatis personæ*. They are imitated with the same fidelity from common life. He selects the character which he chuses to represent. He follows it through such of its detail as is pleasing. He selects only such of it as is pleasing. He transmigrates, as it were, into the body of each of his *dramatis personæ* by turns, and invests himself in the same circumstances. This substitution, and a mind suited to sympathy, (we here use sympathy in its general acceptance, and not according to our novel writers,) lead him into that strict and faithful nature, which forms his characteristic, and renders him what he is. Hence his *naïveté*. Hence those slighter traits which escape the clumsy observer and commonplace writer. Hence, in a word, that amiable simplicity which, occasionally verging on nonsense, has not the less charm; and why so? for no other reason than that it is strictly natural.

Such is the character of the Moral Tales; and such, upon perusal, will be found the character of these Memoirs. Marmontel is here still the same. Had the book come into the world without the name of the author; had it come floating in that inundation of nonsense which periodically breaks forth from the novel shops of the town, we should have had little difficulty to assign the work to the true author.

Marmontel, though an aged and established writer, thinks it necessary to apologize to the world for these Memoirs. He writes at the request of his wife, and for the moral instruction of his children. We confess that the word moral somewhat stuck in our throat; but as he doubtless uses it in its more precise sense, as ap-

plicable to manners, we shall suffer it to pass without further comment.

This narrative is divided into books. The first book contains his history from his birth to his becoming an usher in the school of Clermont, and the death of his father. As we read, and criticize at the same time, we shall follow him book by book.

We cannot but consider that this first book is the most inestimable of the whole *Memoirs*. Those that follow are more lively, more witty, and more conversant with high characters, and the elevated walks of life. But the subject of this is more interesting, and comes nearer the heart. Marmontel is here seen as the son of a peasant. And the French peasantry are here delineated by the hand of a master; one who was as well acquainted with his subject, as he possessed the powers of pencil to exhibit it.

What a mistaken idea have we formed in this country of the French peasantry. We represent them to ourselves in misery, rags, and ignorance; has this arisen from our forming these ideas by such of them as we have seen in cities. This in our own country, indeed, might be no very objectionable rule of judgment. The comfort of the lower class in London, a city of great trade, a trade almost beyond its population, would lead us into no erroneous conclusion with regard to the general state of the English poor. We should justly conclude that as the poor in town were so comfortable from the high wages of trade, they must be in a state of equal comfort in the country, from an improved and improving agriculture. We have carried the same argument with regard to the cities on the Continent. Because we have seen those cities swarming with beggars, we have precipitated ourselves into the same conclusion with regard to the country. There is a reason, however, for the beggary of the populace in the towns of the Continent. There is no trade. They are in a starving condition. It is not so with the peasantry in the country. There is scarcely a peasant without his field and garden.

Marmontel thus describes a French village, or rather little country town:

"I was born in a place where the inequality of birth or fortune was scarcely felt. A small property, some industry, or a little trade, formed the condition of almost all the inhabitants of Bort, a small town in the Limosin, where I was born. Mediocrity there held the place of wealth."

We here interrupt our transcription to notice the translation, which is occasionally very indifferent. The words, "mediocrity there held the place of wealth," are not the words of Marmontel. He never wrote such insipidity. There are many instances in this book of the insufficiency and vaguity of the translator. With this observation we continue our extract:

"The inhabitants of this village, or little town, were all free and usefully employed. Thus the native independence, frankness, and nobleness of mind, were there disordered by no humiliation. During my childhood I knew only my equals."

The situation of the town is thus beautifully described:

"Bort, seated on the Dordogne, between Auvergne and Limosin, presents a fearful picture to the first view of the traveller. It is seated at the bottom of a mountain which, at a distance, appears to hang over it, and threaten it with impending annihilation. A chain of craggy rocks, like so many watch towers, command the town. But upon the entrance into the valley the aspect of Bort is gay, and cheering. This green and woody island lies in the midst of the river a little beyond the town. It is filled with birds, and further animated by the unceasing motion and noise of a mill. On the banks of the river orchards, meadows, and corn-fields, cultivated by a labouring peasantry, form the most picturesque landscapes. In the recess of the mountain is situated the little farm of St. Thomas, the lands of my father, where I used to read Virgil under the shade of the trees which surrounded our beehives. On the other side of the town, beyond the mill, and on the slope of the mountain, was a garden, where, on welcome holidays, my father used to lead me to gather grapes from the vines he had planted, or apples, plumbs, and cherries, from the trees, he had grafted. The charm of my native village is, indeed, involved with the impression never to be erased from my mind of the inexpressible tenderness of my parents. If I have any kindness in character, I am persuaded I owe it to these gentle emotions,—to the habitual happiness of loving and being beloved. What a gift

do we receive from Heaven in kind and affectionate parents."

We here recognise the peculiar genius of Marmontel; that simplicity of feeling, thought, and manner, which addresses itself immediately to the heart. Marmontel appears, by nature, to have been such as we should have imagined him from his writings. He appears to have possessed a heart of soft and gentle feelings, easily sliding into affection; an excellent son; feeble in his resolutions, but from his very gentleness of soul, if we may thus express it, easy to be seduced. His future life exactly answers this description. This child of simplicity is by the natural course of events led to Paris, where a new scene, or rather a new world, opens upon him. He falls into the society of actresses, becomes a play writer, a *petit maitre*, forgets all former vows, and becomes the *protege* of a kept-mistress. He no longer appears to us the amiable Marmontel of the village of Bort. But before we follow him into this more splendid scene, we cannot resist our inclination to present to our readers his domestic picture. It will convey a just idea of the happiness of the French peasantry before the period of that hateful revolution which has almost as much, physically as morally, ruined France.—Alas! her villages, her country towns, exist no more. The ferocious bandits of the revolution have laid her village churches in heaps of ruins; the chateau, the convent embosomed in woods, exist no more. But, thanks to eternal justice, the vengeance of heaven has overtaken the greater part of the authors,—the furious Jacobins; and more hateful, because more cold-blooded villains, the Brissotines, the Condorcets, have vanished from the face of the earth.

The Memoirs of Marmontel will frequently recall what France was in her days of happiness.—Let us hear the condition of the French peasantry:

"With a very little property, we all (the family of Marmontel, at Bort) comfortably and plentifully subsisted. Order, domestic arrangement, a little trade, and above all, frugality, kept us in sufficiency, and content. The little garden produced nearly as many vegetables as the consumption of the family required; the orchard afforded us fruit, and our quinces, our

apples, and our pears, preserved with the honey of our bees, were in winter most excellent breakfasts for the good old women and the children. The little flock of sheep, that were folded on the seven acre farm of St. Thomas, clothed the women and the children with the wool. My aunt spun it; they spun, too, the hemp of the field, which furnished us with linen. The harvest of the little farm afforded us an ample sustenance in bread; the surplus of the wax and honey went to market, and always produced enough for our expenses. The oil pressed from our green walnuts was infinitely better in taste and perfume than that of olives. Our wheaten cakes, moistened, smoking hot, with the excellent butter of Mont d'Or, were a delicious treat to us. I know not what dish would have been more agreeable to us than our turnips and chesnuts; and in a winter's evening, whilst these fine turnips were roasting round the fire, and the chesnuts crackling on the bars, who were so happy as we? I well remember, even at this distance of time, it is near threescore years since, I well remember, I say, the perfume of the fine quinces when toasting beneath the ashes, and the pleasure of my dear grandmother in dividing them amongst us. Thus, in one family, where nothing was lost, trivial objects united made plenty. In the neighbouring forests there was an abundance of dead wood, of little or no value; my father was permitted to take his annual provision there. The excellent butter of the mountain, and the most delicate cheeses, were common, and cost very little; and wine was next to nothing."

Such was the life of Marmontel whilst at his paternal dwelling. The death of his father concludes the first book, and changes the scene, character, and very nature of Marmontel. We proceed to read the continuation of his Memoirs with pain.

In the second book he wavers between becoming a Jesuit, a Jansenist, an Abbé, a Poet, or a Man of Letters. He here relates many of that kind of incidents which constitute the irresistible charms of his Moral Tales. These are particularly interesting, from the point of view in which they place the French manners. We have read, in the course of our literary career, the greater part of the tours and travels which have been published within the last century, yet we have no hesitation to confess, that we learned more of French manners from these four volumes, than from all the massy quartos which the rage of travelling has produced.

Nothing appears to us more faithfully delineated than the peculiar manners of the French women. Marmontel has executed this moral picture in his own way. We have several instances of it in the second book. We can only at present refer to them. A muleteer, of Aurillac, undertakes to conduct Marmontel from his home to Toulouse. Marmontel rode on one of the mules, whilst the muleteer walked by his side on foot. The muleteer invited him to remain a few days at his house, on a singular purpose. He intreats him, in God's name, to undertake the cure of his daughter, a beautiful young girl of sixteen. What was her complaint? Devotion. Marmontel undertakes it, and relates the story with a most fascinating simplicity.

Here again we observe a singular difference between French and English life, and the condition of the same classes in the two kingdoms. If Marmontel describes with fidelity, and his manner carries conviction with it, the condition of the inferior classes in France was in every respect infinitely superior to that of the same classes in England. There was more knowledge, more civilization, more polish, in a French muleteer, or carrier, than in

an English country gentleman of the second or third rate. There was, moreover, a romantic generosity through every class of the French nation which does not exist among ourselves. The muleteer, finding that Marmontel, in four-and-twenty hours, had cured his daughter of her inflexible resolution to become a nun, takes him to his bureau, and opening it discovers to the astonished Abbé a spacious cavity filled with crowns. He offers these to Marmontel as a fortune with his daughter; but Marmontel, for some reason or other, thinks it prudent to decline the proposal.

Marmontel continues at Toulouse, in the condition of a tutor, till invited to Paris by a letter from Voltaire. In his way to Paris he undertakes the cure of a young fop, the son of a provincial president, his fellow traveller in a litter. This incident, which is nothing in itself, is rendered peculiarly pleasing by the manner in which it is related. In a word, every page in the book bears testimony to the power of talents; and it is difficult to extract any one part without injustice to others. The translator, moreover, improves as he proceeds.

SKETCH OF THE PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA.

Sketch of his Majesty's Province of Upper Canada. By Darcy Boulton, Barrister at Law. London. Nornaville.

THE principal information in this book is drawn from the immediate personal observation of the author, whom we understand to be a young barrister of very promising talents in the province which he has so faithfully described in the pages before us. He very justly points out the limits of his purpose, and what, as having alone intended, is alone to be expected of him in his Sketch. The poverty of the times; the oppressive burthen of the taxes, and above all, the debtor laws, which in England render misfortune an object of double dread; converting debt into crime, and exposing every one, by the common

mischances of trade, to the treatment of a felon; these causes, he very justly observes, have induced many to emigrate, and prefer, to their own country, the liberty and happiness of the United States. Perhaps, adds he, another country may yet be found, where the emigrant might find the same advantages without losing the benefit of communication with his countrymen; a country, where English laws, and English habits, exist in all their original purity. The object of his work is to prove that Canada is this favoured spot on earth. It is, therefore, a work which is particularly calculated for emi-

grants; and as such, is entitled to strong recommendation.

The author has visited most parts of the United States, from Pennsylvania to the Penobscot river: he has travelled in every direction through the interior of this immense country, and under circumstances the most advantageous. These countries have been visited by many other writers; and the greater part of them, for private reasons, have concurred in extolling their advantages. Mr. Darcy Boulton does not directly accuse these narratives of falsehood, but very justly observes, that the statement of a traveller, perfectly unconnected with a country, is more entitled to credit and confidence, than narratives from sources where private interest renders the writer insensibly his own dupe. How many travels, for example, have we read in England into the state of New-York and Genesee?—It is now well known, that the greater part of the Genesee district belonged to the late Sir William Pulteney. An author, who has, or may have, or at least who writes under the influence of another, who is possessed of immense tracts of wild and barbarous land, which he wishes to see cultivated, cannot write without some bias on his mind.

Mr. Boulton contends, and, in our minds, proves, that Canada excels, in many most material points, the greater part of the United States. He insists, that in the former country, (Canada) more certain, greater, and heavier crops are raised, on the same quantity of land, than in any of the northern or midland states of the Union. The land in Canada is stronger, and even the climate in general much superior. There are never any of those excessive heats and droughts, which are the certain ruin of the farmer every second year in the United States. The ground, therefore, is never cracked and formed into gulphs and crevices as in the United States. The cold in Canada, indeed, is much greater; but it is always confined to its season; and its season is not long; and what embraces all in one word, the cold has never been known to ruin the crops. Sterility is a more certain effect of heat than of cold. The deserts are immense tracts of burnt up sand; there is, comparatively, but few deserts of ice.

The most fertile State in the Union is, unquestionably, the state of New-York.—Mr. Darcy Boulton forms a comparison between this state and that of Upper Canada, and does not hesitate to prefer the latter. Upper Canada, he asserts, to be more fertile; to grow wheat of better quality and weight, and to be, beyond all comparison, more healthy. The laws of the state of New-York are scarcely different from those of England, the statute laws excepted, which may, of course, be deemed for the most part local laws. The police of the country varies also in a very small degree; the difference, in short, between New-York and Great Britain, is scarcely perceptible to Europeans in general. The province of Upper Canada adjoins to the state of New-York, being divided from it by the river St. Lawrence only. Mr. Boulton hence infers, naturally enough, that the soil of the two states is nearly physically the same. Why, therefore, in our emigrations, prefer the one to the other?—Why live as a stranger where, as a citizen in the other, you may unite with the same advantages of a new colony, that of the colony being a member of the mother country. This conclusion is powerful.—Mr. Boulton very justly advises, that those who quit their native soil for the western world, should weigh maturely the cause of their departure before they leave their home. If politics form a part of their reasons, he advises them to give a preference to the United States: they will there, perhaps, find a reception more calculated to their taste. But if the object of an emigrant be to find a country where he may turn his industry to most advantage, and upon a small capital, or even no capital at all, but an inflexible resolution to labour for one or two years, be enabled to support and educate a large family, Mr. Boulton is of opinion that Canada is, of all places in the world, the best suited to his purpose.

In order to render industry a sufficient capital for support in a new colony, two circumstances are chiefly necessary, the cheapness of the land, and the fertility of it. It is in vain that the land is cheap, unless it is fertile; and it is equally vain that it is fertile, unless the price is within the compass of the labourer, i. e. of that small

portion of the wages of his labour which he can save after a short period of working for another.

Mr. Boulton proves that each of these two circumstances, the cheapness and fertility of the lands, exist in Canada in a very superior degree. It appears, indeed, by his account, that an honest man may live there in greater ease, and with less labour, than in any part of the Continent. The soil is productive to a degree unexampled. Thirty bushels of wheat per acre is reckoned but a tolerable crop; fifty and fifty-three are still more common. Sixty bushels of Indian corn is the average of the ground planted with that useful corn, but eighty and ninety bushels are no prodigy. The produce of pease exceeds all credibility. The average weight of the wheat is about sixty-two pounds per bushel, two pounds above the average of the best English wheat. So much with regard to the fertility of the soil.

With regard to the cheapness of the price of land, it is as follows:—

Dollars are the common coin of the country. Land is, of course, worth more or less according to its fertility; but as poor land is very rare, the price seldom varies in any great degree. Land is sold either on credit, the payment to be made by distant instalments of one, two, or three years; or it is paid for in money down. Wild land, *i. e.* land uncleared, usually sells for two shillings per acre; that is to say, for twenty pounds, the farm-lot of two hundred acres. Thirty pounds more, with the man's own labour, will build him a log-house, and clear him ten acres of land for the first year. The excess of his produce will buy him his stock at the end of the first, or at most the second year; and he does not require it before, as the ground till that time is not ploughed.

The method of purchasing on credit is as follows:—The terms usually are, to pay the purchase money by instalments, sometimes embracing a period of four or five years. In such cases, the vender usually gives the purchaser a bond, with condition to give a deed of conveyance at a certain period, provided the purchaser shall fulfil his payments. In case of non-performance of these several instalments,

the vender takes back the land; with four or five years improvement on it, and resells it to a fresh purchaser at a great profit.

Mr. Boulton informs us of a circumstance which, we confess, excited in us no slight degree of surprize, *i. e.* that almost all the inhabitants of Upper Canada, with the exception of the military, and the officers of the government, are Americans. He justly observes, that no set of men are better calculated to cultivate, and give value to a new colony. He advises, therefore, and, we think, with great justice, that the European emigrant should never purchase wild land; he should rather seek out some farm-lot which has already been cleared in the first degree; *i. e.* a log-house built, ten acres of land cleared, and an orchard planted; and purchase it of its American owner. He will get such a lot at a far less price than it would cost him to clear it. The Americans, by a long habit, and as it were native instinct, will clear it at a fourth part of the cost which it would require of an European.

Mr. Boulton thus sums up his advice to emigrants;—we shall conclude our account of his work with this extract:

“ If a man is of an industrious turn, whether with or without a capital, let him emigrate to Canada. If he is without a family, no matter; if he has a large one, so much the better, the assistance of his children will facilitate his progress to wealth. Let me suppose him to arrive in Canada without a penny, after having paid eight guineas for his passage. He has only to apply for labour for one month; he will get two dollars per day, and may, without difficulty, save fifty dollars in one month. This is enough to begin with. He gets his farm-lot without difficulty on credit. With fifty dollars in advance, he will clear twenty acres of land in about one month for the first year. His first crop will exceed five hundred bushels, that is to say, will bring him in one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Now the land itself only costs him about fifty; so that, after paying for his land, he has nearly seventy pounds in his pocket, besides the land he has purchased. Many hundreds there are in this country who now own from eight hundred to two thousand acres, and yet began without one penny capital. What country in the world but Canada can boast such rapid means of rendering its inhabitants independent, comfortable, wealthy, and respectable?..

"In Upper Canada every man is happy, because every man has enough. Every man feels the increase of his family as the increase of his wealth. In a country where land is so cheap, and so plentiful, no one can fear any difficulty in providing for his children, though they should exceed even a patriarchal number. No life is so comfortable as that of a Canadian settler.—

Scarcely is there a farmer who does not own a pair of horses and a sleigh, or sledge, and market-cart, with which he pays a number of visits to his distant friends. A farmer thinks it nothing extraordinary to make an excursion of six or seven hundred miles on these occasions—Happy country—nothing could induce me to remain in England!"

NATHAN THE WISE.

Nathan the Wise, a Dramatic Poem, translated from the German. Octavo.
Pp. 293. Phillips.

It is with some satisfaction, that in the general dearth of interesting literature, we have been enabled to select a book which we can without hesitation recommend to our readers. Such is Mr. Lessing's *Nathan the Wise*.

It has been observed that mediocrity is the only intolerable quality in modern poetry. Every excess has something good. If it be an excess of excellence it carries its own commendation with it. If an excess of another kind, let it be but an excess, and it will not be without its interest.

Mr. Lessing's *Nathan the Wise* has one of these recommendations. In a word, it is so superlatively foolish, so beyond all bounds ridiculous, that we have no hesitation to recommend it to the general perusal of the more intelligent of our readers.

One purpose it cannot fail to answer—To the discouragement of British literature, and to the disgrace of our national taste, we have, for these some years past, been in the habit of translating from the German school, and, as if that were not sufficient, many of our authors have adopted a close imitation of its style. *Nathan the Wise* will enable the public to judge what are the writers which we seek to imitate. In *Nathan the Wise* the German school is displayed at its full length. It is a pure German drama, and from this circumstance, added to its popularity in Germany, we may form no erroneous conclusion as to the national German taste.

The constituents of a drama are its fable,

diction, imagery, sentiment, and moral. *Nathan the Wise*, through all these essentials, has observed with admirable consistency the precept of Horace, *qualis ab incepto*. *Nathan* is as *Wise* in the last as in the first act. The plot, diction, imagery, sentiment, and moral, are all, moreover, most admirably adapted to each other. The diction is not unworthy of the plot; the imagery, does not shame the diction; the sentiment is not less absurd than the imagery, and the moral is not a whit more solid, or less reprehensible, than we had expected.

A very few words will enable the reader to judge for himself.

The fable, as far as it can be collected, is as follows:

Saladin the Great is at war with the Christians, the period of the fable being that of the Crusades. The ordinary morning's amusement of this great monarch is to be present at the execution, by the sabre, of three or four dozen of his Christian prisoners. At the time in which this drama commences, he has ordered twenty heads of these unfortunate men to be struck off in his presence. Nineteen are immediately executed according to this sentence, and the sabre is already suspended to do similar execution upon the twentieth, when Saladin is impressed with the resemblance of this twentieth victim to his own brother, who had disappeared some years before the opening of the drama. Under this impression the good Saladin commands him to be set at liberty.

This excellent youth, walking through the streets of Jerusalem, sees a house on

fire, and perceiving a young girl at one of the windows, he flies to rescue her from the flames. The house belongs to Nathan the Jew; the young girl is his daughter, who of course becomes enamoured of her deliverer. The young man, however, being a Christian, and a Knight Templar, no sooner finds her to be a Jewess, than he refuses to have any thing to say or do with her. In this difficulty Nathan, her father, kindly comes to her aid, seeks out the young knight, and, to do away his prejudice, makes a kind of singular confession of his faith. By this confession, for which the author has distinguished him by the name of Nathan the Wise, this honest Jew appears something of a mongrel, between a Christian and a Jew, a Deist and a Turk. The Templar listens to him in raptures, and becomes from that moment his friend and passionate admirer. Of course the young Jewess comes in for a share of her father's reputation.

According, however, to the regular practice of dramatists, it was necessary that something should here occur to interrupt the straight line of the progress of the fable. It accordingly comes out, upon the demand of the Templar to be permitted to marry the daughter of Nathan the Wise, that the young lady is not his daughter, and is any thing but a Jewess. The brother of Saladin, who, as mentioned before, had disappeared from the Emperor's camp some years since, comes out to be the father of this young lady. But this, it seems, was not impediment enough. Accordingly the young Templar himself is, —(let the reader endeavour to guess),—the young Templar, we say, comes out to be the young lady's brother by the same marriage. This reconciles every thing; the lovers embrace as brother and sister, and Saladin pronounces Nathan the Wise to be the wisest of mankind.

If this be the plot, the diction is not a whit behind it.

"Nathan, I swear by God, thou art a Christian,
—Thou art, by God."

A Templar, a soldier, or a bookseller, might certainly swear in this manner, but there was no need for Mr. Lessing to repeat the oath.

The following argument is as good in reasoning as it is in morals:

"I tell thee, do not thus dispute my nation,
"I did not chuse a nation for myself—
"Am I a nation then?"

The following is the love scene between the Templar and the Jewess:

Recha.—"Where have you been, where you perhaps ought not.

"Thou naughty man—that is not well."

Templar.—"Up—how d'ye call that mountain,

"Up, Sinai."

The religion of Nathan is thus admirably described:

"What is religion—

"What is it but the history of the pious?

"Is it not all built on the self same grounds;

"On history, or written or traditional?

"But history must be received on trust.

"You believe yours, and I put faith in mine.

"So it is with religion."

Saladin sends for Nathan the Wise to borrow money, and ask his opinion upon the subject of religion, *i. e.* which of the three religions was best, the Christian, Jewish, or Mahometan. Nathan thus soliloquizes upon this message:

"He calls me Jew, now I would wish to know,

"In this transaction which is most the Jew,

"Or Saladin or me?—He asks for truth,

"Commands me to well weigh my words and thoughts,

"In answer to his query, which faith is best?

"He asks for truth—Is truth what he requires,

"I fear he wants my money more than thoughts,

"And this is but the glue to lime a snare.

"This thought is mean and little, granted that,

"Yet what is found too little for the great."

We shall here take our leave of this precious piece, nor should we have so trespassed on the time and patience of our readers, but that this Lessing is the favourite of the German nation. Nathan the Wise has been almost half a century a stock play upon the German stage, and the author possesses a reputation so established in Germany, that he has long set criticism at defiance. We hope our English readers will now be enabled to estimate, at their due value, the German school of dramatists, and their imitators.

MISS BAILLIE'S PLAYS.

Miscellaneous Plays, by Miss Joanna Baillie. 8vo. Pp. 458. Longman and Rees.

WE had no original intention of having noticed the *Miscellaneous plays* of this lady, but as they have been in a manner forced upon us, we think this the most suitable part of our Supplement to express our opinion. We repeat that we do it with regret.

Miss Baillie has formed herself wholly upon the German School; the subject, the structure of her dramas, and the very frame of her verse, are all German; and if they had no other defect than that of being an imitation of this illegitimate nonsense, we should refuse them our pardon upon this single score; but it is necessary to add, that Miss Baillie has not only imitated the manner, but in a way even caught the spirit of her German favourites. She is altogether as insipid as Lessing, whom we have reviewed above. The English press never groaned under a more uniform mass of barbarous absurdity, and unvaried, unbroken stupidity.

Miss Baillie asserts that she never read any German plays. We do not wish to contradict a lady, and therefore will only say, that the similarity is a miracle. It was a doctrine of some of the old sects of philosophy, that every thing is created and enters the world in pairs. This has doubtless happened,—she has some kindred soul, some twin imagination at Göttingen, though she may know nothing of it; perhaps Mr. Lessing himself is the object of this philosophical consanguinity. We do not however assent, but would wish to escape from the dilemma of contradicting a lady.

The language of these dramas is but prose versified, and prose of the most insipid sort—prose without meaning. The versification is nothing but the reduction of the words into lines of ten syllables. As to imagery, metaphors, &c. Miss Baillie does not appear to know what they are, or she rejects them with contempt, as ornaments too meretricious for subjects so pure, and sentiments so grave.

Supplement—Vol. I.

The following is a specimen of the language, and its pregnancy as to thought and meaning:

“What means that heavy groan,—I’ll speak its meaning,
 “And say that thou to Nature’s weakness hast
 “The tribute paid, and now will rouse thyself,
 “To meet with noble firmness what perforce.
 “Must be, and to a most unfortunate man
 “Who holds in this wide world but thee alone,
 “Prove a firm, generous wife.—Elizabeth.
 “Do I not speak aright?
 “Elizabeth. Thou dost, thou dost.”

One of the scenes is thus described:

“Scene I.—An open space near the walls of the city, with half ruined houses on each side, and a row of arched pillars thrown across the middle of the stage, as if it were the remains of some ruined public building, through which is seen, in the back ground, a breach in the wall, and the confused fighting of the besieged, enveloped in clouds of smoke and dust; the noise of artillery, the battering of engines, and the cries of the combatants heard as the curtain draws up, and many people discovered in the front of the stage running about in great hurry and confusion, and some mounted on the roofs of the houses overlooking the battle.—Drums beat, colours fly, men holloo, and women shriek.”

What is Pizzaro to this? We regret that it has never been exhibited. The words are as prosaic as the thoughts:

“I am, Sir, by a right noble stranger urged,
 “Who says he served with your noble father,
 “To let him have admittance to your presence.
 “Rayner. Served with my father, and thus
 circumstanced.”

The metaphors are those of a writer who knows not what a metaphor is, absurdly imitating what he sees in others:

“This is no time for pride to wince and rear,
 “And turn its back upon the patting hail.”

To rear and wince are contradictory terms; wince is the quality of yielding, giving way, fear, &c.; to rear, is the quality of spirit, of resistance. Pride turning its back on hail is nonsense.

We will not weary the patience of our reader by farther extracts. Suffice it to say that all is alike; Miss Baillie's qualities as a dramatist and a poetess, are tameness, tediousness, circumstantiality of narrative, a total want of invention, no manner or

character either of style or thought. If we were to imitate her, and to write to eternity, we could not express her talents better than by these few words,—that she is an insipid prose writer converted into a versifier.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega. By Lord Holland. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme.

THERE are some families in which abilities appear in a degree hereditary. The family of Fox will ever be considered as one of this number. It is unnecessary to produce any confirmation of this assertion; the memory of the public loss is yet fresh in the minds of men, and the calamity so recent; and, as it were, domestic to every one, that it might be indecorous to recall it. Lord Holland does not degenerate from the talents of his family; he is no unworthy nephew of Mr. Fox.

His Lordship, in the volume before us, has come before the public as an elegant writer. This kind of biography has lately risen into much popular favour from the elegance of the manner in which it has been executed by Mr. Roscoe, a gentleman of more taste than learning, and more genius than judgment.

Mr. Roscoe, in his *Life of Lorenzo*, and the more elaborate work of *Leo X.* has introduced much Italian literature to the knowledge of the English reader. Lord Holland, in the volume before us, has opened new ground. We have often had occasion to lament that our national prejudice prevailed with us even in the subjects of learning and science. The most accomplished amongst us, however well read in their own poets, are in utter ignorance as to those of other countries; they have heard, indeed, of Tasso, Ariosto, and perhaps at the Opera, of *Metastasio*, but here all their knowledge, and all their curiosity ends. The Spanish poets are as unknown to us as the Welch bards.

Lord Holland has come forward to introduce this knowledge to the learned and

fashionable world. He here does for Spanish literature what so many before him had done for the Italian school; he introduces to us the Spanish Shakespear, Lope de Vega, a name known to most English readers from no other means than the warm eulogy by Cervantes in his *Don Quixotte*.

Lope de Vega lived in an active age, and participated, in some degree, in the spirit which at that period animated every individual in the Spanish monarchy.

Lope de Vega displayed his talents at a very early age. He was born at Madrid in the year 1562, and in the year 1576, that is to say, when he was about fourteen years old, he wrote a drama in four acts. Some of the verses of this drama are quoted by Lord Holland; they are puerile, but not without some fancy, and the characteristic of early genius,—metaphorical allusion. *La Pastoral de Jacinto*, was his second production; it was a classical pastoral, a kind of writing which had long been in favour in Spain.

Monvémayon had set the first example of this elegant species of poetry; the peculiar taste of the Spaniards, however, had adulterated it by the infusion of their superstition and theological disputations. These Pastorals, accordingly, usually consisted of five books, in which love, theology, eulogies on generals, and compliments to kings, made a most singular mixture. Lope de Vega wrote his *Arcadia* upon this plan; and, with all his genius and judgment, has not at all deviated from its characteristic absurdity. The story is as monstrous as the poetry is elegant, and

the texture as ingenious as the first materials are extravagant.

The language and poetry are much discoloured by the same false taste of the age. The versification is often very weak, occasionally very extravagant, and still more frequently low and commonplace. The maxims are trivial and untrue; there is more effort for antithesis than for truth. The illustrations are taken from subjects more obscure to the common reader than the objects which they are intended to illustrate; they are the evident effort of labour and not the creation of fancy. The works of Lope de Vega are defaced by laborious metaphors, forced conceits, and connection of thoughts which have no natural similitude.

Lord Holland observes with equal judgment and elegance:

"This false taste pervades nearly the whole of his long poem, the *Arcadia*. There is one species which occurs in almost every page, and which is peculiarly characteristic of this poet's style in general; it is an accumulation of strained illustrations upon some particular subject, each generally included in the same number of lines, and all recapitulated at the end of the passage. The song of the Giant to *Chrisalda*, in the first book, is a singular instance of this conceit. It is divided into seven strophes, or paragraphs, most of which are subdivided into seven stanzas of four lines. In each stanza the beauty of *Chrisalda*, is illustrated by two comparisons, and the names of the things to which she is compared are enumerated in the last stanza of each strophe, which alone consists of six lines, and which is not unlike a passage in the *Propria quæ maribus*, being chiefly composed of noun-substantives without the intervention of a single verb."

The following is so rich a specimen of this method of writing, a method which our Pope has borrowed, that we think ourselves justified in transcribing it at full length:

"No queda mas lustroso y cristalino
 "Por altas sierras el arroyo helado;
 "Ne esta mas negro el evana labrado;
 "Ne mas azul ta flor del verde lino;
 "Mas rubio el oro que de oriente vino;
 "Ne mas hurno, lascivo y regalado;
 "Esperar olor el ambar, estimado;
 "Ni esta en la concha el carmesi mas fino,
 "Que frente, cejas, ojos, y cabellos,
 "Aliento, y boca de mi nympha bella
 "Angelica figura en vista humana

"Que paesto que ella se parece a ellos
 "Vivos estan alti, muertos sin ella
 "Cristal, evano, lino, oro, ambar, grana."

This stanza is thus elegantly translated by Lord Holland:

"No, not e'en winter-crystal's self more clear,
 "That checks the current of the mountain's stream,
 "Not high wrought ebony can blacker seem,
 "Nor bluer does the flax its blossom rear,
 "Not yellower doth the eastern gold appear,
 "Nor purer can arise the scented stream
 "Of amber, which luxurious men esteem,
 "Nor brighter scarlet does the sea-shell bear
 "Than in the forehead, eyebrows, eyes and hair,
 "The breath and lips of my most beauteous Queen
 "Are seen to dwell on earth in face divine."

There are many passages in this Pastoral which are direct imitations, and even verbal translations, from the ancients. The *Arcadia* furnishes striking instances of the excellencies and defects of the poet; it is full of genius, conceit, judgment and absurdity, taste and capriciousness; in a word, of all those beauties and blemishes into which the usages of an age half barbarous will precipitate the best of their poets.

A short time after this poem, Lope de Vega married; and having offended a gentleman by a satire which he had written against him, was compelled to answer a challenge. His adversary was wounded desperately, and Lope de Vega compelled for a short time to retire from his country.

In a few years afterwards he lost his wife and returned to Madrid. Madrid, however, was now insupportable to him, and in the restlessness of sorrow, indifference, or despair, he embarked in the memorable Armada, which at that time sailed from the coasts of Spain. Lope de Vega lost his brother in this expedition.

Lope de Vega was not indolent during this expedition. He read Turpin, and finding in this whimsical writer, that Angelica had met with more adventures than Ariosto had related, he resolved to take up the subject where Ariosto had dropped it. Hence his poem on the *Hermosura d'Angelica*. Lord Holland enters into a long and elegant detail of this poem and its subject. We cannot extract it, but

must give it, as a critical analysis, our most unqualified approbation.

This poem was the occupation of Lope de Vega during the expedition to England. He seems never to have forgotten it during his future life. Elizabeth is the constant theme of his invective.

A short time afterwards he published his *Dragontea*, an epic poem on the death of Sir Francis Drake. There seems some conceit in the very name. The poet instructs the reader in his preface, that whenever the word dragon occurs, it is to be taken for the name of that commander. The poet is here most liberal in his abuse of his hero; he is every thing that is diabolical, a tyrant, murderer, ravisher, &c. No care is employed to justify these charges,—he defeated the Spaniards, and that was enough. Every thing that the poet has said against him must be taken for granted.

On his return to Madrid for the second time, he married again; he lost his wife and his children a second time, and laments them with all the feeling of a man and of a true poet.

The spirit of the excellent Lope de Vega sunk under these losses. He retired from the world into a monastery, at the age of about forty-two, becoming a member of the brotherhood of St. Francis.

In becoming a monk, however, Lope de Vega did not cease to be a poet; he seldom passed a year without giving some poem to the press, and some drama to the stage. His *Pastores de Belen*, a work in prose and verse, had confirmed his superiority in pastoral poems. Philip IV. the great patron of the Spanish theatre, at the æra of his accession, found Lope de Vega in full possession of the stage. New honours and benefices were showered upon him in the full profusion of regal favour. He published about the same time his several poems,—*Los Triumphos de la Fe*, *Los Fortunas de Drama*, three novels in prose; *Ocras*, an heroic poem, and *Phitondua*, a pastoral romance.

The following may be taken as a specimen of the manner in which this work is executed:

"I have, perhaps, been led into a more minute examination of Lope de Vega's merits, as a dramatic author, than the subject required, or than

my imperfect knowledge of his works can justify. Of more than five hundred of his plays yet extant, I have read about fifty. This was sufficient to satisfy my curiosity; and the ardour of discovery once abated, disgust at the difficulties, and weariness at the length of the way, succeeded to it. The Spanish editors have taken little or no pains to smooth the paths of their literature to foreigners. The slovenly negligence of their press not only discourages the reader, but has often disfigured the beauty and even obliterated the meaning of their poets. Of late years their types have not only been improved, but the beauty of their letter-press equals, and perhaps exceeds, that of any other nation. The labours of the editor, however, have by no means kept pace with the skill of the printer. Cervantes has, indeed, been elaborately commented upon, and in some few instances the text has been elucidated by modern compilers. The old poems of authors previous to Juan de Mena, as well as a selection of the early ballads or romances, have been neatly and carefully edited: but the late publication of Lope de Vega's poems, though costly and voluminous, is not correct; and his plays can only be read in the old and imperfect editions of Valladolid and Antwerp, or in the miserable sheets which are sold at the door of the theatre. It seems as if the Spaniards in estimating the merits of this extraordinary man, had been scrupulously exact in striking the balance, and deducted every item of preposterous praise advanced to him while living, from his claims on the admiration of posterity. So remarkable a fluctuation in public taste is not to be attributed entirely to the languor which succeeds any extravagant transports of admiration, nor even to that envy, which is gratified in sinking the reputation of an author as much below, as favour or accident may have carried it above its just level. External circumstances conspired with these natural causes. The age of Calderon, the brilliancy of whose comedies, aided by the novelty and magnificence of expensive scenery, had somewhat outshone the lustre of Lope's exhibitions, was succeeded by a period of darkness and disgrace, as fatal to the literary as to the political influence of Spain. By the time that the public had sufficiently recovered from the amazement which Calderon's works had produced, to compare him calmly with his predecessors, they had become too indifferent about all that concerned the stage, to be at the pains of estimating the beauties of any dramatic author. The splendour of Philip the Fourth's court survived the defeat of his arms, and the loss of his provinces; but it died with that improvident and ostentatious monarch. Under the feeble sovereign who succeeded him, not only were the theatres shut, and the plays

prohibited, but all ardour in literary pursuits, all genius for poetry, all taste for the arts and ornaments of life, seemed to waste away as rapidly as the resources and glory of the kingdom he misgoverned. In the mean while France rose upon the ruins of her rival. The successors of Corneille refined and improved a language, which the increasing power of the state had made it convenient to surrounding nations to study, and to which the extensive intrigues and wars of Louis XIV. had given, as it were, an unusual currency in Europe. Fashion, which is often as peremptory in literature as in dress, enjoined the adoption of French rules of criticism; and an arbitrary standard of excellence was erected, without any regard to the different genius of languages, and the various usages and modes of thinking which distinguish one people from another. Hence, when towards the middle of last century the love of letters seemed to revive in Spain, there arose a sect of critics, men of considerable information and eloquence, who, in their anxiety to inculcate correct principles of composition into their countrymen, endeavoured to wean their affections from those national poets by whom the public taste had, according to them, been originally vitiated. The names of Vega, Calderon, Moreto, and others, which, in the general decline of literature, had in a great measure fallen into neglect and oblivion, were now only quoted to expose their faults, and to point out their inferiority to foreign models of excellence. The disapprobation of all dramatic performances, the occasional preference of Italian operas, and, above all, French modes of thinking on matters of taste, naturally prevalent at a Bourbon court, threw the old Spanish stage into disrepute; and an admiration of such authors passed with the wits for a perversion of judgment, and with the fashionable for a remnant of national prejudice and vulgarity. Many enlightened individuals also, who were anxious to reform more important abuses than the mere extravagancies of a theatre, encouraged this growing predilection for French literature. They might feel a very natural partiality for a language from which they had themselves derived so much instruction and delight, or they might studiously direct the attention of their countrymen to French poetry, from a conviction that a familiarity with the works of Racine and Boileau would ultimately lead them to an acquaintance with those of Pascal and Montesquieu, and perhaps of Bayle and Voltaire.

“All Spaniards, however, did not conform to this ignominious sacrifice of national genius at the shrine of foreign criticism. Unfortunately the two champions of the old theatre adopted two opposite modes of warfare, each more cal-

culated to confirm than to check the triumph of their enemies. Nasarre, in fact, betrayed the cause he professed, and no doubt intended, to support. While he abandoned Lope and Calderon to all the fury of the critics, and even brought fresh charges of his own to swell the catalogue of their poetical delinquencies, he absurdly pronounced authors whose names were forgotten, whose works he avowedly had never seen, and whose existence even may be questioned, to be the masters and rivals of Corneille and Moliere.

“Such assertions hardly merited the pains taken to refute them. Some plays of Lope de Rueda, as well as of others of his time, are still extant in MS. They are not destitute of invention, and the style is often more simple, but far less poetical and forcible than that of their successors. But, whatever may be their merits, they by no means warrant so strange an imputation on the Spaniards as that of having possessed writers of the first genius and judgment, without having the taste to relish their beauties, the discernment to recognise their excellence, or the sense to preserve their writings.

“La Huerta was a man of more knowledge, and greater talents for literary controversy; he spoke too with some authority on matters relating to the Spanish theatre, as he had supplied it with *La Raquel*, a tragedy which, to many stronger recommendations, adds that of being exempt from the anachronisms and irregularities so often objected to its productions.

“Whatever advantages as a disputant he might possess, he had occasion for them all to maintain the paradoxes he chose to publish. His answer to French critics and their admirers is contained in prefaces prefixed to several volumes of the *Teatro Hespanol*, a selection of plays executed under his superintendence for the express purpose of vindicating the honour of Spanish literature from the strictures of its adversaries. In these he exposes with some humour a few oversights of Voltaire and others, in their remarks on Lope de Vega and Calderon; and he proves very satisfactorily the imperfection of several translations from them. But, like many injudicious defenders of Shakespeare, he was not contented with exhibiting the beauties of his author, and with correcting the mistakes and exposing the ignorance of his opponents. Instead of combating the injustice of that criticism, which would submit all dramatic works to one standard of excellence, he most unwarrantably arraigned the models themselves as destitute of all poetical merit whatever. Thus was the cause of his countrymen more injured by his intemperance as a critic, than benefited by his labours as an editor. Few were disposed to judge favourably of

performances whose panegyrist thought it necessary to maintain that the *Athalie* should have been confined to the walls of a convent, and that the *Tartuffe* was a miserable farce, without humour, character, or invention.

"His foreign readers may also reasonably regret the omission of a commentary, and, without much presumption, might dispute the judgment of the selection. Lope de Vega at least might have been permitted to speak for himself; for, among the hundreds of his comedies yet extant, La Huerta could have found a better answer to his detractors than a pompous exposition of their numbers, a vague and indiscriminate encomium on his talents, and a lamentation over the sarcastic temper of Cervantes. Nothing concerning the most voluminous Spanish poet is to be learned from the Teatro Hespagnol, but the editor's opinion of him. On the whole, La Huerta, far from retrieving the lost honours of the Spanish theatre, only exposed it to the insults and ridicule of its antagonists.

"Insipid imitations of French dramas, and bald translations of modern pieces, in which the theatres of Madrid for some years abounded, have at length done more to restore the writers of Phillip the Fourth's age to their due estimation with the public, than the hazardous assertions of Nasarre, or the intemperate retorts of La Huerta.

"The plays of Calderon, Moreto, and Roxas, are now frequently acted. Several of Lope de Vega have been successfully revived, with very slight, though not always judicious alterations. Authors of reputation are no longer ashamed of studying his style; and it is evident that those most celebrated for the severity of their judgment, have not disdained to profit by the perusal of his comedies. The most temperate critics, while they acknowledge his defects, pay a just tribute of admiration to the fertility of his invention, the happiness of his expressions, and the purity of his diction. All agree that his genius reflects honour on his country, though some may be disposed to question the beneficial influence of his works on the taste and literature of their nation. Indeed, his careless and easy mode of writing made as many poets as poems. He so familiarised his countrymen with the mechanism of verse, he supplied them with such a store of common-place images and epithets, he coined such a variety of convenient expressions, that the very facility of versification seems to have prevented the effusions of genius, and the redundancy of poetical phrases to have superseded all originality of language.

"The number of poets, or rather versifiers, of his time is almost as wonderful as that of his compositions. Some hundreds of his imitators

are to be found in the list of Castilian poets. A cotemporary author, Don Estevan Emmanuel Villegas, in ridiculing the bad comedies of his time, bears testimony to the facility with which such compositions were produced, and humorously advises his mule-driver to set up for a poet:

"Que si bien consideras en Toledo

"Hubo sastre que pudo hacer comedias,

"Y parar de las musas el denuedo.

"Mozo de mulas eres,—haz comedias."

"A tailor once could comedies produce,

"And break the restive muses to his goose:

"Then by your flights, as is your office, higher;

"And, as you drive a mule, to tragedy aspire."

"It is a common remark in Italy, that in the same proportion as the effusions of *Improvisatori* have acquired correctness and harmony, the excellence of written poems has declined; and that the writings of these voluminous Spaniards which partook so much of the nature of extemporaneous productions, should resemble them also in enervating the language, seems a very probable conjecture. Perhaps it was in the efforts which genius made to deviate from so beaten a track, that it wandered into obscurity, and the easy but feeble volubility of Lope's school might induce Gongora and his disciples to hope that inspiration might be obtained by contortion.

"But the effect of Lope's labours must not be considered by a reference to language alone. For the general interest of dramatic productions, for the variety and spirit of the dialogue, as well as for some particular plays, all modern theatres are indebted to him. Perfection in any art is only to be attained by successive improvement; and though the last polish often effaces the marks of the preceding workmen, his skill was not less necessary to the accomplishment of the work, than the hand of his more celebrated successor. This consideration will, I hope, excuse the length of this treatise. Had Lope never written, the masterpieces of Corneille and Moliere might never have been produced; and were not those celebrated compositions known, he might still be regarded as one of the best dramatic authors in Europe.

"It seems but an act of justice to pay some honour to the memory of men whose labours have promoted literature, and enabled others to eclipse their reputation. Such was Lope de Vega; once the pride and glory of Spaniards, who in their literary, as in their political achievements, have, by a singular fatality, discovered regions, and opened mines, to benefit their neighbours and their rivals, and to enrich every nation of Europe, but their own."

BECKFORD'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Familiar Letters from Italy to a Friend in England. By Peter Beckford, Esq. In Two Volumes. Hatchard.

THIS is the age of travelling. Mr. Beckford, moreover, seems to think that it is the age of writing, and has therefore this double example to plead in his excuse for having travelled without an object, and written without a subject. The publication before us might have been denominated, "Thoughts during a Journey, Jests, Bon Mots," &c. but as to travels, a journal giving an account of the manners and characters of foreign countries, this publication has as much pretension to that title as a Jest book to be called the Tour of England.

Mr. Beckford begins by informing us that the greater part of the letters were written in the year 1787, before the invasion of Italy by the French. He justly observes, that were his subject too much limited within his title, the changes in the several countries since that period might have rendered these Letters useless; but when the writer has so little to say on the subject, it is a fact of little importance what the subject may be.

The author is a gentleman of fashion and fortune, and thinks and writes like one. There is a most inexcusable act of puppyism in his very first letter. He is in great terror lest his reader should imagine him a man of learning; he therefore cautiously pre-advises him, that should he mention Polybius and Dionysius, they must not be unjust enough to infer that he knows any thing of Greek or Latin. "I have contented myself with an English translation, and I advise you and all my other friends to do the same."

His language is such as to give the strongest internal evidence of the truth of this assertion, and Mr. Beckford may safely defy all the malice of his enemies who should attempt to brand him with the title of a learned man. We say it, and we hope Mr. Beckford will not suspect us of flattering when we do say it, that in all the course of our reading and reviewing, we have never met with a man of Mr. Beck-

ford's advantages, who has come out from them so complete a blockhead. A Yorkshire Justice is an Aristotle to this prince of Ignoramuses.

Some of the author's anecdotes are pleasant enough, whilst others are of a very different kind. As it is chiefly an anecdote writer that Mr. Beckford must be considered, our readers may take these specimens:

"The women of Switzerland affect French manners. They pass their evenings in small parties, called societies, to which strangers are frequently invited. It was at one of these assemblies that Mademoiselle G—— lost the heart of our friend Lord W. G. by eating too many *petits pates*. *Petits pates* were at that time much in fashion, and slept down very easily."

If this be travelling and writing travels Mr. Beckford is a good traveller, and an excellent travel-writer; he proceeds in this style through many hundred pages:

"At a concert I gave whilst in Switzerland, I had ordered to be provided a large quantity of the same *petits pates* I have before mentioned. I was called out between the acts; Toinette, the girl of the house, and who had the management of the sideboard, wanted to speak to me. I found her in tears; I concluded she was taken ill. Toinette, what is the matter with you? Sir, ah, ah, replied Toinette, sobbing, Monsieur S—— (the girl's sweetheart) has been here— Ah, ah, ah, I had left the sideboard but an instant only, and he has eat up every one of the *petit pates*."

Mr. Beckford is particularly fond of *bubble and squeak*, as would appear by the following passage:

"Italy, however, upon my most serious consideration, and divesting myself as much as is possible of all national prejudice, is a most abominable country; there is no such thing as bubble and squeak to be got even at the best taverns. They stare at you when you ask for a sandwich, and have no idea of roast beef. These are substantial blessings, and to many thought beyond an azure sky, and the finest sun in the world. I would not give a sequin for

a country, be its natural beauties, its works of arts, its laws and manners what they may, which had no bubble and squeak."

Of the morality and elegant sentiments of Mr. Beckford, whom, unless we knew to the contrary, we should have thought to have been a kind of philosophic old bachelor, the following is a specimen, which we believe will not much recommend him to the ladies:

"By an old law, in the time of the Medici, the expences attending marriage ceremonies were exceedingly limited; four strangers only were to be invited; four dishes provided; and a gentleman was most severely reprimanded by Government for having laid out a whole Guinea on his wedding-dinner. Compare this with the expences of the present day; three great gala dinners have been given by the family above mentioned, one on the wedding day, the others on the two following days. All their relations and all their friends were invited. The very sugar-plumbs that it is usual to send on these occasions to their acquaintance, cost the Marquis Riccardi a thousand crowns. Our custom is more decent; we give our dinners before the wedding, and leave the happy couple in private afterwards. In this country the conversation at these public dinners puts modesty to the blush; and the wife hears enough on the wedding-day and those that succeed it, to debauch her mind most completely, if it be not done already. Matrimony, at best, is a *very indecent piece of business*, think what you will of it, and virtue exposes, in this instance, what vice, with more decency conceals."

Did Mr. Beckford learn this sentiment of Rousseau, and this morality of Voltaire? Surely, surely no man of English manners, and English education, could have thus thought and written of himself.

Mr. Beckford, with all his fashion and manners, is full of vulgar jests against Parsons and Bishops.—He is at no loss to account for the excellent wines of Tuscany when there are so many Bishops to drink them. Every monk is with him an hypocrite, and runs a long score of secret vice to compensate himself for the apparent self-denial of public decorum. Now all this is very illiberal. Allow priests to be at least as other men. Allow them to be men in peculiar circumstances, and allow them that portion of virtue, which, under such circumstances, is natural to the human heart. Say not that every one

is a hypocrite under circumstances the natural tendency of which is to make men better and wiser.

The priest, no offence to Mr. Beckford, is usually the best educated man in his parish, or district, and therefore has the best chance of deriving the common benefits of education; a clearer head and a better heart. There is doubtless such a thing as bigotry, an excess natural to certain minds; but this is a particular, and not a general quality, and must not be suffered to detract from our esteem for the body. It is not the interest of priests to deceive; they do not hold their benefices by the faith of their congregations. The Christian religion is simple, and requires no deceit. The history is written in the record which is in the hands of every one. The comments may be erroneous, but this has nothing to say to the text.

We now dismiss Mr. Beckford.—The following may be given as a specimen of his general manners. It is his letter from Florence; we give it at full length:

"Four thousand crowns is a good Florentine income; a sum, at least, equal to as many thousand pounds in the hands of an Englishman. You have already seen, that the assignamento of a wife does not cost much—the whole additional expence is computed at one thousand two hundred crowns. The sons, when they become men, are usually allowed ten or twelve crowns a month to find themselves in clothes and pocket money. The daughters, who are found in every thing, have a sequin given them, now and then, that they may have some money in their pockets. Is not a quarterly or monthly allowance preferable? they would then learn to make the most of a little, and know what they have to depend on."

"Every expence in this country is calculated. The usual calculation is two hundred crowns a year for a coach and pair of horses, coachman included: sixty crowns each footman, and forty for each maid. Gluttony is not the vice of an Italian. A Florence nobleman will agree with his cook to provide dinner and supper at the rate of three pauls a head for both; bread, wine, oil, and firing, not included. The pocket never suffers, and the constitution is frequently a gainer. Others fix a certain sum for their daily expences: if they exceed it one day, parsimony the next brings matters even."

"An Italian dinner usually consists of a soup, which never fails winter and summer; a piece of

bouilli; a fry of some kind or other; a ragout; and the roti, which, whether it be a piece of meat, or a few small birds, is served up last. The soup is no better than broth, being the essence of the bouilli only, which, of course, is boiled to rags; and the roast meat being usually soaked in water before it is put to the fire, loses all its flavor. The table-cloth is not taken off neither here nor in France; nor, I believe, in any part of the Continent:—their tables are made of the commonest wood, and are always dirty; our tables are both handsome and clean, so we may use our pleasure.

“Butter, you will sometimes see as a side dish: it is rather a rarity, oil being commonly used in their kitchens. Raw ham, Bologna sausage, figs, and melons, are eaten at the first course. Salt meat, unless it be hams and tongues, is totally unknown. No boiled leg of pork, and peas-pudding; no bubble and squeak;—vulgar dishes, it is true, but excellent notwithstanding: nor have they the *petits plats*, in which the French so much excel, to supply their places. In short, you must not expect good cookery in a country where all the servants are cooks. I have acted in that capacity. I am afraid, the worst is he whose business it is to dress the dinner: my coachman is said to be famous at a made dish.

“Though few breakfast, all sup; a custom that cannot but be unwholesome in a country where it is usual to go to bed immediately after. Johnson, who was not partial to the Scotch, used to say, that if an epicure could remove by a wish in quest of sensual gratifications, he would breakfast in Scotland. If breakfast was that gentleman's favourite meal, he did well not to come into Italy, where the comforts of it are unknown. It is not allowed to servants. It is not reckoned by the Vetturino, who supplies you with every necessary on your journey; and those who indulge in this luxury, are contented with a dish of coffee or chocolate, a few figs, or a bunch of grapes. To complete the day, according to Johnson's idea, I think his epicure should dine in London; take his afternoon's *gouté* in Switzerland; and sup at Paris.

“It would be unpardonable, in writing to an Englishman, to talk of the table, and not mention wine: yet I much doubt if Florence wine, though Cosimo III. made presents of it to most of the Sovereigns in Europe, and though Queen Anne is said to have preferred it to any other, will please a palate accustomed to Claret, Champagne, and Burgundy. The most esteemed are the Alatico, Chianti, and Monte Pulciano. That which you drink in England for Florence wine, is Chianti; even to this brandy is added at Leghorn to give it strength; no other will bear

the sea. The common wine of the country I conclude is weak, as you seldom see a man drunk in the street, and in good company never.

“Dress is no article of expense. You are not obliged, as in France, to have different clothes for the different seasons: you are at liberty to dress as you please; and an English flock may be worn throughout the year. We are told, that a country gentleman appeared at the Opera at Paris the beginning of autumn in his summer suit: he was stared at as a monster, and *habit d'été, habit d'été*, was repeated all over the theatre. A friend of ours, by some strange fatality, wore a pair of point-ruffs in the month of May: the impropriety would have utterly ruined another man;—this gentleman, who is a man of wit, excused himself by saying, he had a cold. The Florentines are too wise to trouble themselves with numberless suits of clothes, for the sole benefit of their tailors. They go to the Opera in flocks; and, during the Carnival, to the ball in *bauttes*. They have a dress coat, and a gala carriage; the latter lasts them their lives,—nor do they, like some that shall be nameless, change their carriages every two or three years to enrich their coach-makers. They have also gala liveries; but they are proud to last as long as they can. Every day liveries must last two years: those who make a figure, give two: one for the summer, the other for the winter,—but each is to last two seasons.

“I cannot commend their taste; their very magnificence is inelegant. Behind the same carriage you will frequently see one footman very tall, the other very short. I have just met two such, who, being clothed in green, looked like the sign of Robin Hood and Little John. You will also see one with a cocked hat, the other with a round one. There is a want of feeling in these trifles somewhat beyond a want of taste. Strictly speaking, even their hair should be dressed alike; and, if they wear queues, they should be of an equal length.

“In all countries some customs are remarkable. When first I knew Florence, about twenty years ago, an odd custom prevailed at Court;—all the men curtsied to the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess; foreigners only were permitted to bow, who were supposed to know no better.

“A refusal is expressed by the finger in Italy as in other countries by the head. A common salutation is with the fingers up; and they call you with the fingers down.

“It is said that the voice, in speaking, seldom rises higher, or sinks lower than three notes and a half. It is otherwise here; they change sometimes from their natural voice to a falsetto, till you are ready to laugh in their faces.

“They tell you, that if it rains on the third of F.

April, it is to continue to rain for forty days after. We run a risk of losing all our faith to this country.

"The Florentine Nobility were, as I have said, originally merchants; book-keepers were then necessary. They have retained the custom ever since, and in some families not less than eight or ten of those persons are constantly employed—I know not how.

"The Noblemen sell wine, and hang out the sign of an empty flask at the palace window. A retail trade, like this of the Florentine Nobility, an English wine merchant would think beneath his dignity. The best tap going at present is that of the Bishop of Fiesole.

"It is ridiculous to see a Sposa Monaca dressed out to the height of the fashion, and driven about from one end of the town to the other. Mercy on us, what a mistake is here!—Content more easily proceeds from ignorance than conviction; nor is it prudent to indulge in any pleasures that are not always within our reach.

"The kitchen frequently is at the top of the house. I asked a reason of a Florentine friend, and he gave me two;—one, he said, was to prevent the smoke of the charcoal and smell of the dinner; the other, to render it more difficult for the servants to carry any thing away. As they are on board wages, the vulgar adage, *safe bind, safe find*, is never forgotten. Their masters know they are not scrupulous, and never put temptation in their way.

"It was the custom in the time of Juvenal to blow the fire with their mouths,—it is so now. I have a fellow in my family whose mouth is better than any bellows.

"The extreme unction which is administered to those who are dying, is carried publicly, and in procession: a custom as improper as unnecessary. The tinkling bell and hoarse voices of those that accompany it, are unpleasant sounds even to those who are well; and, at a time of epidemy, when deaths are frequent, might be fatal to those who are sick. A Spanish proverb says:—"If you think you shall die, you will die."

"They wear mourning but a short time for the nearest relation, and that not constantly. I have known a husband marry in two months after his wife's decease. It is true he was an elderly gentleman, and had no time to lose.

"Ladies in child-bed keep the house for forty days, and do not get up till the twelfth day; yet many Contadinas, after the third day are out at work in the fields. I have read that in some parts of America the wife is no sooner delivered of her

burden than she gets up, and her husband keeps his bed; she does the work of the house, and he goes through all the ceremonies of a lady in the straw. I had nearly forgotten one custom that I think will surprise you: they *feed their cats*, and *poison their dogs*. Though held in less veneration in Italy than in Egypt, the cat still seems to be an object of general affection. Florence swarms with them. Here are people who make a trade of feeding them, and are paid by the inhabitants, who, notwithstanding their great economy, keep more cats than catch mice. Dogs, on the other hand, are scarce: that amiable and friendly animal is not only neglected, but, during the summer months, is poisoned in the streets. If you are here in the summer, take care of Rover.

"I must leave off—My house is in an uproar of laughter, at the expense of a poor cobbler, my opposite neighbour. My servant having frequently missed different sums of money out of a drawer in my bed-chamber, he suspected the porter, and engaged his friend the cobbler to watch and detect him. The affair did not appear difficult, the money was always taken on a Monday, which was the day my weekly bills were settled; it was also observed, that the robbery was committed at the time the other servants were all of them at dinner: these circumstances caused the porter to be suspected; and it was thought he used a false key, as the drawer was kept constantly locked. The cobbler, who had readily accepted the office, made light of it; he used the common expression of his countrymen, *lascia fare*, and longed for the arrival of Monday to shew his prowess. At length Monday came, and the honest cobbler, determined to take the thief, placed himself where he could best observe all that passed in the chamber, and catch him in the fact. It was not long before he appeared: he was cautious and cunning, he secured the door, he listened if all was quiet: there was a closet in the room, he examined it carefully, and then went to the chest of drawers to begin his operation. The cobbler now thought he had him safe enough, but unluckily, as the devil would have it, the porter, recollecting that he had not looked under the bed, lifted up the valance, and discovered our friend. It is not easy to conceive the ridiculous figure the poor cobbler made, lugged out from his hiding place, taken prisoner, and brought down stairs, as a culprit, by the very thief he had promised to detect. He seems determined never to turn thief-taker again. The porter is discharged."

TRISTIA; OR, THE SORROWS OF PETER.

Tristia; or, the Sorrows of Peter. Elegies to the King, Lords Grenville, Petty, the Bishop of London, Erskine, Messrs. Fox and Sheridan, &c. &c. By Peter Pindar, Esq. London: Walker, Paternoster-row, 8vo.

THOUGH the laurels of this veteran bard are not perhaps so green as upon the outset of his poetical life, it is but candid to confess, that Time, however he may have touched them with decay, has not touched them with dullness. If he wield his satirical scourge with more discretion than formerly, and may, on that account, be thought to apply it with less force and dexterity, it must be considered as a sacrifice to decorum and prudence, and not as any abatement of native powers. Dr. Walcot has perhaps learnt that all popularity is precarious, but none more so than that of a writer whose province is personal satire. If, upon one hand, it is the vice of our nature to be too industrious to pry into the weakness and follies of mankind, and to feel a sort of ungenerous triumph at their exposure! it is no less true, that there is a radical goodness in the minds of most of us, which disposes us soon to forget and overlook them. When the novelty ceases, the jest ceases too; and if we feel any asperity, it is perhaps against the poor satirist himself.

It is thus that upon the long run, personal satire is little injurious to the objects attacked, and most pernicious to its authors themselves. It is a gun bursting upon the recoil, whilst the game escapes, peppered, perhaps, with a few shots, but no more.

But it would be unjust to consider Dr. Walcot as belonging wholly to the above species of writers. His satires, if such indeed they can be called, have nothing of malignity or envy. They glance at weaknesses, and probe follies, but they never wound the essence of characters. They are harmless *tirades* and can scarcely be thought to offend the object themselves.

This talent of merriment is no wise abated with the Poet's decline in life; and in his present publication, the *Tristia*, his ancient humour shoots forth with as much warmth

and luxury as ever. We recommend it to such of our readers as having laughed before with this Author, may be willing to laugh again.

It is but just that we make an extract from this work. The Poet continues to wish that he had been so happy as to have been a vote in a Cornish Borough; and, with tears in his eyes, enumerates the pleasures and honours he has lost.

"URGANDA, if a favourite cat lies in,

"Invites her friends to caudle and rich cake:

"But when my Muse is brought to bed, no din,

"No how d'ye visits my cool neighbours make!

"Or is the Monkey sick, he takes his bed,

"Old Slop is sent for to prescribe for Pug—

"Complains the Muse? on what shall rest her head?

"What soul shall send a pillow or a rug?

"O had I been a *Vote*, a *Bore*! *I* *Vote*!

"Then fortune would have squeez'd me by the hand;

"Then would my back have worn a different coat—

"Shirts, stockings, shoes, had been at my command.

"Then with his lofty Lordship I had din'd

"With other Votes, a numerous band at table;

"Had drank his health, receiv'd his smiles so kind,

"Midst clattering knives and forks, and sounds of Babel.

"Then had I mark'd the wonders of his face,

"Gap'd at his speech and swallow'd ev'ry word;

"Then had I got the promise of a place—

"For promises are frequent with a Lord.

"Then had I touch'd his Lordship's hand or cuff,

"And measur'd him all over, inch by inch;

"Mark'd how his Lordship gracefully took snuff,

"And possibly been honour'd with a pinch!

"Then had I heard of boys the joyous yells—

"To praise the Lord, the cannon's loud endeavour,

"And guns of marrow-bones, and jingling bells,

"Mix'd with sublime huzzas, "My Lord for ever!"

' Then with his Lordship I had march'd the
 town.
 " With may'r and aldermen, a pompous band,
 " To enter the Votes' houses up and down,
 " And seen him shake Tom Stirrup by the
 hand.
 " And now Ben Block the barber, now Sam
 Sledge,
 " Now Stitch the tailor, now the mason Shovel;
 " Old Scrape the scavenger, the woodman
 Wedge;
 " In short, each happy *wight* that own'd a
 novel.

" Then had I seen the Lord and Grannies greet,
 " Seen the old Dames their mouths, for kisses,
 wipe—
 " And the loud smacks of busses, all so sweet,
 " And seen his Lordship smoke their stumps
 of pipe!
 " Then had I seen his Lordship to his chaise;
 " Take leave, with May'r and Alderman in
 sorrow;
 " Hop'd weather would be fine, and good the
 ways,
 " And that he soon again would bless the
 borough."

THE WINTER IN LONDON.

The Winter in London; or, Spectacles of Fashion. By T. Surr. In Three Volumes.
 Third Edition. Phillips.

THE wretched trash which has periodically deluged the town, under the name of novels, has very justly sunk the reputation of this kind of writing. We learn with pleasure, that fewer novels have been published within these twelve months, than used almost monthly to issue from the press. This is creditable to the good sense and good taste of the Nation. We might have added that it was not less creditable to the general virtue. We should have little hope of a country in which the unmasked wickedness of a Godwin or Woodstock were received, even with ordinary satisfaction. We learn, therefore, with pleasure, that Fleetwood has sunk to appear no more.

Mr. Surr's novel is of a very different description. He informs the public that he has written for no other purpose, and with no other view, than that of amusing a vacant hour. If he accomplishes this point, he adds, that he most readily relinquishes every loftier aim.

Mr. Surr, however, is doubtless too well informed to consider life as having no other worthy occupation than that of amusement. He is accordingly far from cherishing an indifference relative to the moral effects to be produced on the mind even by a work of fancy. With these principles in view, we observe with unusual pleasure that Mr. Surr has in no

single instance suffered his pages to be stained by licentious images, or any thing unfriendly either to morals or religion. This is no slight praise in an age where the Miss Williams and the Godwins, have done so much to corrupt this public taste. Mr. Surr, with a more solid judgment, and a better heart, has anxiously avoided this most pestilent mischief; and we can assure our readers, that they may not only take up, but read from the first pages to the last, Mr. Surr's novel, without finding any thing which may offend a delicate, honest mind.

The Winter in London begins in a style very picturesque.

" It was that season of the year when evening fills the lap of earth with fallow leaves—A sultry day was ended, and as night advanced, the appearance of the heavens denoted a storm.—The moon had risen, amid black clouds, which, floating in various directions, admitted streams of momentary light, and now spread wide a still and dreary darkness."

This is a good description of a lowering night in the end of October. It is not, however, without its faults. It is not this kind of weather which usually portends a tempest. Mr. Surr, we presume, has not lived much in the country.

The Founder of a Family is well described as follows:

" Mr. Sawyer Dickens was well known as

one of the wealthiest Commoners in England. There were not however wanting some persons with strong memories, who recollected that the origin of the wealthy banker was very far from being equally splendid. In truth, the present property acquired by the father of Mr. Dickens, was obtained by the application of his talents and industry to the useful employments of cleaning boots and shoes, and knives and forks, at a public house, in the neighbourhood of Newgate-Market. Ned Dickens was indebted to Yorkshire for his birth, parentage, and education. He was a firm and sincere professor of that celebrated creed, that pence get shillings, and shillings get pounds. This faith cherished him under many a kick and cuff.

"Thus a few years devotion enabled him to become a creditor to the nation to the amount of fifty pounds, five per cent. stock, and promoted him to the rank of waiter. The same saving faith still urged him onward. Ned's master died, and left the good-will of his house and trade to his heir, Tommy Jones, and his buxom widow. Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, and the Dog and Duck became the exchequers into which Tommy Jones, assisted by certain fair friends, paid the receipts of his mother's bar. These, however, were soon found inadequate to support the follies of this spirited youth. Ned's coffers became the budgets of Tom's wants, Ned kept a good account. Thus the idleness of the master enriched the servant, and by the time that Tommy was five and twenty, he had broken his mother's heart, and spent his last shilling—Tom enlisted as an India soldier, and Ned became landlord of the house.

"Here was one step; fortune soon opened another. For Barbon, an eminent gin man, lived next door to him. Mr. Barbon had gained great wealth, and was a Common Councilman, when he was taken off by a surfeit. Dickens bought the vacant lease and good-will, and bought for one thousand, what was well worth three."

Our limits will not permit a farther extract of this part, but this will be sufficient to shew the talents of Mr. Surr for satire. We understand that Mr. Ned Dickens is no fanciful character, which has no existence but in the mind of the writer. Mr. Dickens is said to be a wealthy banker, not many miles from Temple-bar. We must confess our ignorance of the original. The picture, however, is spirited, and has some appearance of being taken from real life.

We have praised the Winter in London for its general purity in style and senti-

ment. We know not whether we can extend this praise to the character of its satire. This satire is perhaps too direct. The characters are indeed hidden behind feigned names and other circumstances than those in which they exist in life. But the veil is for the most part too transparent. Mr. Surr seems careful that his readers should not mistake. If he does not therefore subscribe his portraits—This is the bear, this is the horse, he draws them with so much precaution, and with so many known circumstances, that it is impossible to miss them.

There is a gentleman, a colonel in the army, very well known to all our fashionable readers, as a kind of general Master of Ceremonies; a gratuitous Chamberlain to all fashionable ranks. He has been the inventor of all the trifles of fashion that have appeared for many years; the Manager of all the private theatricals; the president of Pic-Nics, in a word, having no other business in life but trifles, he has brought the art to a kind of science, and is so laboriously ridiculous, and ostentatiously contemptible, that it would be a considerable injustice to him not to allow that he is the finished fool of the day. Mr. Surr has described this character which is so well known amongst the fashionable circles. Perhaps he has treated him with too much severity. We believe the gay Colonel to be as harmless as he is ridiculous.

"The father of Captain Neville was a Yorkshire Squire, who broke his neck in a fox-chace, and left his son just enough to buy a pair of colours in the Guards. By his mimicry and rhyming the Captain rendered himself agreeable to a society of young men around him, and partly by their interest, and partly by their money, he gradually arose to the rank of Captain. Accident threw him in the way of a Lady of Fashion who had written a Play, to which Neville tagged an Epilogue, that became very popular. His fortune was made from that moment. He dressed in the most eccentric manner possible, that he might attract public notice, and when it was accordingly enquired who is he? What is he? The answer was, the Author of the celebrated Epilogue. Among others to whom his fame introduced him, was the proprietor of a newspaper, then recently established, and particularly addressed to the fashionable world, Neville, and a few other minor Poets, wrote

sonnets to themselves, and answered themselves in sonnets again, which were printed in this newspaper, and in which it became fashionable to read, or rather spout, in the first circles.—The newspaper man was of course gratified by the increased sale of his paper, and Neville and his friends, in return, had the exclusive privilege of puffing and praising himself and his friends, and of sneering and scandalizing his foes and rivals. From non-ensical verses the rage turned to a jargon of prose paragraphs, which had the novelty of a particular structure, and which, from their quaintness and absurdity, became very popular."

We have again to observe of this, that the satire is perhaps too direct. Besides, we cannot see any purpose that it can answer, and there is some ill-nature in the useless exposure of a harmless character. Colonel — is as innocent a coxcomb as we know.

The chapter on theatres and dramas is the worst in the whole work. Mr. Surr here defends Reynolds, Morton, and other dramatists of the age, and vindicates their superiority over all other writers of antient or modern times. Perhaps these gentlemen are Mr. Surr's friends. We cannot in any other way account for this perversion of taste and judgment.

It is chiefly, however, as a sketch of real life, that the merit of "The Winter in London" must be rated. Every page contains a portrait of some living character; some of them, as we have before said, are pictured with liveliness and fidelity, whilst others are in caricature, and not to be recognized. Mr. Surr appears to us to excel in this kind of domestic satire. We cannot but again express it as our opinion, that he is somewhat too liberal of it.—Good-nature is at any time preferable to wit.—Vice may merit the utmost severity of justice, but folly, harmless folly, should not be chastised with the same iron rod. Mr. Surr makes no difference.

It would be a task somewhat invidious to endeavour to present our readers with a key to this fashionable satire. In many cases, perhaps, we might be accused of being ourselves the authors of the satire by its unjust application. The characters are not always distinct. The Duchess of Gordon, and late Duchess of Devonshire, two characters that were very different,

are confounded, in "The Winter in London," in one representative. There is, moreover, too much of unmeaning scandal, borrowed from newspaper paragraphs; and, as we have before observed, the whole of it is very deficient in good-nature, which would not so unnecessarily have exposed so much harmless folly. We wish Mr. Surr had not been so liberal of his undoubted talent. A satirist is at best a dangerous companion. For our own parts, were we members of the fashionable world, we should be careful not to expose ourselves to the pencil of Mr. Surr, by giving him the *entré* of our houses.

We must sum up our opinion of this novel by presenting our readers with the following extract, in which the talent of Mr. Surr appears to most advantage:

"Royal Institution!" echoed the Marquis of Arberry, as he entered the breakfast-room, followed by Edward, Captain Neville, and Lord Barton. "Are you for the Royal Institution, Ladies?"

"Even so, Sir," said her Grace, "and you are the very scholars we wanted, to explain the meaning of all the hard words."

"Oh, in mercy, never let such lips as these," said Lord Barton, bowing to the ladies, "be distorted with such terms as hydrogen and oxygen, and caloric and carbonic."

"Fie, Lord Barton!" said the Duchess: "would you have the girls appear downright barbarians?—The chemical nomenclature will be part of the language of fashion this winter; and I shall not be surprised if it were to become as fashionable in a short time, to construe these Egyptian hieroglyphics, as it is now to decorate our apartments with them. In that case an Egyptian master will become as necessary as a French governess."

"But can it be fashionable for young ladies to study chemistry, or attend lectures on Galvanism?"

"O yes, my Lord," said Doctor Hoare, "the fascination of fashion is irresistible. It wrought a miracle last winter far more wonderful than this.—It was then the rage to hear the Bishop of London preach; and there was actually as great a scramble for a pew at St. James's church, as for a box at the opera. There is nothing, therefore, which fashion may not achieve, since it has made fine ladies say their prayers."

"High noon, I declare!" said the Duchess with a yawn, looking at her watch. "We shall lose the exordium."

"A bustle ensued.—The gentlemen had ar-

ranged a morning lounge at Tattersall's. The Duchess, however, would take them to "school," as she termed it. Carriages were ordered, and the whole party agreed to attend the lecture.

"Edward was the only gentleman who had not paired off with a lady. Lord Barton had one arm of the Duchess, who, looking round with an air of captivating sweetness, said, "Mr. Montagu, pray don't let this young man run away with me—do give me your arm!"

"Edward bowed, and her Grace held out her hand.

"Looking at the profusion of superb furniture, all after the antique Egyptian model, the Duchess could scarce refrain a bursting sigh: she smiled, however, and gaily observed, "What a procession we make! We seem like the children of Israel going forth out of the land of Egypt!" alluding to the furniture and decorations.

"True," said Lord Barton; "but whoever is under the same roof with your Grace will never be out of the house of bondage."

"Very well for a young beginner, indeed, Sir! I perceive, as Neville says, you will do very well with a little encouragement."

"When the party arrived at the Institution, the rooms were crowded almost to suffocation. The lecturer was haranguing his fashionable audience on the discovery of Galvani, and explaining its principles and its uses.

"Edward had promised himself some pleasure from this visit, as well as some information. In the latter, at least, he was completely disappointed. So loud was the clamour of ladies' tongues, that the poor lecturer's learning and eloquence were totally wasted upon the greater part of the assembly.

"La! Lady Fane! are you here?"

"So, Sir Harry, you are turned philosopher!"

"Well, of all the things in the world, who should have thought of seeing that jockey, Charles Torrington, at a lecture on Galvanism!"

"Oh, my dear, he has killed so many racers, that he is half ruined in horse flesh; and so he expects, by learning Galvanism, to be able to bring his dead horses to life again."

"Now, why don't you listen, Louisa? that's a most astonishing property of the Galvanic fluid which the professor is describing."

"Dear me, Eliza, how teasing you are! You know I can read all about such things at home in Wilkinson's book; and I am listening to a most delightful piece of scandal now, which I could not hear at home."

"No, no, Madam; I tell you it was the Duchess of Belgrave."

"Ma'am, I have it from authority that it

was the Duchess of Drinkwater. They have actually discharged sixteen of their servants, and put down no less than four carriages."

"There you're wrong again, ma'am!—Six servants and two carriages, if you please; and they do say things may be settled without selling an acre of land."

"Such was the confused collision of sounds that struck the ears of Edward, instead of the scientific lecture he had anticipated.

"At the upper end of the room he observed the Brachamps and the Signor Belloni. Seats were reserved for the Duchess of Belgrave's party, very near them. The parties mingled.

"As Edward was standing in one corner of the room, endeavouring to catch a part of the lecture, he felt his coat twitched, and turning round saw Dr. Hoare at his elbow. "Step this way," said the doctor:—"yonder I see Ogilvy." Edward followed him out of the lecture-room.

"Well, my old friend," said the Doctor, "what do you say to the moderns now? Here are golden times, when science is not only patronised by fashion, but when it is absolutely necessary to be scientific to be fashionable!"

"Psha!" said Ogilvy. "Science! Nonsense! The world is absolutely turned topsy-turvy, and the people are all run mad. Don't profane the name of science by associating that word with this depository of pots, pans, and potatoes.—Don't call that science,

"That with clipp'd wing, familiar flirts away,

"In Fashion's cage, and parrot of the day:

"The sybil of a shrine, where fops adore

"The oracle of culinary lore."

Shree's Rhymes on Art.

"But, my dear Ogilvy, does not science gain at least some honour by having such a splendid train of lovely votaries as are in the next room?"

"No?—its a burlesque worship. There is not half a dozen among the women there who have a real love for science; and that's the only consolation I feel; the bubble will burst ere the novelty is well over."

"You do not then approve, Sir," said Edward, "of the dissemination of the higher branches of knowledge among the fair sex?"

"I don't approve of the present system, of making prattling philosophers in petticoats. I see no good that is to result to society from having our wives or daughters discharging electric or Galvanic batteries at our heads, or of converting our cook-maids into chemical analysers of smoke and steam."

"But are not the scientific pursuits of the present day at least as beneficial to society as the

old amusement of working carpets and chair bottoms:" said Dr. Hoare.

"No; they are not. The end of such occupation was to render our homes, a word now almost obsolete, agreeable to their masters: whereas this mania of philosophy has a direct contrary tendency, converting our parlours into chemical laboratories, and our drawing-rooms into debating societies."

"But, Ogilvy, you must make some allowance for the progress of refinement, and the growth of luxury. Ladies of fashion now-a-days would faint at the sight of a tambour frame; and at the introduction of a spinning-wheel they would actually expire!"

"I grant you, Jonathan, that there is a necessary change in the manners of the great.—As wealth increases in a state, the number of those who live without labour must increase; and still further I grant, that the increase of population, the source of that wealth, makes it a duty that the rich should not do those services for themselves, to do which forms the subsistence of the poor. I do not, therefore, wish to see duchesses of the nineteenth century working carpets, or spinning cloth;—but, zounds, man, is there no alternative? Have they not music and dancing? Have they not drawing and poetry? Have they not the exercise of fancy and taste in all the articles of dress? and all the arrangements of routs, balls, and assemblies? Besides, I would even allow them a dip into botany and horticulture:—all this may do well enough for amusement. But let me not hear the studies of abstruse sciences called feminine

amusements, and the severest labours of human intellect termed pastimes for ladies!"

"To be serious, Ogilvy," said Dr. Hoare, "I feel no inclination further to contest a subject on which it is impossible there should be a difference of opinion. But, if you are not an approver of this Institution, may I ask what brings you here?"

"I have not condemned the Institution.—On the contrary, with some exceptions, I admire its plan. The avowed purpose of its establishment was 'the diffusion of knowledge, and facilitating the general introduction of useful mechanical improvements;' and had your duchesses and marchionesses contented themselves with the honour of subscribing to the expense of such an institution, I should have applauded instead of censuring their conduct. I am myself a subscriber. Their lectures I think worse than useless; their pot and kettle manufactories, and their roasting and boiling experiments, should, I conceive, have been distinct branches, entirely separated from and unconnected with the literary or scientific parts of the establishment!—An union of soup and science!—Good Heavens!—What cannot fashion do;—But you ask what brings me here? The news-room and the library. These are supplied with more than fifty periodical publications, in English, French, and German, with all the London, and many of the foreign newspapers.—Here I frequently lounge away the morning, more independently than in a private library, and more comfortably than in a public coffee-room."

THE STRANGER IN IRELAND.

The Stranger in Ireland, or a Tour in the Southern and Western Parts of that Country, in the Year 1805.—By John Carr, Esq. of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.

"*HISTORIA quoquo modo scripta dellectat*" is the characteristic adage applied by Pliny to history. It is perhaps still more applicable to the narratives of travellers. There are many who are perfectly indifferent to what the world was some centuries back. There are few who are without curiosity as to what it is at present. History, moreover, appeals chiefly to the reason, and therefore, to the few who can think; travels to the senses, and

therefore to the many who can read. In a word, history relates past actions—the traveller produces present images—history has for its subject the mind of man—the traveller the face of nature.—Travels, therefore, will be read, where history will be neglected.

The ancients appear to have a very contemptible estimation of this modern art, that of travelling and writing travels; scenery, dancing, and sky-gazing, are

each dignified with their respective muse, as the divine president and inspirer of their several votaries. There is no muse of travelling. The tour-writers, like the poet of *Hudibras*, were left to seek the inspiration of their bottle or pot, and amongst the manuscripts of *Herculaneum*, though there are many on cooking, and more on metaphysics, there is not one traveller.

Our admiration of the ancients, however, must not blind us to the different circumstances of the times. It is the peculiar felicity of modern times that we have a greater proportion of idlers, and that idlers, from a necessary prudence, are held in higher estimation. There are thus many who have nothing to do but to read, and still more who have nothing to do but to write. History requires much thought, painful research, and some talents. Science demands a long application, but travelling is comparatively moderate in its several requisites. A couple of shirts, a couple of guineas, a ream of paper, and a quart of ink, has been the capital of many a traveller on the tour of Europe. Mr. Carr indeed seems to have been somewhat better supplied, but adhering, with a kind of professional point of honour to the long usage of his brother travellers, though he may have exceeded them in the number of his shirts and guineas, he has religiously preserved the standard, of the necessary portion of learning, knowledge, taste, and modesty of his brother travellers.

Mr. Carr approves of a strict method in the arrangement of his thoughts and subjects. We will hence imitate him, and proceed to prove, by a just examination of his work, the following three simple points:

1st. That Mr. Carr is a tolerable ignoramus.

2d. That he is a decent coxcomb.

3d. That he is a *perfect* traveller.

The following is a worthy specimen of the style of Mr. Carr. He is replying to Twiss's well-known jeer at the Irish ladies.—Port if you please.

"To reply to this imputation would be to hurl a rock at a fly. This writer, well knowing that a love of ridicule is a predominant passion with most of us, has feathered his arrow with falsehood, to wound the purest bosom which truth is bound to protect."

Supplément—Vol. I.

If this be not nonsense, it is an example of that clouded, muddy, bombastic stuff, which, amongst those who set up for writers without a suitable education, has usurped the name of an English style. Holcroft, and the democratic philosophers, who have a very natural contempt for Latin and Greek, as making no part either of the necessary tools of their trade, or matters of their education, were the first who introduced this gibberish amongst us. It has since pervaded almost every comedy on the stage, and, without one exception, every novel of the Leadenhall market. Mr. Carr has now carried it into his travels.

Mr. Carr thus proceeds in the same passage with increased mawkishness:

"If we suffer from satire, it is a requital for indulging ourselves in the weakness which is gratified by it. To such an extent is that imbecility permitted to range, that the happiest efforts of human genius have been shaken by the most contemptible occurrence."

In page 140 is the following new use of the word *approach*.

"Impossible as it is to describe by verbal painting a just idea of this exquisite scene, I approach an attempt to describe it with considerable apprehension."

We have given this passage with more satisfaction, as in the narrow compass of four lines it contains not only a perfect specimen of Mr. Carr's style and attainments, but an equally perfect example of what we have above called an English style, *i. e.* of a style which may and must be written by those who are ignorant of the classical languages, which they so foolishly affect to despise. The reader will there see that ingenious misapplication of words which distinguish the school of the Holcrofts, Godwins, &c. words, which as derived from the Latins, and retaining in their translation their original signification, cannot be *precisely* understood, nor *particularly* applied, without a good knowledge of the original tongues. Had Mr. Carr understood the passage which he has quoted in the close of his volume, he would not have written thus:

Speaking of the Irish ladies, Mr. Carr expresses himself in the same mawkish, and heavy inelegance:

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"The Irish ladies possess a peculiar frankness of manners. In this open sweetness of deportment the libertine finds no encouragement; for their modesty must be the subject of remark and eulogy. The instances of connubial defection are fewer in Ireland for its size, than in any country of equal civilization."

Again, he accounts for this modesty as follows:

"I do not think that the modesty of the Irish ladies is owing to any peculiar cause; it is the effect of principle, and not of a coldness in the organization of nature. The fruitfulness of the women is a proof that when married they have a proper respect for the embraces of their husbands. It is therefore my decided opinion, and I give it after duly weighing the subject, that the Irish ladies are chaste."

If this were raillery, it might be pleasant enough. But Mr. Carr gives it as sober philosophy, and a solid remark on the manners of the Irish.

Mr. Carr neglects nothing which can furnish matter for a page. He enters into the following learned discussion on a subject of doubtless real interest—the derivation of the word *Gee-ho*.

Pursuing the same subject, *i. e.* an examination of the peculiar manners of the Irish, he thus proceeds:

"The purpose of these sheets, and these travels, is to render more known the characteristic manners of the people of so important a member of the British empire. The reader therefore must pardon me, if, in the progress of this subject, I may be somewhat elaborate. The description of the peculiar manners of a people is as difficult as it is interesting.

"A good many people in Ireland are drivers of horses. These people set their horses in motion by the word *Gee*, or *Gee-ho*, *Dobbin*. *Gee* seems to me to be the imperative of the German verb, *gehen*, to go; it is used in that sense by the waggoners, and when it is accompanied by a stroke of the whip, the horse understands it, and accordingly goes on. The word *Who-ah*, *Wo*, is in the same manner used to retard the motion of a horse. This I believe to be derived from the Danish word, *Ho*, to stop. When the kings, in ancient times, presided at tilts and tournaments, and wished to stop the combatants, the king threw down his baton, and the heralds cried out in the Danish language, *Hu, Ho, Oh, Oh*."

"Oh! Ho! Mr. Carr. Where did you learn to write quartos thus?"

The suitable object of travellers is to relate what may peculiarly be called the manners of the people, those characteristic traits which distinguish them from the neighbouring nations. The state of agriculture, the rent and purchase of land, manufactures, &c. are each of them equally important to be known. Of a traveller in Ireland, the first questions we should ask, would be such as follow: What is the Irish method of farming? What is the proportion of their stock to their rents? What is the average rent? How are the farms divided? What are the usual leases? Is this body of men rich? If not, what is the cause? What is the present state of the linen manufacture, and other Irish manufactures? What is the supposed capital employed in it? Is it rising, or decaying?

The greater part of these questions, however, Mr. Carr is totally unable to answer, because he has applied no care to inquire. Mr. Carr's information is of a very different kind. He can tell us how many streets there are in Dublin, and give us an aqua-tint engraving of the Castle. He picks up some of the *slang* of the lowest ranks, and gives it as national traits. He travels by a direct road about fifty miles into the country from Dublin towards Cork, describes the face of the country by the road-side, that is to say, the face of the road, and calls this travelling in Ireland. In a word, in these Travels of a summer in the kingdom of Ireland, Mr. Carr does not appear to have been fourteen days absent from the city of Dublin. Three parts of his immense quarto at least, are occupied in the description of this metropolis. Mr. Carr appears to us as little suited for travelling, as almost any literary man. He is an invincible coxcomb, and his talents and knowledge, not a whit superior to the most contemptible of the travellers of the day.

Mr. Carr is peculiarly fond of a *joke*. His Travels are a tolerable collection of these witticisms. He went to Ireland to see *bulls*, but though he saw many *cows*, he did not see more than a due proportion of *bulls*. This is his favourite jest, and to which he recurs more than once. Low humour is an irresistible bait to Mr. Carr, and however indifferent to the manners,

agriculture, and manufactures of a kingdom, he never for a moment suffers to slip an opportunity of relating a low Irish joke. A poor merit this for a quarto so extensive as Mr. Carr's.

The following is a specimen of Mr. Carr's talents at narrative:—

"A celebrated lawyer, whose client had suffered from his hasty disposition to anticipate an argument, took the following method of reproaching it:—Being engaged to dine in company with the Noble Lord, he delayed going so long that the company were at dinner when he entered the room. He apologized for his absence, apparently with much agitation, stating that from a melancholy event he had just witnessed, he found himself unable to master his feelings. I was passing through the market, said he, a calf was bound to a post; the butcher had drawn his knife, and was just advancing, when a most beautiful child ran across him, and, O my God! he killed—the child, exclaimed his Lordship. No, my Lord, the calf; but your Lordship is in the habit of anticipating."

We cannot here but exclaim, not so much against authors as against booksellers, who, for their own private advantage, have introduced a practice of publishing all travels, light or heavy, in this quarto size. The profit of the bookseller is thus doubled, at the expence both of the public and the author. The novelty of the subject will exhaust a sufficient impression to repay the ordinary profit, even before the character of the book is known. The public is thus often duped by a most worthless commodity. With regard to the author, his suffering from this avarice of the trade is of a different kind, but he suffers equally; he suffers in his reputation. Many a trifle might pass unnoticed in the common form of an octavo, or a twelve, which, produced in the more pompous promise of a heavy quarto, disgusts from the disproportion between the expectation excited and the actual reality; a quarto is too serious a personage to be allowed to play the fool; no one would give, with his eyes open, 2*l.* 5*s.* for this string of commonplace and buffooneries. Two decent octavos, for a Guinea, would have easily comprehended all the matter of Mr Carr's quarto. This is a trick of trade that cannot be too much reprobated.

There is another error in which Mr. Carr has evidently fallen; he has mistaken

the distinct offices of a traveller and a gazeteer. The description of places, the local description, the number of churches or chapels in a city, the divisions of the streets, all this belong to a gazeteer; these have been described so often, that there is certainly no necessity for a traveller leaving his own country for this purpose.—What is the office of a traveller, a traveller who writes? What but that of relating the novelties he has seen, by bringing home what was unknown before, of adding to the stock of minor knowledge; what, therefore, does Mr. Carr mean by giving us chapter after chapter describing Dublin, Cork and Limerick? Is this travelling into Ireland, or journeying into Cork, Limerick, and Dublin? a Rider to the Irish Linen Company could have told us all this; had Mr. Carr visited these several places in a stage coach, or had he not visited them, he could have written as fully and as usefully.

We have said so much of the style of Mr. Carr, that very little now remains to be said; but that our criticism may bear its justice upon its face, we refer our reader to the following passages.

Of the heavy style, the following is an excellent specimen:

"Whilst grave politicians, with cold procrastinating logic, are projecting and discussing systems of amelioration for the wretched, it seems destined that these noble patriots shall be preceded by the active, noble enthusiasm of those to whom we owe our greatest measures of felicity here, who act whilst we calculate, and frequently leave us to wake from our boasted proud pre-eminence of wisdom, to rub our eyes, and find the work upon which we have laboured in thought so long, already accomplished with all the detail of artour, and with that promptitude which is the best, because the most reasonable relief of the miserable."

We were for some time at a loss to understand the author's meaning by this lagging sentence "of those to whom we owe our greatest measure of felicity here," for not a hint does he give us of it, till we fortunately recollected Mr. Carr's coxcombical way of writing. Mr. Carr in this phrase, "our felicity here," intends nothing but a compliment to the ladies. We have no objection to these compliments, but when we remember the price of the

book, we do not like to pay so dear for them; with a true city maxim, we wish to have something more for our money besides this pepper and salt.

"Since the Union the *price* of land has increased very much; about Cork and Kildare it is as high as ten pounds an acre."

Who would not think by this passage that Mr. Carr means the purchase of lands, the price in purchase—instead of which he is speaking of the rent. But this is his usual way whenever he is touching upon a subject upon which information is really wanting, and would be of value. Mr. Carr's book may possibly entertain, though even that in a very inferior degree, but as to utility, in the whole compass of nearly six hundred pages, there is not one useful observation. Mr. Carr is totally out of his element when he falls upon any grave or important topic. He can describe a church or a turnpike-road as well as Holcroft, or any of the race, but when he begins to reason, he relapses into the superficial coxcomb. He has named his book well, "*The Stranger in Ireland.*"—We have only to inform our readers, that every page of it bears evidence to its being written by a "*Stranger to Ireland.*"

Notwithstanding what Mr. Carr tells us in his title-page of his being of the Honourable Society of the Temple, &c. we should almost be induced to conclude, from his style of writing, that his education was not the most respectable. He appears grossly ignorant of the right meaning of words in his own language. The following is one amongst the specimens of his ignorance:

"I had the pleasure of mingling with many distinguished men, who *were more agreed* in paying those courteous attentions to a stranger, which so eminently distinguish the Irish, than in their opinions respecting the interest of their own country."

Who taught Mr. Carr this use of the verb *agreed*? We sometimes employ it as a passive impersonal, but never in this manner. We say, it is agreed, it has been agreed, by him or them, but never—I am agreed to it—they are agreed to it. This is tradesmen's gibberish. "I am agreeable to it, &c."

The following is an instance of Mr. Carr's talent at figurative language:

"When the light of reason beams upon the cloister, the cowed mummery of the cloister retires, like those animals that prowl only in the night, and are dazzled and confounded at the break of day. Disloyal priests had no influence on that *scanty groupe* of insurgents of education who headed the late troubles."

If we were writing an essay on the vile style of the present day, and wished to exemplify it in its several barbarisms, inelegancies, and heaviness, we should require no other source than Mr. Carr's works. A more inelegant book we have never perused. The Lord Lieutenant is thus ungracefully paraphrased:

"An Englishman who had never visited Ireland would be surprized to hear that Catholic priests of high rank are frequently honoured by invitations to the Castle, and are noticed with the gracious attention which are due to the character by the representative of Majesty."

"The same proselytising spirit, before mentioned, has aimed at affecting a *closer adherence* between the Catholic Church and the State."

Could Mr. Carr have written thus if he had learned his Latin grammar?

Where Mr. Carr gets on a plain subject, and speaks plainly on it, he is tolerable enough. But, according to his own term, he has not a head for remark or philosophy. He is one of those triflers and gossips who are well enough for an hour's conversation in the morning, and might be agreeable as a companion in a sauntering ride. But when he falls upon the weightier subjects of political economy and legislation, and endeavours, with all due gravity, to deliver and enforce an opinion, he is a perfect coxcomb, and his felly is less excusable because it is unnaturally heavy. Mr. Carr finds that the poor in Ireland are in a very wretched state. What is the remedy he proposes?—why, to encourage population. He is indignant against inclosures and the grazing system, because it is a means of starving the poor. He wishes for a law to compel the farmers to plough their land. He has no great objection to potatoes, but doubts whether they could be adopted with any effect in any of our iron founderies.

Amongst the "*mortuary peculiarities,*"—who would understand this term?

Having said much of this gentleman's work, we think it but justice to introduce him in person. The following detail on the manners and characters of the lower Irish, is the best chapter in the book, and no unsuitable specimen of the manner of the author:

"I have in the course of this tour mentioned some circumstances to illustrate the character of the low Irish; and a little closer view of it may not be unpleasant.

"In this class of society, a stranger will see a perfect picture of nakedness. Pelt stands before him, thanks to those who ought long since to have cherished and instructed him, as it were "in mudder's (mother's) nakedness." His wit and warmth of heart are his own, his errors and their consequences, will not be registered against him. I speak of him in a quiescent state, and not when suffering and ignorance led him into scenes of tumult, which inflamed his mind and blood to deeds that are foreign to his nature. We know that the best when corrupted become the worst, and that the vulgar mind when overheated will rush headlong into the most brutal excesses, more especially if in pursuing a summary remedy for a real or supposed wrong, it has the example of occasional cruelty and oppression presented by those against whom it advances.

"The lower Irish are remarkable for their ingenuity and docility, and a quick conception; in these properties they are equalled only by the Russians. It is curious to see with what scanty materials they will work; they build their own cabins, and make bridles, stirrups, cruppers, and ropes for every rustic purpose, of hay; and British adjutants allow that an Irish recruit is sooner made a soldier of than an English one.

"That the Irish are not naturally lazy, is evident from the quantity of laborious work which they will perform, when they have much to do, which is not frequently the case in their own country, and are adequately paid for it, so as to enable them to get proper food to support severe toil. Upon this principle, in England, an Irish labourer is always preferred. It has been asserted by Dr. Campbell, who wrote in 1777, that the Irish recruits were in general short, owing to the poverty of their food; if this assertion were correct, and few tourists appear to have been more accurate, they are much altered since that gentleman wrote; for most of the Irish militia regiments which I saw exhibited very fine looking men, frequently exceeding the ordinary stature; and at the same time, I must confess, I do not see how meagre diet is likely to curtail the height of a man. Perhaps the Doctor might have seen some moun-

taineer recruits, and mountaineers are generally less in all regions, according to the old adage—

"The higher the hill, the shorter the grass."

"If I was gratified by contemplating the militia of Ireland, I could not fail of deriving the greatest satisfaction from seeing those distinguished heroes, the Volunteers of Ireland: this army of patriots, composed of Catholics as well as Protestants, amounts to about eighty thousand men; when their country was in danger, they left their families, their homes, and their occupations, and placed themselves in martial array against the invader and the disturber of her repose: they fought, bled, and conquered; and their names will be enrolled in the grateful page of history, as the saviours of their native land.

"What they have done, their brethren in arms on this side of the water are prepared and anxious to perform; and whenever the opportunity occurs, will cover themselves with equal glory.

"The handsomest peasants in Ireland are the natives of Kilkenny and the neighbourhood, and the most wretched and squalid near Cork and Waterford, and in Munster and Connaught. In the county of Roscommon the male and female peasantry and horses are handsome; the former are fair and tall, and possess great flexibility of muscle: the men are the best leapers in Ireland: the finest hunters and most expert huntsmen are to be found in the fine sporting county of Fermanagh. In the county of Meath the peasants are very heavily limbed. In the county of Kerry, and along the western shore the peasants very much resemble the Spaniards in expression of countenance, and colour of hair.

"The lower orders will occasionally lie, and so will the lower orders of any other country, unless they are instructed better; and I should we all, had we not been corrected in our childhood for doing it. It has been asserted, that the low Irish are addicted to pilfering; I met with no instance of it personally. An intelligent friend of mine, one of the largest linen manufacturers in the north of Ireland, in whose house there is seldom less than twelve or fifteen hundred pounds in cash, surrounded with two or three hundred poor peasants, retires at night to his bed without bolting a door, or fastening a window. During Lady Cathcart's imprisonment in her own house in Ireland, for twenty years, by the orders of her husband, an affair which made a great noise some years since, her Ladyship wished to remove some remarkably fine and valuable diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, out of the house, but having no friend or servant whom she could trust, she spoke to a miserable beggar-woman who used to come to the house, from

the window of the room in which she was confined. The woman promised to take care of the jewels, and Lady Cathcart accordingly threw the parcel containing them to her out of the window; the poor mendicant conveyed them to the person to whom they were addressed; and when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty some years afterwards, her diamonds were safely restored to her. I was well informed, that a disposition to inebriation amongst the peasantry had rather subsided, and had principally confined itself to Dublin.

"The instruction of the common people is in the lowest state of degradation. In the summer a wretched uncharactered itinerant derives a scanty and precarious existence by wandering from parish to parish, and opening a school in some ditch covered with heath and furze, to which the inhabitants send their children to be instructed by the miserable beardless being, who is nearly as ignorant as themselves; and in the winter these pedagogue pedlars go from door to door offering their services, and pick up just sufficient to prevent themselves from perishing by famine. What proportion of morals and learning can flow from such a source into the mind of the ragged young pupil, can easily be imagined, but cannot be reflected upon without serious concern. A gentleman of undoubted veracity stated, not long since, before the Dublin Association for distributing Bibles and Testaments amongst the poor, that whole parishes were without a Bible.

"With an uncommon intellect, more exercised than cultivated, the peasantry have been kept in a state of degradation which is too well known, and which will be touched upon in a future part of this sketch.

"Their native urbanity to each other is very pleasing; I have frequently seen two boors take off their hats and salute each other with great civility. The expressions of these fellows upon meeting one another, are full of cordiality. One of them in Dublin met a camrongo, in plain English, a boy after his own heart, who, in the sincerity of his soul, exclaimed, "Paddy! myself's glad to see you, for in troth I wish you well." "By my shoul, I knows it well," said the other, "but you have but the half of it;" that is, the pleasure is divided. If you ask a common fellow in the streets of Dublin which is the way to a place, he will take off his hat, and if he does not know it, he will take care not to tell you so: (for nothing is more painful to an Irishman than to be thought ignorant); he will either direct you by an appeal to his imagination, which is ever ready, or he will say, "I shall find it out for your honour immediately;" and away he flies into some shop for information, which he

is happy to be the bearer of, without any hope of reward.

"Their hospitality, when their circumstances are not too wretched to display it, is remarkably great. The neighbour or the stranger finds every man's door open, and to walk in without ceremony at meal-time, and to partake of his bowl of potatoes, is always sure to give pleasure to every one of the house, and the pig is turned out to make room for the gentleman. If the visitor can relate a lively tale, or play upon any instrument, all the family is in smiles, and the young will begin a merry dance whilst the old will smoke out of the same pipe, and entertain each other with stories. A gentleman of an erratic turn was pointed out to me, who with his flute in his hand, a clean pair of stockings and a shirt in his pocket, wandered through the country every summer; wherever he stopped the face of a stranger made him welcome, and the sight of his instrument doubly so; the best seat if they had any, the best potatoes and new milk, were allotted for his dinner; and clean straw, and sometimes a pair of sheets, formed his bed; which, although frequently not a bed of roses, was always rendered welcome by fatigue, and the peculiar bias of his mind.

"Curran, in one of his celebrated speeches, thus beautifully described the native hospitality of his country. "The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity, or convention; in savage nations, of the first; in polished, of the latter: but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of *posted* and *legered* courtesies, as in other countries: it springs, like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable."

"The peasantry are uncommonly attached to their ancient melodies, some of which are exquisitely beautiful. In some parts of Ireland the harp is yet in use: but the Irish bagpipe is the favourite instrument. The stock of national music has not been much increased of late years. The Irish of all classes are fond of music. Amongst the higher orders of Irish, capable of appreciating the unrivalled extent of his genius in music, I heard the name of Viotti mentioned with the admiration which is due to his talents, and the respect which belongs to his character.

"Of the accuracy of their ear, Sir J. Hawkins, in his History of Music, vol. v. mentions the following instance. Speaking of the celebrated Dubourg, he says, that he often wished to enjoy, unobserved, the spirit of the Irish fair; and that an opportunity of gratifying his wish soon occurred at Dunboyne, near Dublin, where the

greatest fair in the country is annually held. Having disguised himself as a country fiddler, he sallied forth amongst the tents, and was soon engaged by a groupe of dancers, who stood up to dance, but who, instead of dancing, became fixed with rapture, although he exerted himself to play in character, and as discordantly as he could. At length the crowd thickened so much, that he thought it most prudent to retire.

"A Sunday with the peasantry in Ireland is not unlike the same day in France. After the hours of devotion, a spirit of gaiety shines upon every hour, the bagpipe is heard, and every foot is in motion. The cabin on this day is deserted: and families, in order to meet together, and enjoy the luxury of a social chit-chat, even in rain and snow, will walk three or four miles to a given spot. The same social disposition attaches them to a festive meeting, which owes its origin to the following circumstance:—In the province of Munster and Connaught, and other counties, there were several fountains and wells, which in the early ages of Christianity, were dedicated to some favourite saint, whose patronage was supposed to give such sanctity to the waters, that the invalids who were immersed in them lost all their maladies. On the anniversary of each saint, numbers flocked round these wells for the united purpose of devotion and amusement: tents and booths are pitched in the adjoining fields; erratic musicians, hawkers, and showmen assembled from the neighbouring towns, and priests came to hear confessions: the devotees, after going round the holy well several times on their bare knees, the laceration of which had a marvellous effect in expiating offences, closed the evening by dancing, and at their departure fastened a small piece of cloth round the branch of the trees or bushes growing near these consecrated waters, as a memorial of their having performed their penitential exercises.

"In the year 1780 the priests discontinued their attendance, but the patron, as those meetings were called, still continued the same, and to this day attract all the country for ten or twenty miles round. At these assemblies many droll things are said, many engagements of friendship are made, and many heads are broken as the power of whiskey develops itself: but revenge rises not with the morning. Pat awakes, finds a hole in his head, which nature without confining the energies of his mind, seems to have formed in contemplation of the consequences of these festive associations; he no longer remembers the hand that gave the blow, and vigorous health, and a purity of blood very speedily fill up the fissure. I have before given instances of their native humour, and as they occur, I shall give others. The following story is an instance of

that quality united to considerable shrewdness. An Irishman, on having knocked at the door of a very low priest after one of these patrons, and requested a night's lodging, the priest told him that he could not accommodate him, because there were only two beds in the house; one for himself, and the other for his niece, pointing to their rooms. Pat begged permission to sit down; and, whilst the priest and his niece went out for something, he took the bellows and put it in the young lady's bed, and calling about five days afterwards, found it there still.

"A faint trait of Druidical superstition still lingers amongst the peasantry of Munster, where, if a murder has been committed in the open air, it is considered indispensable in every Roman Catholic who passes by to throw a stone on the spot, which, from a strict adhesion to this custom, presents a considerable pyramid of stones. In the counties of Tipperary and Kerry, also, these stony piles are to be found, which are beautifully and expressively called *clogh-breegh*, or *stones of sorrow*.

"In Ireland the grim tyrant is noticed with eccentric honours. Upon the death of an Irishman or woman the straw upon which the deceased reposed is burned before the cabin door, and as the flames arise the family set up the death howl. At night the body with the face exposed, and the rest covered with a white sheet, placed upon some boards, or an unhinged door, supported by stools, is waked, when all the relatives, friends, and neighbours of the deceased assemble together, candles and candlesticks borrowed from the neighbourhood, are stuck round the deceased, according to the circumstances of the family, the company is regaled with whiskey, ale, cake, pipes and tobacco. A sprightly tourist, whose name does not appear in his book, observes, that—

"Walking out one morning rather early, I heard dreadful groans and shrieks in a house. Attracted by curiosity I entered, and saw in a room about fifty women weeping over a poor old man, who died a couple of days before. Four of them, in particular, made more noise than the rest, tore their hair, and often embraced the deceased. I remarked that in about a quarter of an hour they were tired, went into another room, and were replaced by four others, who continued their shrieks until the others were recovered; these, after swallowing a large glass of whiskey, to enable them to make more noise, resumed their places, and the others went to refresh themselves."

"Miss Edgeworth's admirable work, called *Rack-Rent*, states,—'After a fit of universal sorrow, and the comfort of an universal dram, the scandal of the neighbourhood, as in higher circles, occupies the company. The young lady

and lasses romp with one another, and when the fathers and mothers are at last overcome with sleep and whiskey, the youths become more enterprising, and are frequently successful. It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings.' A very disgusting circumstance occurred whilst I was in Dublin, to the disgrace of the civil government of a city so noble and polished. A man was found drowned in the Liffey; he was taken up, and instead of being carried to some bone-house to be owned, the body was exposed in the street for two days, near the Queen's-bridge, upon straw, with a plate of salt on his breast to excite the pity of passengers to place money upon it, for the purpose of appeasing the manes of the deceased with a convivial funeral.

"Amongst the mortuary peculiarities of the Irish, their love for posthumous honours, which I have before glanced at, is worthy of remark. An elderly man, whom a much esteemed clerical friend of mine attended in the last stage of existence, met death with fortitude, but expressed his grief that his dissolution should take place at a time when the employments of spring would prevent his funeral from being numerously attended. This is a general national trait; and a grievous imprecation in the Irish language is,

"May your burial be forsaken:" they have also another very figurative malediction, "May, the grass grow green before your door."

"Their oaths are frequently very whimsical; the following are specimens: "By the seven pipes that played before Moses the night he was born, and that's musical?" "swear by your father's beard, and that's a hairy oath:" they also swear by St. Patrick's tooth, by the bones of St. Ruth, and the black bell that finds out truth. They have an expression of anger, which at first might be well mistaken for a benediction. "May God bless you," says a low Irishman to the person who has offended him, by which he means that he cannot obtain the blessing of man.

"Some of their customs are singular and characteristic. On the anniversary of Saint Patrick, the country people assemble in their nearest towns or villages, get very tipsy (but not bled by surgeons as some author has asserted), and walk through the street with the *trifolium pratense*, or as they call it, shamrock, in their hats, when whiskey is drank in copious libations; and from a spirit of gallantry, these merry devotees continue drunk the greater part of the next day, viz. the 18th of March, all in honour of Sheelagh, St. Patrick's wife."

SIMPLE TALES.

Simple Tales, by Mrs. Opie. Four volumes. 12mo. Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme. 1806.

THE name of Mrs. Opie is tolerably well known in the novelist's vocabulary; for these some years past, she has maintained a distinguished place on the shelves of Circulating Libraries; and even as a poetess, has aspired to and obtained greater honours than have been awarded to most of her sex. We will not undertake, indeed, to say that she has not been praised too much; but we will maintain that she has had enough of what Reviewers have it in their power to bestow; since, by what means we know not, she has plainly got to the blind side of these gentlemen, and those, who agree in nothing else, have agreed in praising her.

Justice obliges us to confess, that her talents and her works have been much over-rated. When compared with a Mrs. Radcliffe, a Mrs. West, Madam D'Arblay,

or Charlotte Smith, she sinks very low indeed. Her poetry has something of simplicity and *ndivetté*, but her own ambition could scarcely, we should think, flatter her into an imagined rivalry with the latter authoress; and as an amusing and moral instructress, what are her pretensions when compared with any of the above names?

Her Tales of the "Mother and the Daughter," and the "Father and the Daughter," deservedly attained her credit. The stories in each, though they smacked somewhat of a German palate, and were occasionally vitiated with those extravagant and unnatural passions which have disgraced the compositions of that school, were nevertheless animated with very warm and just descriptions, and supported by a vein of true pathos which did honour

to her head and heart. But when surveyed by a calm, critical perusal, as works aspiring to solid repute, and permanency of fame, they sink into nothing. They are precisely of the same class, though of a quality a little improved, with those that issue from the novel shops in periodical quantities; and which, as they are read to forget others, are all in their turns read and forgotten. The true level of Mrs. Opie's reputation is that of standing distinguished amongst these benefactors to the rich, the idle, and the luxurious: who, but for the employment of reading novels, and having their sensibility occasionally worked upon by a pretty tale of love, or a pretty tale of grief, would be infinitely less idle than they are used to be, and therefore, in all probability, more mischievous.

This station, which is Mrs. Opie's just station, long may she preserve;—may the fountain of her invention never be exhausted; may it alternately sparkle with love, and murmur with grief; may it supply, as shall be wanted, streams of tears,

and gushes of tenderness; may the pool never be stagnant, and never, never let it overflow with the "bitter waters of disappointment."

The present work, which she has entitled "Simple Tales," has the general characteristic of her style and manner of thinking. The work consists of sixteen or twenty tales on different subjects. Some of them are very interesting, and prettily related: though they can maintain but slender claims to original invention, or to force and novelty of character. These tales are, for the most part, composed of the same materials which have been immemorially employed in all edifices of the same sort.

The characters present few features which are not familiar to novel readers. The heroes are gentlemen, and the heroines gentlewomen. The style is the best commendation. It is uniformly simple and graceful, and tolerably correct. It is never much animated, and derives little vigour or beauty from illustration; but it is, in one word, the style of an accomplished Lady.

MEMOIRS OF A TRAVELLER NOW IN RETIREMENT.

Memoirs of a Traveller now in Retirement, written by himself. In Five Vols. 12mo. 23s. Phillips.

THIS work, after much unnecessary concealment, is at length acknowledged to be the production of Mr. Dutens, a gentleman of some credit in the Republic of Lettes, the author of an *Itineraire* through Europe, and the Editor of the German Philosopher Leibnitz. The title of the present work is somewhat too pompous, The "Memoirs of a Traveller at Rest" turn out to be the relations of Court intrigues, the gossipings of Lords and Ladies, and the idle tattle of the great; collected by an industrious memory, which would have done honour to a *valet de chambre*, but which reflects little credit upon a professed Member of the Corps Diplomatique, and a gentleman of literary pretensions.

Supplement—Vol. I.

The French have a less ostentatious name for these flutterings of an idle fancy, this farago of nothingness, which derives its only importance from being connected with more splendid characters and circumstances, and which is tolerated as opening scenes of domestic life amongst the great and the eminent, and repeating intrigues which have, perhaps, influenced affairs in a manner greatly disproportionate to their real importance. For these idle, frivolous, but not unamusing trifles, the French, as we observed, have a more modest name. They call them *souvenirs, revues, memoirs, pour servir a la histoire*: they consider them as trifles, and never elevate them beyond their value. Mr. Dutens, however, is of a different opinion,

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as he dignifies a narrative of trifles with a pompous name, so he treats them as if they were the only important matters of life; and it must be confessed that, from the present sample, we have no reason to conclude that he had a capacity for any thing higher. His talent, his knowledge, his genius, seem to bear only upon trifles; and though cast in some very splendid and bustling scenes of diplomacy and politics, he comes out of them with just as much information and knowledge as might be expected from a confidential valet, or a groom of the chamber.

In a word, it is a matter of surprise to us, how a gentleman of Mr. Dutens' opportunities could have made so mean a use of them; how a man fairly, if not regularly educated, and of considerable taste, should have taken upon himself to relate the narrative of a long and splendid life, and have given us nothing but a tissue of trifles. Mr. Dutens seems to have mixed familiarly with the Ministers of all nations in Europe, and he tells us that, for many years, the secrets of almost all the Cabinets were at his mercy. Delicacy might have prevented him from revealing many, but surely taste and propriety would have suggested to him, that the private history of an opera dancer, or the *con mots* of a favourite fiddler, the rebuffs of presumptuous gallants, and the intrigues of Duchesses and Countesses, were not the things to be expected from his pen, or such as could be proper amusement for the class of readers to which he aspires. Yet such, with some of the *petite* conversations of people of quality, the jests, frolics, and good things of these about a Count, is the matter of which this book is principally made up. If sometimes Mr. Dutens attempts better things, he relates them with that kind of levity and frivolity which spoil their effect. Like a true Frenchman, he is always on the titler, and immersed in self-vanity, struggling to bring in himself, and to inform the reader of the opinion in which he was holden by such and such a lady; what this Princess and that Marchioness said to him; how the Duchess flattered him, and the Duke confided in him, and what important events were directed and produced by his interference and management. It must be con-

fessed, however, that there seems to be that obsequiousness, softness, and pleasantry about him, which are the best recommendations to the favour of the great, and which, standing in lieu of other qualities, procured him that patronage and success amongst them, to which the more lofty and sterner virtues aspire in vain.

The secret of pleasing the great, by becoming necessary to them, Mr. Dutens has certainly discovered; and it is but justice to say that his success does not appear to have been at the price of his virtue.—His bitterest enemies can accuse him of nothing more than harmless vanity, and are at the same time obliged to leave him as his vindication, a successful and not dishonourable career. If his life has been spent in trifles, they appear never to have corrupted his honesty: and if he does not laugh and instruct, he certainly laughs and pleases.

But it may be asked who Mr. Dutens was?

Mr. Dutens was a Frenchman born, of Protestant parents; but as the policy of the old French Government had excluded all Protestants from every civil profession, whether law or arms, and had debarred them, by this most injudicious prescription, from almost every other avenue to wealth and independence, Mr. Dutens seems early to have meditated the resolution of escaping from a country in which, though a native, he was watched with more jealousy, and treated with less indulgence, than a foreigner or an outcast.

His parents were in a station of life which he calls genteel, and they took care to give him an education suited to their circumstances. He appears, however, to have been of a temper extremely roving and romantic; at school he falls in love with the Pedagogue's daughter; and being about fourteen years old, and laughed at for his folly, he runs away in a fit of spleen, and makes a trip to Paris. He manages, by some artifice or other, to get introduced to a knot of minor wits; he writes a play, which he gets presented to one of the theatres, and which, of course, is rejected.

After continuing a few months in Paris, he forms, by unexpected good luck, an intimacy with two English ladies; one of

whom was a Miss Pitt; the sister of the late Earl of Chatham, then the celebrated leader of a party, and Minister to the King of Great Britain. Miss Pitt, in the warmth of female kindness, gives him letters to her brother, and to the people of repute in England, and with this freightage of introduction, he sets sail for England, where, at first, he is received with much complacency by Mr. Pitt. Unfortunately, the kindness of his patroness, Miss Pitt, not only declined from his absence, but was succeeded by a fit of dislike; and she revokes the recommendations in his favour; which had already produced him the good offices of Lord Chatham. This source of patronage failing, Mr. Dutens returns to France, but is again summoned to England by better prospects, and, after a short time, is introduced to Mr. Mackenzie, the brother of Lord Bute, who, upon being appointed Ambassador to the Court of Turin, joins Dutens in his mission, as Chaplain and Private Secretary.

The character of Lord Bute, as sketched by Mr. Dutens, is worth extracting.

"Lord Bute was a man of dignified, elegant manners, and of a handsome person: he was endowed with great talents, and a comprehensive mind; his knowledge was extensive; and he possessed a spirit of magnanimity that despised difficulties, and proved how admirably he was fitted to share in the greatest enterprises. So free from ambition, however, was he, that scarcely was he married, when he retired to the Isle of Bute, of which he was proprietor: where he devoted himself to various studies, and a tranquil and happy life; dividing his time between the improvement of his estates, and the enjoyment of his books and his family. Here, perhaps, he would have ended his days, had not the landing of the Pretender in Scotland, in the year 1745, obliged him to change his manner of living. Upon that occasion most of the Scotch nobility who were attached to the reigning family, withdrew from Scotland that they might not be suspected of an attachment to the Stuarts, and to testify their zeal for the Court. Lord Bute, though bearing the name of Stuart, and one of the chiefs of that illustrious family, was among the first to repair to London, and offer his services to the King. When he appeared at the Court, it was divided into two parties: that of the King, and that of the Prince of Wales, who frequently opposed the measures of his father.

The Prince of Wales was much pleased with Lord Bute; and sought his friendship by so many marks of distinction, that his lordship soon renounced all other engagements; and devoted himself, without reserve, to the service of a prince who loaded him with honours and kindness. By degrees he became so necessary to the Prince of Wales in affairs both of business and of amusement, that nothing could be done without him. The death of the Prince, which happened some years after, far from diminishing his influence, considerably increased it. The Princess of Wales honoured him with unreserved confidence; and consulted him not only upon her own concerns, but upon the education of the Prince of Wales, her son. By her influence with the King, Lord Bute was appointed First Lord of the Chamber to the young Prince; and this early mark of favour excited against that nobleman the jealousy of many of his competitors, and was the cause of that animosity which afterwards broke out so strongly against him.

"In proportion as George II. advanced in years, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess (who had the natural ascendancy of a mother over him), acquired more influence. The ministers began to pay some attention to this rising court; and Lord Bute, who was its oracle, consequently enjoyed great power.

"It was during this period that his brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, was appointed envoy extraordinary to the Court of Turin. Mr. Mackenzie, of all the men I have ever known, possessed the most good qualities with the fewest faults. He was endowed with a prudence which made him avoid the possibility of danger, and with a penetration which constantly pointed out to him the surest means of success in every undertaking.—His greatest pleasure was to do good; his greatest care to conceal it: and if he loved power, it was that his friends might reap the fruits of it. He had a stock of honour and integrity very uncommon in the time he lived; and which never failed him in any circumstances, however difficult and embarrassing: he was humane, charitable, and generous: he possessed great talents and information: his manners were dignified, yet affable; and in company he was cheerful and pleasant: he was not fond of the pleasures of high life, but preferred the application of his time to the study of the sciences, in which he was well versed, particularly in mathematics, algebra, and astronomy.

"His wife, Lady Betty Mackenzie, was the daughter of the famous John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, who for thirty years made so conspicuous a figure at the head of the British army, and in the House of Lords. She had an air of dignity and goodness, which won the love

and esteem of all who approached her: the wish to please appeared so genuine in her, that she must have succeeded in her object, even if she had not employed all possible means to accomplish it, which she never failed to do."

We have mentioned that Mr. Dutens was appointed Secretary to accompany Mr. Mackenzie to the Court of Turin. This is the first scene in the diplomatic life of the author, and he appears here to advantage. Mr. Mackenzie seems to have felt for him more than the common kindness of a patron; it was to him that he was indebted for his reception in public life, and for the basis of his future fortune. By Mr. Mackenzie's interest our author obtained a situation on the pension list of 800*l.* per annum, and some valuable church preferment; and upon his death, he was left his executor and residuary legatee, which Mr. Dutens confesses was tantamount to a very handsome fortune.

To return to our narrative. At Turin, Mr. Dutens became, in his capacity, acquainted with the whole tribe of European negotiators. At that period Turin was the seat of petty intrigue, and was occupied in matters of business very disproportionate to its seeming importance. From the smallness of the Court, of which the diplomatists themselves formed a majority, they met at the social board, and sat round, *en famille*, to discuss the affairs of Europe. At this *table d'ôte*, which was kept in the palace of the King of Sardinia, Mr. Dutens met many singular characters, and brings away with him many singular anecdotes. But here is his characteristic failing; here is the original sin of his whole work; whether from vanity or from indolence (we will not presume from incapacity), he is industrious only about trifles; he is perpetually telling us some insipid story and *bon mot*; he writes as if he were talking to a drawing-room of ladies; and flutters through half a volume with such an idle and disgusting vanity that the sensible reader can scarcely tolerate him. Mr. Dutens appears here in his glory; he is invited to all the *conversations* and *petite soupées*, of the women of rank and beauty in Turin; and he boasts sufficiently of his reception; he is ready enough to tell us how he found a partner for Signora, and reconciled the Countess

and her gallant; how he took a pinch of snuff out of the Prince's box, and formed a party when a secret was whispered which was as yet blown but amongst a few. High life, and high-lived people, are the only class he condescends to mix with. He has a most invincible *penchant* for stars and garters, for titles and ribbands, and what not; like the fop spoken of in Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, he would not know a man who had not three thousand a year.

In truth, however, scarcely a person, untitled or unpensioned, is thought worthy of a mention in these memoirs. They form a perfect court calendar of their time.

The ill health of Mr. Mackenzie obliges him to leave the Court of Turin, and Mr. Dutens, who is employed to transact his business in his absence, is appointed *charge des affaires*. This is the brilliant period of his life, and he makes enough of it in all conscience. He now gossips and gabbles for a score of pages together, and, all the time, takes care to remind us of his modesty and self-distrust, in words and half sentences like these—"If I had not been most strictly on my guard against the *amour propre*, I might, perhaps," &c. &c.—Or sometimes in a more decided strain—"I have been above vanity all my life."—"It has been a part of my study to keep down all selfish intrusions as long as I have lived."

As sure as Mr. Dutens commences a page in this style, we know what is to follow.

It is about this period that our author is seized with a literary mania; and though his education, and line of life, do not seem to have qualified him to excel much in this profession, he undertakes to edit the works of Leibnitz, the German philosopher. He tells us that he undertook this task without being at all acquainted with mathematics, and wrote a preface which D'Alembert commended, though that philosopher's opinion is not expressed as to any other portion of his work.

This edition of Leibnitz we can have no curiosity to see. To edit Leibnitz, without knowing any thing of mathematics, might properly subject our author to a similar sarcasm with that of Warburton's upon Mallet's *Life of the Duke of Marl-*

borough. "He has written the life of Marlborough," says he, "without knowing any thing of the military art"; and he is now proposing a life of Bacon, which he will execute, and knows as little of philosophy."

Mr. Dutens did not continue long at Turin; and, upon his return to England, was employed as a sort of secretary to Mr. Mackenzie in a negotiation for peace with France.

To the praise of his virtue, Mr. Dutens here let pass many golden opportunities which more sordid spirits would have grasped at.

"At this period I might have made a considerable fortune, if I had chosen to avail myself of the opportunity. It is well known that the public funds in England are the barometer of the State; they rise and fall as affairs are prosperous or adverse: peace always raises them; thus any one who is in the secret, and knows how to take advantage of the favourable moment for buying into the stocks, may make an immense profit without laying out any money. Several bankers proposed to give me half the profit, if I would communicate to them the proper time for purchasing: but I constantly refused their offers; and could never be prevailed upon to engage in such a traffic, as I considered it would be in some measure betraying the confidence reposed in me."

As Mr. Dutens had his eye constantly fixed on the circumstances of the day, he has preserved some in these Memoirs which are well worth extracting. Such is the following one.—

"There happened about this time (May, 1763) an occurrence in private life, which seemed to interest all London as deeply as if it had been an event in the issue of which the whole kingdom was at stake. It was attended with such extraordinary and affecting circumstances, that I conceive the reader will not be displeased at finding the particulars detailed in this place, carefully collected from the most authentic testimonies.

"Lady Molesworth was the widow of Lord Molesworth, a field marshal in the British army: she was a lady of great accomplishments, handsome, intelligent, amiable, and affable; and devoted her whole care to the education of her family, which adored her. An unfortunate accident destroyed, in a few hours, the happiness of several years. A fire broke out in the house of Lady Molesworth at four o'clock in the morn-

ing: her ladyship was in bed with her eldest daughter, who was about sixteen years old; suddenly awaking, "Hemmetts," said she, "I hear a noise: I am almost suffocated with smoke: is the house on fire?" Miss Molesworth leaped out of bed immediately, ran to the chamber door, and attempted to open it; but the lock of the door was so hot that it burnt her hand. Finding herself almost stifled, she ran to the window for air: and as she opened it, the door gave way to the violence of the flames; which, filling the room in an instant, obliged Miss Molesworth to throw herself out of the window, and she fell senseless. There were pointed iron railings in the front of the house; Miss Molesworth fell upon one of these; and broke both her leg and her thigh. She was carried into an adjoining house, which happened to be Lady Grosvenor's. Lord Grosvenor, her son, who had been informed that the fire was near his mother's, had hastened thither; and he now received the unfortunate young lady, whom he knew, and whom he loved. Nothing more was ever heard of Lady Molesworth: it is supposed that she was suffocated immediately after she had called her daughter; as her ring was found among her bones, and the remains of the bed.

"To return to Miss Molesworth.—As they were carrying her up stairs at Lady Grosvenor's, she first opened her eyes, fixed them upon Lord Grosvenor, and, without recollecting him, said, "Sir, are you my uncle?" He replied, "No; that he was Lord Grosvenor." "Well, Lord Grosvenor," said she, "pray take care of me," and then relapsed into her former state of insensibility. The surgeon had already been called in: he was decidedly of opinion that she could not live, unless her leg were amputated above the knee, the operation was performed before she recovered her senses. When she came to herself, it was thought advisable not to acquaint her with the loss of her leg, lest her grief at the circumstance might prevent that repose which was so necessary to her recovery; and the fever continuing, she remained in this state of ignorance for nearly two months. During that time, she frequently complained of painful shootings which she felt in her leg; and sometimes in the foot which in fact she had lost. This illusion in the sense of pain, is easily accounted for. Sensation is in the nerves; the extremities of which were formerly in the foot, but since her loss they terminated above the knee: and the mind, accustomed to refer pain to different parts of the nerves, and ignorant of any part having been taken away, continued to think that the pain, which was felt at the extremities, proceeded from the leg or the foot. To deceive Miss Molesworth, her other leg was wrapped up with paste-

board and bandages, and a second wrapper of a similar kind served to conceal from her the loss she had sustained. A lady, one of her relations, who was always with her, and who was appointed to acquaint her with her loss, at a suitable opportunity, told me that she was more than fifteen days in devising different plans of informing her of her condition, so as to prevent such unexpected tidings from being fatal to her health. For this purpose, she told her by degrees that the wound grew worse, and that it was probable she might be obliged to have her leg amputated. At last she brought her to express a wish that the operation had been performed while she was insensible, and she seized that moment to tell her that it was already done. When she heard this she turned pale, was silent for a minute or two, and then raising her eyes to her friend, "Well," said she, "I am very glad that the operation is not now to be performed."

"During six months that she remained in the house of Lady Grosvenor, Lord G. omitted no attention which might contribute to sooth her misfortunes. When she was in a state to receive him, he passed the greatest part of his time with her, and exerted himself to amuse her; sometimes by a select company which was agreeable to her, and sometimes by little concerts: and such was his assiduous attention, that it was supposed there was some mixture of love in it. In fact, he was in love, but the delicacy and generosity of his conduct were not affected by his passion; his love was confined within the strictest bounds of compassion and respect, and he took every possible precaution to conceal even the effects of it. Among other things, he went to Miss Molesworth's guardian, and gave him a considerable sum, which he begged him to dispose of in favour of his ward, in case the accident that had happened should have injured her fortune by destroying the family papers; recommending to him, at the same time, the most rigorous secrecy: and it was not till some years afterwards, that Miss Molesworth, having occasion for the assistance, was informed of this.

"Young Lord Molesworth was then at Westminster School: his mother had sent for him on the evening of the accident, to pass some days with her; but by some mistake he never received the message, or he would in all probability have perished.

"Two children of eight or nine years old were burnt in their beds, no one being able to rescue them from the flames.

"Two others of her daughters, twelve or thirteen years old, went up to the top of the house with their governess. The crowd, assembled in the street, had placed mattresses and feather-beds upon the pavement, and called out

to them to throw themselves down. The governess threw herself off first: she fell upon the pavement, and was shockingly mangled by the fall before the eyes of her pupils. The eldest, frightened at the height she had to leap, said to the other: "Sister, I see that there is no other way of saving ourselves but by throwing ourselves down, yet I have not courage to do it; pray push me off, and jump after me." The youngest, without waiting any longer, pushed her sister, and jumped after her, and fortunately they both fell upon the feather beds which had been spread out to receive them, and were saved.

"I pass over in silence the grief of these young ladies for the loss of their mother, but I cannot help relating a very singular instance of the misfortune that pursued Miss Molesworth.

"Some years after this accident, a young nobleman, who was both rich and amiable, became enamoured of that lady. She consented to become his wife; the marriage articles were drawn and the wedding day fixed; when, as they were riding together on horseback, the lover was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot, before the eyes of his mistress. She, however, married afterwards, and had several children.

"One of the two youngest sisters who had thrown herself from the top of the house, afterwards married Mr. Ponsonby, son of the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons."

About this time Mr. Dutens again returned to Turin, which he leaves with a farrago of his customary anecdotes and trifles. Mr. Mackenzie had now procured him a living from the Duke of Northumberland, who was the joint minister, with Lord Butc, of the day. Mr. Dutens' character of the Duke of Northumberland is worthy of an extract.

"I waited upon the Duke of Northumberland, to thank him for the living which I had just taken possession of; not that I was indebted to him for it (for he had bestowed it at the request of Mr. Mackenzie, without knowing any thing of me); but merely out of form, and in order to omit nothing which might be proper. The Duke was universally allowed to be the most magnificent nobleman in England; and this circumstance was an additional inducement to me to wait upon him, in the hope of knowing him better. I was received with all that politeness and affability which so particularly distinguished him. He spoke to me of my work in favour of the ancients, which he had read; complimented me upon it; invited me to dinner; and made me so welcome, that in a short time I found myself almost as well established in his good graces,

as if I had passed my life with him. As the whole of my time was afterwards, during a considerable period, devoted to him, it may not be improper, in this place, to make my reader acquainted with him.

"The Duke of Northumberland had been one of the handsomest men in the kingdom; he possessed great talents, a mind highly cultivated, and more knowledge than is generally found among the nobility. Born of genteel, though not illustrious parents, he had been raised by his marriage with the heiress of the name and wealth of the house of Percy; and he shewed that he was worthy of them. By the wisdom of his economy he improved the immense estates of that family; and so increased its revenue, that this now amounted to more than fifty thousand pounds a year. He restored the ancient splendor of the Percys by his taste and magnificence. Alnwick Castle, formerly the residence of the Earl of Northumberland, had entirely fallen to decay: he completely rebuilt it; and out of complaisance to the Duchess, his lady, ornamented it in the Gothic style, which he himself did not like; but he did it with so much taste, that he made it one of the most superb buildings of that kind in Europe. He embellished Sion House, a country seat not far from London; and exhausted the resources of art, at an immense expence, to embellish those two houses with master-pieces of taste, and to render them worthy of their possessors. He was created an Earl, received the Order of the Garter, was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, and afterwards created Duke; and he supported all these honours by an expediture unexampled in his time. He was not generous; but he bestowed his pecuniary favours so judiciously, that he at least passed for being so.

"The Duchess of Northumberland was of the highest birth: she was descended from Charlemagne by Joscelin de Louvain; who had married Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of the house of Percy, in the year 1168. She brought, as a portion to her husband, several titles of nobility, the name and arms of Percy, and a pious income. She possessed great elevation of mind, natural and easy wit, a good and compassionate heart, and above all, a strong attachment to her friends, whom she took every opportunity to distinguish and to serve.

"Such were the two persons to whom I consecrated most of my time and of my attentions, with that zeal which enthusiasm alone can give. I was dazzled by the magnificence of the Duke, enchanted by the politeness and attention with which he honoured me, and particularly flattered by the distinction paid to me by the Duchess. Having then more pliancy of disposition than

now, I employed the whole of it to interest them in my favour. The Duke was fond of the arts and sciences; I entered into all his tastes, conversed with him upon every subject, and he found more variety in my conversation than in that of any other person. The Duchess, on the contrary, was pleased with little witticisms in a circle of friends; and amused herself by collecting prints and medals, and by making other collections of different sorts. I appeared to her as if I had never known any other employment; and in the evening I partook of her social amusement, and studied every means of adding to her pleasures."

Having gained the confidence of the Duke of Northumberland, and ingratiated himself yet more with the Duchess, Mr. Dutens became alternately domesticated at Northumberland House, or at Alnwick; and, as he appears all through these Memoirs, to be a gentleman convertible to many family uses, such as will easily suggest themselves to our readers, having once made his footing good, he is not easily to be shaken.

A little time elapses, and Mr. Dutens again makes his appearance on the public stage in the character of a bear leader to Lord Algernon Percy, the youngest son of his noble patron. They commence their tour of Europe together; and, in the different courts which they visited, most of those anecdotes, *bon mots*, relations of intrigues, and characters, are gleaned, which compose the mass of this work.

Amongst the variety here collected, are many of general interest and pleasantry; they open new light upon eminent characters, and make us laugh at the expence of those whom, having surveyed at a distance, and moving only in the sphere of a court, we have been accustomed indiscriminately to admire. Such are those anecdotes which are related of Frederick the Great of Prussia, the founder of that atheistical structure which, only that it augments the present mass of evils which overwhelms Europe, every wise and virtuous man must rejoice to see levelled with the ground. Berlin was, at this period, the head-quarters of those stray *illuminées* and philosophers, who had either been driven from their own countries, by having taken too great liberties with certain establishments, and having abused the press

by the most intolerable licentiousness, or who, by the encouragement holden out by the vanity of Frederick to men of letters, had sought a court which professed to patronise and reward them, and distinguish them with the acquaintance of a king.— Frederick was, or pretended to be, an author, and therefore was a good subject for flattery.

In this court Mr. Dutens saw and noted many curious things, which he has brought together in these Memoirs. An anecdote respecting Quintus Icilius, a favourite of the monarch, is worth extracting:—

“ It is proper that I should inform my readers who this Quintus Icilius was. His father was a potter at Magdebourg, and was named Guischard. I do not know by what accident the King happened to see him, when he was only ten years old. He was pleased with his repartees, and thought he perceived in him the germ of future talents: he therefore sent him to study in Holland; and young Guischard profited so well by the lessons of his masters, that he soon made a great proficiency. He applied himself particularly to the study of the classics, and to acquiring a knowledge of the tactics of the ancients: he even wrote a work upon that subject, which he dedicated to the King of Prussia; and as he appeared very fond of the Romans, the King, on the following occasion, gave him a Roman name. One day, when his Majesty made a great promotion, he appointed, at his levee, all the officers who were present; and among others, he said that some battalions should be commanded by Quintus Icilius. Every body stared, and was anxious to know who this new colonel was, that they had never heard of before. The King perceiving their embarrassment, told them that their curiosity should soon be satisfied. The troops were accordingly drawn up, the King directed every officer to place himself at his new post, and taking Guischard (who had never seen an engagement) by the hand: “ Gentlemen,” said he, “ this is Quintus Icilius;” and he placed him at the head of three battalions, which he afterwards employed at Dresden and in the environs, and in operations in which there was not much fighting.

“ Quintus Icilius, for a long time, enjoyed the greatest favour with the King: he had talents and information; and though a pretty good courtier, he was not a servile flatterer. He fell in love with a young widow, who was very amiable and rich: she was fond of him, and they were engaged to be married. It was necessary, however, to obtain the consent of the King: who

did not like his friends to marry, because he said that he could then no longer venture to trust them with his secrets; for fear of their communicating them to their wives, who would not fail to divulge them. Quintus made several attempts to obtain this permission from the King, but in vain. “ Why do you wish to leave me, my dear Quintus?” said his Majesty one day to him, embracing him: “ you are of service to me, I am attached to you; and I foresee that, if you marry, we must separate.” This refusal vexed Quintus exceedingly. He scarcely ever spoke to the King. He continued to dine every day at his table, but always seemed in an ill humour. The King perceived it; was affronted, and resolved to be revenged, in a manner which he thought delicate.

“ At table he had a custom of jesting with his guests. The Marquis d’Argens, who dined every day with him, had been his *butt* for twenty years: but he had left Potsdam six months before, on a visit to his native country; so that poor Quintus, in his absence, was most commonly the subject of the King’s jokes, and one day he resolved not to spare him. Seeing him, therefore, in an ill humour, “ Quintus,” said the King, “ I am strongly tempted to write your life.”—“ As you please, Sir,” answered the other: “ I am not afraid of any thing.”—“ That is as it may happen,” said the King: “ suppose, for example, I should begin with these words: There was one Guischard, the son of a potter of Magdebourg.”—“ Well, Sir, from the potter to the porcelain merchant there is only one step.” Every body knows that the King of Prussia had established a manufactory of Porcelain, which was sold for his advantage. The prince, a little offended, proceeded: “ It happened that this Guischard had the honour of being admitted to a familiar intercourse with the King, wholly unworthy of it as he was.”—“ So much the worse, Sir, for the King who admitted him to it.” All the guests were astonished at the boldness of Quintus. “ Furthermore,” continued the King, “ though he had never seen an engagement, he had the command of three battalions; with which he did not engage the enemy, but pillaged and robbed.”—“ Oh! as for that, Sir, you know that we divided the spoils between us.” He alluded chiefly to the affair of Count de Bruhl. The King understood him, but every body else was ignorant of his meaning. The King knit his brows, and every one present was embarrassed. At last, after some sharp sallies, followed by repartees as keen, the King concluded by saying: “ Well, Quintus, what do you say? am I not a good historian?”—“ Faith, Sir, if I must tell you frankly, kings are generally but indifferent authors: they would do

much better to occupy themselves with the government of their states, and leave literature alone; for it is very rare that they succeed in it." At these last words all the company cast their eyes down upon their plates, and did not venture to look at the King. They expected, every moment, to see Quintus thrown out at the window: the King, however, subdued the anger which he really felt. This was at the conclusion of the repast. The company rose from the table, and went into an adjoining room to take coffee; with the exception of Quintus Icilius, who retired to his apartment. The King, not seeing him, asked, "Where is Quintus Icilius? Does not he come to take coffee?" They answered, that he had retired. "What!" said he, "is he affronted? Let some one go to look for him, and let every thing be forgotten." They went to Quintus, but he refused to come. The King sent the Abbé Bastiani, to tell him that he positively insisted upon seeing him. He still refused: "Tell the King," said he, "that if he wishes to have buffoons at his table, he should pay them better." (The King allowed him a pension of two hundred guineas.) The Abbé Bastiani entreated him to reflect upon the consequences of such an answer; but he persisted in it, and would send no other: and the Abbé, though he was his friend, was obliged to convey it to the King; who only laughed at it, saying, "He will be in a better humour to-morrow." The next day, at four o'clock in the morning, Quintus Icilius left the palace of Sans Souci, and went to Potsdam. The King, being informed of the circumstance when he arose, was really offended; however, he did not suffer his vexation to appear.

"Some time having elapsed, Quintus wrote to the King to beg that he would allow him to marry. He did not return any answer. Quintus sent another letter, which was equally ineffectual. He wrote six letters without the King's deigning to take any notice of them. At last, in reply to the seventh, the King wrote to him: "Quintus, you have offended me exceedingly; however, if you will renounce marriage, I pardon you, and restore you to my favour." To this letter Quintus replied: "Sire, I ask no other favour from your Majesty, than permission to marry." The King granted him permission, but would never see him again."

Having completed their tour of Europe, Mr. Dutens and his pupil return to England, where the former is received by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland with a warmth of gratitude and affection, which gave rise to very sanguine hopes. The Duke offers him an annuity of five

hundred pounds per annum to come and pass his days with him, which Mr. Dutens refuses, as he dislikes the restraint, and, probably, by this time, began to have no very favourable opinion of the Duke.

This nobleman, indeed, was a proverb for encouraging and disappointing the expectations of his adherents; and Mr. Dutens feels that resentment against him at last, which, notwithstanding his habits of courtly kindness, and dislike to find any fault with the great, he expresses tolerably freely in several parts of these Memoirs.

Lord Algernon Percy having married, there was no further occasion for a tutor. Mr. Dutens, therefore, takes leave of the family. If he had not much reason to be satisfied, he had certainly not much cause for complaint. He had a pension of three hundred pounds per annum on the civil list, and a living of about eight hundred a year; this was at least, if not according to his own idea, sufficient for his merit, certainly enough for competence and comfort.

Our author appears to be one of those who are not formed for domestic quiet.—In Italy and France he had great acquaintances and splendid connections, and he again quits England for the Continent; this, we believe, is his fourth or fifth tour. It is the most interesting portion of his work. He is introduced to the society of all the eminent men, of whatever description, in politics, church, or the army, in both countries; and though his ambition is still to report trifles only, his narrative is here extremely interesting and pleasant.

He becomes domesticated with the Duke and Duchess of Choiseul, at their celebrated seat of Chanteloup. This was, indeed, an assemblage to which any man would have been proud to have been introduced. The Duke of Choiseul was the only worthy minister, of his time, in France; the only patriotic minister of a despotic monarchy; the only man who, at the same time, served a tyrant and his country. At Chanteloup were collected all the celebrated wits of the age, and many of their conversations, which are here detailed, are truly brilliant and interesting.

Mr. Dutens returns to England; and upon paying his respects to the Duke of Northumberland, he relates the following anecdote of that family:—

“ At my arrival in London, I found that the Duke of Northumberland and his family, as well as Mr. Mackenzie and the greater part of my friends, were already retired to the country. I went into the North of England, to pass the summer with the Duke: he pressed me to join him in the autumn, when I should have arranged the affairs of my benefice, at another estate which he had in the South of England, in Devonshire. I was so much devoted to his wishes, that though these journeys were burthensome to me, I crossed England to go and spend some days with him and the Duchess; and I returned with them to London. Three months after, the Duchess of Northumberland died very suddenly. I had passed the day with her: she had company; and was, as usual, very cheerful and entertaining. The next morning I went to see her; and as I was leaving her, she made me promise to come and spend the evening with her. I said that I would come at nine o'clock. About seven o'clock a servant came from her, to beg me to come to her immediately. I ran thither, somewhat alarmed at this message; as soon as I arrived she made me sit down, and said to me: “ I am ill: I am persuaded that I shall not live long; and I am afraid of losing my faculties before I take leave of you, as I have something to confide to you.” Astonished at such language, I said all I could to remove the idea from her mind; but she was so fixed in it, that all my efforts were useless. “ It has been foretold to me,” said she, “ that I shall not pass my sixtieth year; and I shall be sixty on Thursday: I feel that the prediction will be accomplished; let us, therefore, not waste time in vain reasoning.” She then told me all that she had to entrust me with; and took leave of me, as if she never expected to see me again.

“ For my own part, as I could not persuade myself that she was so near her end, I shewed less concern. I saw her the next day, but she was so much altered that she scarcely knew any one. During a moment of recollection, however, she raised her eyes towards me, and said to me, “ Adieu, for ever!” On Thursday night she asked what o'clock it was; she was told, six. “ I have then still two hours to live,” said she, “ for I was born at eight o'clock;” and, in fact, about eight o'clock she died, having completed her sixtieth year.

“ In her I lost not only a true friend, but a powerful patroness; and I lost her at the mo-

ment when the influence which her husband had just recovered at Court was to be employed by her for my advancement. The Duke was sensibly affected by this loss, and on that occasion he had an opportunity of experiencing my zeal and my affection for him.”

Mr. Dutens shortly after becomes disgusted with the great, and finds, on a longer acquaintance, those vexations to be real, which, in the ardour and ambition of youthful hope, he had fondly flattered himself were imaginary. He breaks out into the following reflections, which at once display his vanity, his unsettled disposition, and the gradual improvement of his mind in seriousness as he grows older. Notwithstanding all we have said, there is a sort of simplicity and candour of vanity in this author, which takes off the disgust naturally excited by too much of the *amour propre*.

“ If I had profited by the frequent lessons which I had received of the dangers of forming connections with the great, it was now time for me to think of a retreat. The state of my fortune, my age, my taste for study, every thing called me to a retired life: but I was not yet cured of my rage for the society of the great — I must confess, that in my intercourse with them, I had acquired a refinement in my manner of living, thinking, and even speaking, which rendered every thing that differed from it insupportable to me. I liked that urbanity, that taste, that elegance of manners and conversation, which were to be found in no other class of men so much as among them. I therefore resolved to form no more engagements of interest with them, to rely no more upon their promises, but merely to devote my time to those, whose kindness and friendship I had experienced.— Armed with these precautions, I thought I might, without danger, not only live in their circle, but perhaps still enjoy my independence among them. In this persuasion I determined to make a tour in Italy, again to view the beauties and antiquities of that charming country, and there pass my time until certain projects, then in embryo, were brought to maturity.”

We are now encroaching upon our limits. Mr. Mackenzie, the early friend and patron of our author, at length dies, and leaves him his executor, and residuary legatee. This, Mr. Dutens tells us, was equal to a handsome fortune. Years now come fast upon him, and our traveller

proceeds to "Rest," in about the seventieth year of his age. He now, we believe, resides on his benefice, in Yorkshire, and long may he live; though we cannot add, "to write another book."

We shall conclude our account of this work with an extract relative to "society in England."

Mr. Dutens thus proceeds in the delineation:—

"It is more difficult for foreigners to form acquaintance in England than in any other country. The reader will judge, by what I am going to communicate, and which is taken from a little work which I formerly published for the instruction of foreigners

"Society in England is not at all upon the same footing as in Paris, Vienna, Rome, or Naples: it is formed upon a plan which suits the English; they enjoy it in their own way, and foreigners may participate in it.

"The greater part of the men who compose the first class of society are in Parliament: some are Peers of the realm, and belong to the House of Lords; their sons, relations, and friends, and the rest of the nobility, are members of the House of Commons; as well as the country-gentlemen who come to reside in London during the sitting of Parliament. The hours of Parliament are extremely uncertain: they frequently sit till midnight, or till one or two o'clock in the morning, and sometimes later. From this custom arises the difficulty of having regular dinners during the sitting of Parliament; except on Saturdays and Sundays, and some days in the holidays. The ladies, however, have large parties at night: but from the same reason, there is a much greater proportion of females than gentlemen, at these assemblies; partly because the men, after breaking up of Parliament, go to dine together at each other's houses, or at their club; and partly because it is so late, that they do not think it worth while to give themselves the trouble of dressing. These are the first class.

"Among the better sort of citizens there are also some members of Parliament; and there are some who, without belonging to the House of Commons, are employed in public affairs, and are fond of talking of them. These likewise have their clubs; and the greater part of them like assembling there, much better than going to play at cards with the female friends of their wives. I must add, that among this class there is very little gallantry: every one is constant to his wife, whom he is sure to meet every night at supper with the rest of the family. Besides,

almost all the English have some business, some favourite amusement, some studies, or some pleasures to which they devote themselves with as much attention as to business. They prefer spending the rest of their time in their own houses to the dull pleasures of frequenting assemblies, which, however, are very numerous.—There are not, perhaps, less than two hundred houses in London, where two or three assemblies are given during the winter; so that there are sometimes three or four on the same night. The company begin to meet at nine or ten o'clock. People of fashion, both male and female, who are invited to them, all go to each; and stay there a longer or a shorter time, as may be agreeable. Some are going in as others are coming out; three or four hundred people meet without seeing each other, and speak to one another without waiting for an answer. Card-tables are prepared in the different rooms, and card-playing lasts till one or two o'clock in the morning. In some houses suppers are given; but that is not common. If any French gentleman or lady should come to London, this compliment is paid to them: it is thought to be what they like best; but it must not be imagined that this is the general custom. Being at Paris some years ago, at the Prince de Conti's, I met the Viscount de Noailles, who had just returned from London, where he had been six weeks.—He was giving the company an account of the living in London; and, among other things, he said that they supped there, but did not dine. I was a little astonished at this assertion; and took the liberty to tell him that I had been absent from London only six months, and that was not the custom when I came away. He assured me very seriously that I should find it so when I returned; as if a nation altered its manners in six months. It is thus that we are mistaken, when we form general opinions upon the little we see.

"Besides this way of meeting, there are, during the winter and spring, dinners of families and their common friends, who come in turn: these are settled dinners, to which no one goes who is not invited. Thus there is not a city in Europe, where a person is less likely to fall in at the hour of dinner, at a friend's house, than London. You run the risk of finding that he is gone to dine with a friend; or that he has a select party, and his table is full; or that he is dining alone, and does not choose to be taken unprovided. There are, perhaps, some exceptions, but I do not know them; besides exceptions do not make the rule.

"As for the clubs, every body knows that they are assemblies of men, who elect among

themselves the members of their society. They have houses which they pay, to which they can go at any time; and there they read the newspapers, play at cards, and sup. There are clubs for all ranks, and all classes, even for mechanics: the latter content themselves with a private room in a tavern or coffee-house.

"In the country-towns there is a little more sociability. The shackles of Parliament do not exist there, and they assemble more freely; in other respects there is little difference. The life they lead in the country is upon another system. It is there that the English display their luxury, and make their principal expence; it is there that they exercise their hospitality. There are no considerable noblemen or gentlemen, or men of fortune, who have not an estate and a house suitable to their condition; some magnificent and noble, but all good and convenient. There they receive their friends and foreigners willingly. However, they are glad to be previously informed of the time when they are to come: because they themselves might happen to be gone to pay a visit for some days to some of their country friends; or that their house was full; or that they had arranged the plan of their living, which they would not like to change.

"The manner of living in the country is more or less free, according to the disposition of the master of the house. In general, the company breakfast, dine, and sup together: those who absent themselves form an exception to the rule. At breakfast, parties are made for walking or riding: every one has perfect freedom in this respect. They return to dine; and after dinner, talk, or play at cards till supper. The hours are more regular than in town; and as there is no business here, it is in the country, that the English may be best seen in their natural disposition. They are not so gloomy as is supposed; on the contrary, an air of gaiety prevails in the country which greatly astonishes those who know the English nation only through the romances written by foreigners that have never set their foot in England.

"Men of letters do not form a body in London, as they do at Paris: it is not a profession. There is no one house which the *literati* frequent more than another: they do not know what is meant by a *bureau d'esprit*. A lady of rank attempted, some years ago, to form one, and to have one day in the week set apart for an assembly of that sort; but it at last became

ridiculous. If the English, who are really learned, were boasters, they might be more proud of not pretending to be so, than of setting up for men of letters. Men of learning, and writers, are to be found in all conditions of life, from the peer of the realm to the mechanic; one to please himself, another for his amusement, and a third for his emolument. Those whose objects of study are the same, assist each other, and communicate together; but we do not see, as in other countries, the naturalist, the poet, and the mathematician, meeting to agree to praise each other, without being qualified to appreciate each other's merit.

"Society does nothing in England for the sick; I mean the bed-ridden. In France and Italy, a man goes a hundred miles to be at the bed-side of his sick friend. Here, if he is in the house, he quits it. His disorder may be contagious; or the sick man himself wishes to be quiet. Perhaps they are right. I wish neither to praise nor to blame; I only mention the fact.

"I have, perhaps, dwelt too much upon this subject: but I have thought that if these memoirs should one day become public, they would be as much read upon the Continent as in England; and the state of society in this country being so different from others, and arising from its constitution, every one must be pleased with me for giving him a just and clear idea of it. I have carried the subject further, because I never saw a traveller who did not complain of the difficulties he found in getting into company in London. I have said that it arose from the public business: I will add, that the spirit of party, which ordinarily prevails with more or less violence in company, and even creeps into families, produces obstacles which are fatal to the harmony of society, and which destroy all its charms.

"Happily for myself, my condition and situation excused me from forming political opinions; and if I possessed them, I should be fully sensible that it was not proper for me to avow them openly in conversation. In consequence of this reserve, I have always had the good fortune to have friends among all parties, and however difficult it has sometimes been to maintain it, I think I have so far succeeded, as never to have forfeited the good-will of any one; except in the instance already mentioned, for which, I will venture to say, I never gave sufficient cause."

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy: with a few Supplemental Sighs from Mrs. Testy. In Twelve Dialogues. 12mo. Miller. London. 1806.

THE plan of this work is original, and as such, of itself, would be entitled to merit: it has, however, a still further claim, it is pleasingly original, and has a meaning as well as spirit. It is a raillery of those minor miseries, those petty disappointments, those minute obstructions of comfort which constitute the character of life, and occasion many to imagine themselves as superlatively miserable as those who are suffering under objects of more dignity and magnitude. The pinch of a shoe, the concussion of a stone and a corn, the start of an over-drawn stocking, the fall of a dish or a tumbler, a spoilt dinner, and such like, are perhaps the greater part of the calamities of the larger portion of mankind; and upon which foundation they gravely assert the "Miseries of Human Life," and cross themselves with the holy exclamation, that "Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards."

In high, low, and middle life, how many of those beings do we see who are too gross for any other feelings than such as result from these petty miseries. In one part of their lives or other they may doubtless meet with heavier calamities; the loss of children or friends; but, with a happy insensibility, whatever may be their sensations for a moment, the duration is so short that they can scarcely be added to the catalogue of their misfortunes. Their misery is of a different kind; the misery of fretfulness, and a mind ingenious in self-tormenting.

This folly is a worthy object of ridicule, and the author of the above work has performed it well; he has introduced two characters in the dramatic form, as exposing this folly in their own persons; but he has sometimes varied the sameness of his scene by the introduction of a lady, the wife of Mr. Testy, the acknowledged hero of the piece.

This good lady is fretful, with a vengeance. The dialogue, together with the

form, has much of the spirit of comedy, though occasionally disfigured by the formality of a college, and the ungraceful pedantry of a learned man labouring at a joke.

Mr. Testy is a man of hardy and sententious make; his stream of life is every moment worked into agitation, but presently clears itself by its commotion. His friend, Mr. Sensitive, on the other hand, is described as a languid, yet fretting current, which, by a peculiar and happy attraction, collects to itself all the *collusies* through which it moves, which it has not afterwards the strength to precipitate or disperse. In plainer words, Testy is the angry, passionate man, who flies out upon all occasions, and bounces with a load of misery at his back, the accumulation of his own folly. He is always in a state of ebullition; the cauldron of his calamities is always boiling over; the daily and most petty occurrences of life supply him with perpetual fuel, and he flames away, with a vigour and permanency of heat which is never extinguished but when burnt out.

On the contrary, Mr. Sensitive is a man of nerve, a man formed for all the finer disquietudes, of quivering susceptibility and feverish fastidiousness, which are so well calculated to make any possible state of life so perfectly miserable. He is well said to be an ambidexter in misery, and to possess a most laudable ingenuity in the art of self-martyrdom. These characters are not kept distinct beyond the introductory dialogue; in the progress of the work, Sensitive and Testy are the same.

There is another character who is perhaps the most pleasing of the assemblage, namely, Mr. Testy, junior. This gentleman literally understands the old adage, "Life's a jest, and all things shew it." It is his employment to act the part of a chorus to the scenes of Testy senior and Sensitive, and to furnish a kind of ludicrous moral to their dialogue. He con-

verts every thing into a pun, and is perpetually lying in wait to intercept, in the current of conversation, something to supply food to this favourite propensity. His puns are sometimes very ingenious, though, for the most part, they smack of the college, and are too pedantic and abstruse for the comprehension of general readers. Sometimes the train is too ostensibly laid for them, and a whole page of dialogue is introduced for the purpose of bringing in a long meditated joke. This is too artificial, and easily seen through.

Mrs. Testy is occasionally brought forward for the purpose of introducing a few supplementary groans, which are borrowed from those miseries which are peculiar to ladies. She must certainly be allowed to acquit herself well to her sex; and to do full justice to those scenes of sorrow and vexation which disturb the serenity of female life. The groans which she reports from the dressing-room and the ball-room, though with all the aggravation of her natural temper, and for the purpose of supporting her character, are truly comical; and such as are daily endured, though in a more serene and philosophical manner, by most of our female readers, if we may be allowed to make this conjecture.

Such are the *Dramatis Personæ* who open this Pandora box of misfortune. They are assembled together at the house of Mr. Testy senior, which is the settled rendezvous of these malcontents. It is here they strive, in sullen emulation to shade the canvas with the blackest tints; and, in this strife of misery, this contest of calamity, each draws from his peculiar fund, his own personal bank, some contribution to the capital stock of calamity.

This dolorous disposition, this habit of submitting to the tyranny of small trouble, and the incursions of petty disquietudes, of suffering the general system of life to be vexed, fretted, and rubbed in parts, by those minor anxieties, which take off its polish, obstruct its tranquil progress, and sometimes, perhaps, throw it off its balance; but, in truth, menace nothing more dangerous than an occasional discomposure, which fancy alone swells to magnitude, and colours with aggravation; this disposition, we believe, is almost peculiar to this country, which, in the words of a witty and

sarcastic Frenchman, has been denominated the land of fogs and spleen. That it does not arise from the want of philosophy, or true dignity of mind, is sufficiently evident; its real source is in the possession of too much of the above qualities. Our habit, as a people, of the constant thought, and balancing of every thing, of feeding our patience and philosophy with every sort of material, whether favourable or not to our dispositions,—this habit it is which gives the dignity of consideration, the importance of reflection, to those minor disquietudes, which the mercurial temperament of the Frenchman never suffers to take hold of him, which the sullenness of the Dutchman does not feel, and the German shuffles off in habitual indifference. This, in truth, is one of our most prominent national foibles; and, as its origin is air, so its food is air. Itsameleon-like quality is suited to every light, and will harmonize with every object. We draw in this spleen almost with our mothers' milk, and perhaps its cure, if possible, would present no very solid advantages. It might impair that national sobriety of character, and constitutional propensity to meditation, the effects of which have been our advancement in the scale of national society, and our improvement in all the comforts and benefits of civil life.

If the philosopher demands pardon for the foibles of a good man, the physiognomist of manners may safely exact it for those traits (frailties if you please to call them) of national character, which, as the crust that envelopes the diamond, cannot be removed without injury to the stone.

The author of this work, however, is not without praise in his attempt, and, in having elicited wit and humour from subjects which, as the mere grievances of fancy, the caricature of spleen, are the most laudable topics of jest, he deserves to be numbered amongst those wits who have raised a chaste and harmless merriment upon the noble and eternal basis of virtue and utility.

We shall make a copious extract from this amusing work, and we trust that such of our readers who are not in possession of it, will speedily add it to their libraries. The Dedication is as follows:

"TO THE MISERABLE."

"Children of misfortune, wheresoever found, and whatsoever enduring,—ye who, arrogating to yourselves a kind of sovereignty in suffering, maintain that all the throbs of torture, all the pungency of sorrow, all the bitterness of desperation, are your own—who are so torn and spent with the storms and struggles of mortality, as to faint, or freeze, even at the personation of those ruined wretches, whose stories wash the stage of tragedy with tears and blood—approach a more disastrous scene! Take courage to behold a pageant of calamities, which calls you to renounce your sad monopoly. Dispassionately ponder all your worst of woes, in turn with these; then hasten to distil from the comparison an opiate for your fiercest pangs; and learn to recognise the lenity of your destinies, if they have spared you from the highest of those mightier and more grinding agonies, which claim to be emphatically characterized as "The Miseries of Human Life;" miseries, which excruciate the minds and bodies of none more insupportably, than of those heroes in anguish, those writhing martyrs to the plagues and phrenzies of vexation, whose trembling hands must shortly cease to trace the names of .

TIMOTHY TESTY,
SAMUEL SENSITIVE."

The work is divided into twelve Dialogues; from the second Dialogue we shall make our first extract:

MISERIES OF THE COUNTRY.

• *Testy senior and junior.—Sensitive.*

"*Tes.* The sole of the shoe torn down in walking, and obliging you to lift your foot, and limp along, like a pig in a string; no knife in your pocket, nor house within reach!

"The boot continually taking in gravel; while for a time, you try to calm your feelings by believing it to be only hard dirt, and vainly hope that it will presently relieve you by pulverising.

"Suddenly rousing yourself from the ennui of a solitary walk by striking your toe (with a corn at the end of it) full and hard, against the sharp corner of a fixed flint:—pumps.

"While you are out with a walking-party, after heavy rains, one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch (which fails), with the hope of recovering it, the other left in the same predicament: the second stage of ruin is that of standing, or rather tottering, in blank despair, with both bare feet planted, ankle deep, in the quagmire. The last, I had almost said the dying scene of the tragedy (that of deliberately cramming first one, and then the other, clogged polluted foot into its choaked-up shoe, after having scavengered your hands and gloves in slaving to

drag up each separately, out of its deep bed, and in this state proceeding on your walk), is too dreadful for representation. The crown of the catastrophe is, that each of the party, floundering in his, or her own gulph, is utterly disabled from assisting, or being assisted by the rest.

"*Sen.* The delights of hay-time! as follows: After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitch-fork into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and re-turned under a smiling sun, till every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haystack after another—at such a moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns from the south-west; at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and continue the assault till every meadow is completely got under. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the field; leaving you to comfort yourself under your loss, by gazing at his colours, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow."

MISERIES OF GAMES, SPORTS, &c.

"*Tes.* When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend, that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might; then, the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for "Go to the devil and shake yourself," or any other such frolicsome tune, and the heart-sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep rousing all the rest of the couples (who having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit)—incessantly vociferating, as you ramp and gallop along, "Hands across, Sir, for Heaven's sake!"—"Set corners, ladies, if you have any bowels!"—"Right and left—or I'm a dead man!" &c.

MISERIES OF LONDON.

"*Tes.* As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death,—encountering, at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you know, must successively strain up with an over-loaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you

prefer bedevilling your white stockings and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling among, and under coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c. in the middle of the street.

"Sen. While on a short visit to London—the hurry and ferment—the crossing and jostling—the missing and marring—which incessantly happen among all our engagements, purposes, and promises, both of business and pleasure, at home and abroad, from morning till midnight; obstacles equally perverse, unexpected, unaccountable, innumerable, and intolerable, springing up like mushrooms through every step of your progress. Then (when you are at last leaving London), on asking yourself the question whether any thing has been neglected, or forgotten, receiving for answer—"Almost every thing!"

"While walking with your charmer—meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery. Now is not this too much, Sir?

"Ned T. Yes, that's exactly what it is; and therefore you should have cried out in time,—*Ne quid nigris mis?*"

MISERIES OF PUBLIC PLACES OF ENTERTAINMENT.

"Going to Vauxhall alone (without having previously consulted the barometer), for the purpose of joining a delightful party, whom you had appointed to meet; your only apprehension being that you may possibly fail to find them out in the immense crowd; then, on entering the gardens, and eagerly throwing round your eyes, espying only six or seven scattered solitary outcasts, standing as stiff as pokers, and as grave as judges, under shelter from the coming storm—one poor singer, quavering, like Orpheus of old, to the trees, and two or three savages, form an almost empty orchestra—the cascade locked up safe from the rain—the fire-works put entirely out of countenance by the water-works—and, of the few lamps that were originally lighted on so unpromising an evening, the far greater part shattered, or extinguished, by the wind and wet.

"At the play—the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them, in such Afterpieces as are called "England's Glory,"—"The British Tars," &c. with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded.

"Arriving at the Masquerade, long before the rooms have begun to fill; with the awful farce of blank, lifeless buffoonery which presents itself at your entrance; till, at length, you are exhilarated by the average allowance of lethargic Harlequins, drunken Hermits, buckish Magicians, sneaking Emperors, august Tinkers, dejected Merry-An-

draws, hoydening Abbesses, drivelling Minervas, lusty Ghosts, &c. &c. what little character there is lying exclusively among the Dominos.

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

"In the room of an inn to which you are confined by the rain, or by sudden indisposition, the whole day, finding yourself reduced to the following *delassements de coeur*; and first for the Morning:—examining the scrawled window-panes, in hopes of curious verses, &c. and finding nothing more *piquant* than "I love pretty Sally Appelby of Chipping-Norton."—"Sweet Dolly Meadows!"—A. B. G. M. T. S. &c. &c. dined here July the 4th, 1739."—"I am very unhappy. Sam. Jennings."—"Life at best is but a jest."—"Wm. Wilkins is a fool;"—with "So are you," written under it—"dam pul," &c. together with sundry half-finished initials scratched about.

"Then for the evening recreations:—After having, for the twentieth time, held a candle to the wretched prints, or ornaments, with which the room is hung—such as female personifications of the Four Seasons, or the Cardinal Virtues, daubed over any how, with purple, red, and raspberry-cream colours—or a series of halfpenny prints, called "Going out in the morning,"—"Starting a Hare,"—"Coming in at the Death," or a Jenny Jessamy lover in a wood, in new boots, but without spurs, whip, horse, or hat, with his hair full dressed, on one knee in the dirt, before a coy May-pole Miss in an old-fashioned riding-dress; both figures partly plain—or a goggling wax Queen bolt upright in a deep glass case, among the minikin pillars of a tawdry temple, wreathed with red foil, tinsel, and bright green varnished leaves—or the map of England, with only about four counties, and no towns in it, worked in a sampler by the landlady's youngest daughter, "aged 10 years,"—or a little fat plaster-man on the chimney-piece, with his gilt cocked hat at the back of his head, and a pipe in his mouth; being the centre figure to a china Shakspeare and Milton, in harlequin jackets, at the two extremities—after getting all this by heart, I say, asking, in despair, for some books; which, when brought, turn out to be Bracken's Farriery—three or four wrecks of different spelling books—Gauging made easy—a few odd volumes of the Racing Calendar—an abridged Abridgment of the History of England in question and answer, with half the leaves torn out, and the other half illegible with greasy thumbing—an old list of Terms, Transfer days, &c. with Tax Tables, &c.—in each of which you try a few pages, nod over them till nine o'clock, and then stumble to bed in a cloud of disgust."

SKETCH OF THE LATE
CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY,

AND OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF

THE FRENCH AND PRUSSIAN ARMIES;

WITH A COLOURED PLAN OF THE BATTLES OF JENA AND AUERSTADT;

And a Map, describing with the most correct Statistical Accuracy and Geographical Precision, the present seat of War, and adjacent countries, from Hamburg to Petersburg.

THE treaty of Presburgh had left the Continent in a state of agitation which resembled war in every other circumstance, but that undisputed victory was suffered to remain with the French, without any other of the contending parties being inclined to put their existence to the hazard of future battles. The French camps were not yet broken up in Germany; their armies still assembled beyond the Rhine; a confederation of the minor princes of Germany, by the instigation of France, and at the head of which that power was placed, was brought about by the presence and menace of her hostile force; and whilst it served to strengthen the influence, and protract the stay of the French in Germany, it diminished in the same proportion that of the House of Austria, and was a blow perhaps more fatal than any she had received.

That kingdom, indeed, was now fast crumbling to dust, and the treaty of Presburgh was rather a respite before an execution, than an act which had any tendency to her future safety and restoration.

France had conceded this peace to Austria, from causes necessary to herself. She seemed to rise from a banquet of victory, to which she might return whenever leisure served, and appetite invited. It was only her business to take care that the services should not be removed, or the way barred to her return.

The peace was such as was to be expected from the circumstances on both sides. It sowed such numberless seeds of contention, that the succession of the crops could scarcely fail under any management; and the fuel for lighting up future wars was so thickly spread, that it seemed as if nothing less than the inability of both parties, or

the destruction of one, could ever bring them to a final conclusion.

The peace, however, was such as was necessary to the immediate preservation of Austria; but, from the very nature of its conditions, and the never-ending train of consequences which they were capable of producing, could no longer be endured by the party aggrieved, or indeed by any of the other powers of Germany, than while some degree of similar necessity was prevalent.

Such was the state of things between Austria and France, and such, though with some deterioration of the chances of Austria from the late successes of France against Prussia, is the state of things now. But a short time can possibly intervene either between the total subjection of Austria, or her restoration to her former weight in the European balance. She is now in a state of motion. Peace cannot stop her. She must advance, or she must recede. She must rise, or she must fall.

Meantime, what was the state of Prussia? The conduct of this Court has been so mean and dastardly through all the calamities of Europe, so determinedly selfish, so narrowed to the petty systems and intriguing views of the day; in a word, every thing so contrary either to good policy, as it respected the other States of Europe, or as it tended even to her own honour and conservation, that the fall of this power, but that it augments the general mass of our misfortunes, would be unpitied, and almost unnoticed.

According to her natural interests, and those necessities which she has been taught at length by a hard misfortune, Prussia should have been our ally through the whole of the last war. But, on the contrary,

Count Haugwitz had signed a treaty in December 1805, by which that power necessarily became our enemy, and by which she let pass the glorious opportunity of working the salvation of the Continent, an honour which, whilst the armies of Austria and Russia were whole, and in Germany, and her own force unbroken, she might without much difficulty have accomplished.

Prussia was the arbitress of the fate of Europe in December 1805. She had only to have decided for the allies, and have put herself at the head of the confederacy, and, in spite of the treachery of Mack, and the defeat of Ulm, the battle of Austerlitz would not have been fought.

The policy of Haugwitz, fatally for Prussia, prevailed at Berlin, and that Power not only deserted the confederacy, but, if any thing, acted against it.

It is not our purpose to enter into a detail of the general conduct of Prussia, or to dwell upon those artifices by which she at length disgusted her real friends and only useful allies, without gaining over her enemies. It is needless to dwell on the seizure of Hanover, and the yet more disgraceful barter with France of those provinces which were esteemed the cradle of the Prussian empire. It is useless to expose the impolicy of that system which has at length broken up itself. Suffice it to say, that a great change of politics took place at Berlin in August last. Haugwitz, and the peace sycophants and traitors, were removed, but not time enough to save their country. Prussia, bankrupt in honour and virtue, was lost,—lost to every chance of safety, before the noble-minded Hardenburgh succeeded to the management of her affairs.

The public mind now underwent a surprising revolution. To the fearful, acquiescing policy of Prussia succeeded, as in extremes, the most hasty and passionate determination of war. As peace had been preserved too long, war was now decided upon too soon. Both extremes have been equally fatal to this Court.

The French party, with Haugwitz at their head, represented that war must lead to the utter destruction of Prussia, in exposing her empire to a manifestly unequal conflict, and breaking that hitherto

almost indissoluble bond of alliance which had subsisted so long between the Courts of Berlin and Paris, and by which Prussia had been benefited to a degree that had raised her to an arbitress of the German Empire, and, under the protection of which she must ever remain not only safe, but increasing in dominion and glory. They added, moreover, the usual ingredients of this advice,—a jealousy of Austria, who must naturally be gratified in seeing her rival torn to pieces, or at least maimed, in this ill-matched contest; and who would thus, from the natural course of things, seize the opportunity to compromise with France, by abstaining from all assistance to Prussia, as Prussia, in similar circumstances, had done by her; and by this policy would rise to that place in the estimation of France which Prussia had formerly filled. They concluded that Prussia was not, at that period, any wise equal to the war; and that neither her own internal situation, nor the general aspect of public affairs in Europe, rendered it a season favourable for a quarrel with France. Russia, at an immeasurable distance, however well disposed, was any thing but an ally. It was the misfortune of this Power, that she could seldom reach the stage, till the curtain had dropt upon the catastrophe.

In regard to England; irritated by the seizure of Hanover, it would be something to overcome her disinclination to Prussia, even by her evident interest, in having the Court of Berlin as one of the confederates in a war exclusively her own. This Court had considered itself as injured; its ambassador was now at the levee of Talleyrand; but, granting that it was warmly disposed towards the Prussian interests, the Continental assistance of England, which was the only assistance the Court of Berlin required, was necessarily tardy, and, from this cause, ineffectual. England, indeed, had money; but the gradual, pecuniary exhaustion of a campaign, was not so much to be dreaded. The event would be decided by a few battles, and not by the purse of an ally.

Such was the summary of the arguments of the peace party at Berlin.

The war party, at the head of which, as we have said, was Hardenberg, supported by the whole influence of the Queen,

was now in possession of the popular sentiment.

It was necessary for the glory, if not for the safety of Prussia, that the system of compromise and neutrality should be done away. It was at once treacherous to Europe, and dangerous to Prussia. The benevolence of the Chief of the power of France towards Prussia, had its source in any thing but good-will. Prussia was cherished as a friend, because, under present circumstances, she was feared as an enemy. She was therefore in the most dangerous connection in which a smaller power could possibly be with a greater. She was indebted for her whole importance, and a dissembled friendship, to those circumstances, which excited a dread, and imposed a restraint, upon France, and which, as originating with Prussia, made her more feared and more courted than any other state. These were shackles which France resented, and which she hated, because obliged to endure.

To these arguments were added an appeal to the honour and magnanimity of the Prussian nation. The Prussian armies, it was affirmed, were composed of the best soldiers in Europe; their unbroken strength, their severe discipline, their unrivalled tactics, in addition to that military ardour and patriotic spirit which animated every corps, must ensure them success against an enemy, victorious rather from the want of skill and courage in its assailants, than from any intrinsic qualities of superiority. Moreover, Prussia, wrung in every part, by the conditions and consequences of the treaty of Presburgh, and with a thorough knowledge that the evils and dangers already produced, would, instead of lessening, every day increase, must find it more her interest, even in a cold calculation of chance, without regard to comparative estimates of strength and weakness, to put every thing to the hazard of war, than to submit, without an effort, for the sake of a short-lived security, to the silent and inevitable approach of ruin, under the insidious cover of peace.

The success of the war-party was confirmed by these representations; and the Council was no sooner broken up, than couriers were dispatched to every power in Europe, announcing this change in the

temper of the Court of Berlin. Shortly after, the negotiations, carrying on by Lord Lauderdale in Paris, were broken off; and M. D'Oubril, who had signed a provisional treaty with the French Government on the part of the Emperor of Russia, contrary to his powers, was recalled from Paris, the ratification of his act was refused by the Emperor and his Ministers, and the negotiator himself disgraced.

The fourth coalition, which owed its birth to the conduct of Prussia, was now about to come into action. In the middle of September the Prussian troops marched with the greatest rapidity from Berlin; they entered Saxony, advanced to the frontiers of the Confederation, and threatened an immediate irruption.

On the 21st of September, the Imperial Guard quitted Paris for Bamberg, where it arrived on the 6th of October. Orders were issued for the army to march, and it immediately began to advance.

The Emperor Napoleon set out from Paris the 23rd of September; the 28th he arrived at Mentz, the 2d of October at Wurtzburgh; and the 6th at Bamberg.

On the 7th, his Majesty the Emperor received a courier from Mentz, sent by the Prince of Benevento (Talleyrand), with two important dispatches. One was a letter from the King of Prussia.

The Emperor, before he finished the reading, turned to those about him, and said, "I pity my Brother the King of Prussia! he understands not French.—Surely, he cannot have read this rhapsody?" This letter was accompanied by the celebrated Note of M. de Knobelsdorff. "Marshal!" said the Emperor to Berthier, "they give us a rendezvous of honour for the 8th. They say a handsome Queen is there, who desires to see battles, let us be polite, and march without delay for Saxony." The Emperor was correctly informed; for the Queen of Prussia was with the army.

The Emperor set out from Bamberg on the 8th, traversed the forest of Franconia at day-break; on the 9th proceeded to Ebersdorff, and thence to Schleitz, where he was present at the first action of the campaign.

On the 7th, Marshal Soult advanced to Bayreuth. The 9th he pushed on to Hof,

where he took possession of the enemy's magazines, and made several prisoners. He advanced to Plauen on the 10th. Marshal Ney followed in his rear, at the distance of half a day's march.

On the 8th, the Grand Duke of Berg (Murat) advanced with the light cavalry from Cronach towards Saalburg; he was attended by the 25th regiment of light infantry. One Prussian regiment appeared inclined to defend the passage of the Saale; but after a cannonade of half an hour, apprehensive of being turned, it abandoned its position.

On the 9th, the Grand Duke of Berg advanced upon Schleitz, where a Prussian General with 10,000 men was posted. The Emperor arrived at noon, and ordered the Prince de Ponte-Corvo to attack and take possession of the village, which he deemed of importance. The Prince disposed his columns in order, and advanced at their head. He carried the village, and pursued the flying enemy. In the course of the night a great number of prisoners were taken. Four companies of French light infantry, which were posted in a plain, were charged by the Prussian hussars, but they were repulsed. A Colonel of the Prussian regiment was among the dead, two pieces of cannon taken, 300 were made prisoners, and in the whole 400 men were killed.

On the 10th, the Prince de Ponte-Corvo removed his head-quarters to Auma. The 14th, the Grand Duke of Berg arrived at Gora. Lesalle, General of Brigade of the cavalry of reserve, cut off an escort of the Prussian baggage.

The left wing of the French was equally successful. Marshal Lannes entered Coburg on the 8th, and advanced against Grafenthal on the 9th. He attacked, on the 10th, the advanced guard of Prince Hohenlohe, which was commanded by Prince Louis of Prussia. The cannonade did not last above two hours; it proceeded only from a half of the division of General Suchet. The Prussian cavalry was cut off by the 9th and 10th regiments of hussars. The Prussian infantry were unable to make an orderly retreat; part were cut off in a marsh, the remainder found shelter in the woods. The French made 1000 prisoners, 600 were left dead on the field, and 30

pieces of cannon fell into their hands.— Prince Louis of Prussia, a brave and loyal soldier, seeing the rout of his corps, opposed himself singly to a Marshal Des Logis, of the 10th regiment of hussars. "Surrender, Colonel," said the hussar, "or you are a dead man!" The Prince answered by a blow of his sabre; his antagonist ran him through the body, on which the Prince instantly fell dead. His end was such as he desired, that of a good soldier!

Neither Dresden nor Berlin were covered by an army. Turned on its left, taken in the fact at the moment when it committed itself to the most hazardous operations, the Prussian army at the very outset was placed in the most critical situation. On the 12th it occupied Eisenach, Gotha, Erfurt, Weimar. The French army occupied Saalfeld and Gera, and was about to advance to Naumburg and Jena.

It was at Jena that the battle so fatal to the Prussian monarchy was fought. The Prussians had committed a grand fault at the outset of the campaign. Such had been their ardour for war, that the extravagance of their enthusiasm had bewildered their understandings. Not only the populace, but every description of military men, from the soldier up to the General and the King, conceived that they were marching out to a triumph, and that it was a sort of treachery to the common cause to admit the smallest doubt of victory.

Under this delusion they issued out, rather resembling an army of barbarians, than troops educated in the school of the Great Frederick. It was a battle that they wished to fight, not to conduct a campaign. They collected their whole force almost into one mass, and were prepared to hazard the empire on its single success. This kind of war, which might very well suit an invading army, whose object it should always be, to spread a panic by a first and leading victory, was the most pernicious system that could be adopted by a country which had to defend herself, and whose duty it was rather to multiply her chances by being prepared for repeated battles, than to reduce them to a single throw. Such, however, was the error of the Prussians, that they made no provision but for

the most complete success. Every strong town was emptied of its garrison; the arsenals and store-houses were left destitute of all supplies; even in case of a retreat, no place was appointed for a rendezvous of the different corps; but officers and soldiers alike, thought no further of any exertions, or any matters that related to the conduct of the war, than such as were to be called forth in one single battle.

The Prussians were likewise guilty of another error, of not much inferior magnitude. They might have saved their country; they might, perhaps, have ensured success, had they commenced the campaign a few days before; but, on the contrary, they suffered the French to accumulate their force in Saxony; regiments of the enemy arrived daily at the Grand Army, and Bonaparte was yet at his Capital, when Prussia, with a step alternately advancing and retreating, menacing a blow, but afraid to strike, lost that opportunity of probable victory which was never more recovered.

We must now pass to the battle of Jena. It was fought on the 14th of October. There is no other relation of this battle but what is to be found in the Fifth French Bulletin. We must make use therefore of this, the only source, and extract the Bulletin at length. Our readers will make the proper allowance for the natural exaggeration of a victorious army.

BATTLE OF JENA.

"The battle of Jena has wiped away the disgrace of the battle of Rosbach, and in seven days concluded a campaign which has wholly quieted all the dreadful preparations for war with which the Prussian heads were so much possessed.

"The following was the position of the army on the 13th:

"The Grand-Duke of Berg and Marshal Davoust were with the corps of their army at Naumburg, having a part at Leipzig and Halle.

"The corps of Marshal Prince Pontecorvo was on the march to come up to Naumburg.

"The corps of Marshal Lannes advanced to Jena; the corps of Marshal Augereau was placed in the position of Khala.

"The corps of Marshal Ney was at Rotha.

"The head-quarters were at Gera.

"The Emperor was on the march to proceed to Jena.

"The corps of Marshal Soult was on the march from Gera, to take a more convenient position upon the straight road from Naumburg to Jena.

"The position of the enemy was the following:

"The King of Prussia wished to commence hostilities on the 9th of October, by bearing down his right wing on Frankfurt, with his centre on Wurtzburg, and his left wing on Bamberg. All the divisions of his army were disposed for the accomplishment of this plan; but the French army turning him upon the extremity of his left wing, was found in a few days at Saalburg, at Lützen, at Schleiz, at Gera, and at Naumburg. The Prussian army seeing itself turned, occupied the days of the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, in calling in their detachments, and on the 13th formed itself in order of battle between Capelsdorff and Auerstadt, being about 150,000 men strong.

"On the 13th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Emperor came to Jena, and on a small elevated flat, beset by our advanced guard, reconnoitred the positions of the enemy, in order to manœuvre in such a way as next day to force the different passes on the Saal, and so to fall on. The enemy made a vigorous opposition, and seemed by their dispositions, on an inaccessible position on the highway between Jena and Weimar, to think that the French could not stretch out upon the plain without previously forcing that passage. It did not appear possible, in fact, to bring the artillery upon the flat, which was so small, that four battalions could scarcely open out their ranks upon it.

"The men were set at work the whole night to make a way over the ruts, and at length succeeded in bringing the artillery upon the height.

"Marshal Davoust received orders to defile near Naumburg, for the purpose of defending the defiles of Koesen, as the enemy wanted to march upon Naumburg, in order to reach Apolda, and fall upon his rear in case he remained in the situation he then was.

"The corps of Marshal Prince Pontecorvo was destined to stretch out by Naumburg.

burg, in order to fall upon the rear-guard of the enemy, in case he bent strongly toward Naumburg or Jena.

"The heavy cavalry, which had not yet come up with the army, could not be entirely brought on by mid-day. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard was at the distance of thirty-six hours march, notwithstanding the heavy journey which it had performed since it left Paris; but it was come to that moment of the war, when no single consideration should outweigh to deprive them of the advantage of being the first to meet and fall upon the enemy.

"The Emperor placed the whole corps of Marshal Lannes in order of battle upon the level height, which the enemy seemed to overlook (they occupied a position over against it). This corps was placed under the care of General Victor; each division formed a wing. Marshal Lefebvre ordered the Imperial Guard into a square battalion upon the highest point. The Emperor kept the watch in the midst of his brave men. The night presented a remarkable spectacle: two armies, the one of which extended its front upon a line of six hours march, fired the air with its lights; the other, the lights of which seemed to be brought into one small point; and in the one, as well as in the other, all watchfulness and motion. The lights of the two armies were at half cannon shot distance respectively; the sentinels were almost touching; and there was not a single motion on either side, which could not be heard from the other.

"The divisions of Marshals Ney and Soult took up the whole night in marching. At break of day the whole army was under arms. Gazan's division was disposed in three ranks; the left on the level height; Suchet's division formed the right; the Imperial Guards occupied the summit of a height. Each of these corps had their artillery in the little spaces between.

"From the town and neighbouring valleys the passes had been discovered by which the troops, which could not be placed upon the level height, might extend themselves in the easiest manner; and this is surely the first occasion when an army had to defile through so small a pass.

"A thick fog obscured the day. The Emperor passed before the different lines:

he commanded his soldiers to take care of the Prussian cavalry, which had been described as being so formidable; he bade them remember that a year was not elapsed since Ulm was taken; that the Prussian army, like the Austrian then, was surrounded; had been driven from their line of operations, and lost their magazines; that they at the present moment no longer fought for honour, but for a retreat; that they alone sought to make themselves an opening upon different points, and that the corps of the army which should let them pass, would lose its honour and its glory.

"To these inspiring words the soldiers answered with a loud cry of *Let us onward!* The light troops began the action. They opened a very brisk fire. Good as was the position of the enemy, he was nevertheless driven out; and the French army marched out in the plain, and began to form in the order of battle.

"The enemy's army, which on their side had no other view than to fall on whenever the fog should have cleared up, took up their arms. An army of 50,000 men from the left wing posted itself to cover the defiles of Naumburg, and to get possession of the passes of Koesen. But this was already anticipated by Marshal Davoust. The two other armies, one amounting to 80,000 men strong, placed themselves before the French army, which was opening out from the level height of Jena. The mist hung over both armies, lasting two hours; but at length was dissipated by the brightness of the sun. The two armies mutually beheld each other at the distance of less than cannon-shot. The left wing of the French army, supporting itself against a village and the woods, was commanded by Marshal Angereau. The Imperial Guard poured their fire upon the centre, which was maintained by Marshal Lannes; the right wing was drawn together out of the corps of Marshal Soult, who had only a small corps of 3,000 men, purely composed of troops which had arrived of his light corps.

"The enemy's army was numerous, and displayed a fine cavalry; their manœuvres were exactly and rapidly executed. The Emperor had chosen to delay coming to an engagement for two hours, in order to watch the positions which the enemy should take after the action of the morning, and to give

the necessary orders to the troops, especially the cavalry, which required the greatest care. But the impetuosity of the French was too ardent for him. Several battalions had begun to engage in the village of Hollstedt. He saw that the enemy was in motion to drive them out; he gave immediate orders to Marshal Lannes to march with expedition to the support of the village. Marshal Soult had attacked a wood on the right. The enemy having made a movement with his right wing upon our left, Marshal Augereau was commanded to repulse them, and in less than an hour the action was general. Two hundred and fifty, or three hundred thousand men, with seven or eight hundred pieces of artillery, scattered death in every direction, and exhibited one of the most awful events ever witnessed on the theatre of history. On one side, as well as on the other, every manœuvre was performed as if it were on a parade.

"Among our troops there was not for a moment the least disorder; the victory was not uncertain for an instant. The Emperor had all along by him, besides his Imperial Guards, a large body of troops, as a reserve to act in unforeseen events.

"Marshal Soult having got possession of the wood, which occupied him two hours, made a movement in advance. At that instant the Emperor gave orders that the division of French cavalry in reserve should begin to take post, and that the two new divisions from the army of Marshal Ney should take station on the field of battle by the rear. All the troops of the reserve were advanced to the foremost line, which being thus strengthened, threw the enemy into disorder, and they instantly retired.

"They retrieved themselves during the last hour; but were cast into dreadful confusion, at the moment when our division of dragoons and cuirassiers having the Grand Duke of Berg at their head, were able to take a part in the engagement. These brave cavaliers, fearing that the fate of the day would be determined without their assistance, then bore the Prussians down before them in great confusion wherever they met them. The Prussian cavalry and infantry could not withstand the shock. In vain did they form themselves into a square; five of their battalions were put to the rout, artil-

lery, cavalry, infantry, all were surprised and taken. The French came at the same instant to Weimar as the enemy, who found themselves pursued for six hours.

"On our right wing Marshal Davoust did wonders. Not only did he maintain his ground, but he followed fighting for the space of three hours against the great body of the enemy's troops from the defiles of Koesen.

"This Officer, to a distinguished bravery joins a vast deal of firmness, the first recommendation of a warrior. He was supported by Generals Gudin, Friant, Morand, Deltranne, Chief of the General Staff, and by the steady intrepidity of his brave light corps.

"The result of the battle is from 30 to 40,000 prisoners of war, and more are continually coming in; three hundred pieces of cannon, immense magazines, and quantities of provisions. Among the prisoners are more than twenty Generals; among others several Lieutenant-Generals; one is Lieutenant-General Schmeitau. The amount of the loss of the Prussian army is enormous; it is estimated at above 20,000 killed and wounded. Marshal Mollerdorff is wounded; the Duke of Brunswick and General Ruchel are killed, and Prince Henry of Prussia is wounded desperately. According to the account of deserters, prisoners of war, and flags of truce, the disorder and confusion in the remainder of the enemy's army is at the utmost.

"On our side, we have only to lament the loss of Brigadier General De Belli, a brave soldier; and the wound of Brigade-General Courroux. Among the killed are Colonels Vergees of the 12th Infantry of the Line, Lamotte of the 26th, Barbenegre of the 9th regiment of hussars, Marigny of the 28th Chasseurs, Harispe of the 16th Light Infantry, Dalembourg of the 1st Dragoons, Nicholas of the 61st of the Line, Viala of the 81st, and Higonet of the 108th.

"The Hussars and Chasseurs displayed a valour on this day, which entitles them to the highest praise. The Prussian cavalry were never able to stand against them, and all the attacks they made upon the Infantry were successful.

"Of the French infantry we shall say nothing. It is known long since that it is the best infantry in the world. The Em-

peror declares, that the French Cavalry, after the experience of the two last campaigns and last battle, has not its like.

"The Prussian army has, in this campaign, lost every point of retreat in its line of operations. Its left wing, followed by Marshal Davoust, begins its retreat to Weimar, at the same time that its right wing and centre take their retreat from Weimar towards Naumburg. The confusion was therefore extraordinary. The King was forced to retreat across the field at the head of his regiment of cavalry.

"Our loss is 1000 to 1100 men killed, and 3000 wounded. The Grand Duke of Berg is at this moment close up to Erfurt, where is a corps of the enemy commanded by Marshal Mollendorff and the Prince of Orange.

"The General Staff is occupied in preparing an official relation, which shall make known, with every detail, all the different Corps and Regiments that have distinguished themselves, to entitle them to the esteem and acknowledgments of the nation; if any thing were wanting, they have testified it amply in the enthusiasm and love they have shewn for their Emperor in the thickest of the fight.

"At one moment there was room for a doubt; every mouth was at once filled with the universal cry of *Long live the Emperor!* a sentiment which ran through every heart in the midst of the battle. The Emperor seeing his wings threatened by the cavalry, set forward at full gallop to the spot, to direct other manœuvres, and order a change of front.

"He was every moment annoyed with the shouts of *Long live the Emperor!* The Imperial Foot Guards, enraged not to be allowed to press on while they saw that every other corps was in motion, and that they were left inactive, several voices among them cried out, *Forward!* 'What is this?' said the Emperor: 'This can

come from none other but some beardless boy that will give orders independent of me: let him wait till he has commanded in thirty battles, before he takes upon him to advise me.'

"In the heaviest of the fire, when the enemy had lost almost all his Generals, it might be seen what Providence has done for us, which had spared our army. Not a man of distinction, on the side of the French, is injured or wounded. Marshal Lasnes was grazed by a musket-bullet on the breast, but escaped unhurt. Marshal Davoust had his hat and clothes shot through in several places with small bullets. The Emperor was continually surrounded, wherever he appeared, by the Prince of Neufchatel, Marshal Bessieres; the Grand Marshal of the Palace, Duroc; the Grand Master of the Horse, Coulin-court; his Aides-de-Camp, and Equerry in Waiting. A part of the army did not fire a single shot.

"Erfurt is taken; the Prince of Orange-Fulda, Marshal Mollendorff, several other Generals, and a considerable number of the troops are prisoners of war."

Such was the fate of this memorable battle, which, in its portentous results, and the unmodified ruin which it produced, exceeded every thing in the history of European wars. A whole empire was lost by this single battle.

Let us review some of the consequences of this defeat. Every town and fortified city surrendered upon a summons; even Magdeburgh, which seemed the strongest by situation and art, was delivered up to the French the moment they appeared before it.

Upon the 25th of October, the Emperor Napoleon entered Potsdam; and upon the 27th, Berlin. Great treasure and vast ammunition were found in the Capital of Prussia, and the people every where peaceably submitted.

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF JENA,

On the 14th of October 1806, between the Prussian-Saxon Armies, and the French Army under Napoleon.

- A On the 12th of October, the corps of Prince Louis, consisting of about 6,000 Prussians and Saxons, was attacked, near Saalfeld, by 30,000 French, under Bernadotte, and drove back.
- B Advance of the French Army, under the command of Napoleon, near the river Saale.
- C The same in order of battle.
- D Prussian Army in order of battle, under the command of the King, between Weimar and Auerstadt.
- E The King's attack of the centre of the French Army.
- F Attack of the French right wing, near Auerstadt, to take in flank the left wing of the Prussians.
- G Retreat of the Prussian Army over Erfurth and Weimar.

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No. 3. Princess Sophia of Glou- cester.	Hook.	Five Ditto.
No. 4. Queen of Wurttemberg.	Kelly.	Five Ditto.
No. 5. Princess Augusta.	M. P. King.	Five Ditto.
No. 6. Princess Elizabeth.	Reeves.	Five Ditto.
No. 7. Princess Mary.	Dr. Busby.	Five Ditto.
No. 8. Duchess of York.	Davy.	Five Ditto.
No. 9. Duchess of Gloucester.	Dr. Kitchener.	Five Ditto.
No. 10. Duchess of Cumberland.		Four Ditto.
No. 11. Princess Amelia	Hon. A. Barry.	Four Ditto, coloured.

SUPPLEMENT.

A Portrait of His Majesty George III.
Map of the present Seat of War, and Plan of the Battle of Jena.

